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HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

&c. &c. &c.

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Published by John Limbird, 143, Strand.

(Near Somerset House.)

1830.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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PREFACE.

PERIODICAL Prefaces are forms of gratitude, and are oftener cherished for their sincerity than their attractive novelty. It should be so: for, as Seneca observes, "a musician is never the less an artist because he wants his fiddle;" and we are not the less grateful because we lack novelty in expressing it. If we have only the will to be grateful, we are so. "Still," continues the old moralist, "as gratitude is a necessary, and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap, and an easy, virtue: so obvious that wherever there is life there is place for it: so cheap, that the covetous man may be gratified without expense; and so easy, that the sluggard may be so likewise without labour." We should therefore be indolent indeed if we did not renew our acknowledgments to the readers of the MIRROR at this period, especially as we are unwilling to send our half-yearly volume to the world

As a child whose parent is unkent.

We have great reason to be pleased with the sterling assurances of approbation conveyed to us by a very considerable accession of subscribers since our last volume; and we cannot, therefore, send a thankless page by way of Preface, or allow ourselves to feel otherwise than warm with new hopes and anticipations of future success.

We have but few special observations to make on the Contents of the present Volume, since the plan and principle of THE MIRROR are so well understood by the public as not to require explanation. The increased patronage to which we have alluded is a grateful proof that we have not lost sight of its best features, and an encouragement for the continued introduction of such novelties as time and circumstance may dictate. Neither do we plume ourselves on this success; although we are sensibly alive to the golden opinions which this work has gained from all sorts of people.

Our Correspondents will be pleased to accept our best thanks, however far we may have been enabled to avail ourselves of their contributions. In some cases we may have taken the will for the deed; here our thanks are equally sincere, and the direction of their good intentions as commendable as if successful.

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Public opinion has decided that our Engravings have improved with this Volume: so that it would be arrogant to re-echo the merit. Besides, we hold a brief weekly colloquy with the reader in writing the accompaniment for our Illustration; and are continually dropping in upon the columns to contribute to his amusement. Our occupation follows the example of time; and, unless prompt, we shall find ourselves like unprepared debtors, and not hope to get our sheet indorsed with public favour.

We need not say to this Volume, as Spenser prefixed to his *Shepherd's Calendar*—

Come tell me what was said of me

for we have taken the reader's opinion by the forelock,

And we will send more after thee.

143, *Strand, June,* 1830.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. XV.

PORTRAIT OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

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Swan River.
Hougomont, on the Field of Waterloo.
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Janus Wall, Leicester.
Cliefden, Bucks.
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Polypi, *(Two Cuts.)*
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Lantern Fly.
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Merlin's Cave.
Burleigh House.
City of Timbuctoo.
Gray's Monument, Stoke Park.
Elba.
Abbotsford, Seat of Sir W. Scott.
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Kiddal Hall, near Leeds.
Ancient Window in ditto.
Arms of the Ellis' Family.
Temple of Vesta, House of Rienzi, &c.
"Richard III. Inn," Leicester.
Sloperton Cottage.
Font in Abury Church.
Tamworth Castle.
Akenside's Birthplace.

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MEMOIR

OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THIS celebrated man is the third son of Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, and was born in Ireland, May 1, 1769.* When very young he was placed at Eton,† whence, having received his classical education, he was sent to the military school of Angiers, in France, where he was some time under the able tuition of Pignerol, the celebrated tactician. The first commission which he held was in the 41st.; and his entrance being in the time of peace, he was thereby enabled to devote his undivided attention to the theory of war; and the splendid results of his after life will sufficiently attest the assiduity with which he must have laid this superstructure of his fame.

In 1792, he obtained the rank of captain in the 18th light dragoons; and in the following year he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 33rd regiment of foot. At this time he served under Earl Moira; early in 1794, accompanied the late Duke of York, in his unsuccessful expedition into Flanders. During the retreat of the duke from Holland, he was engaged as commander of a brigade; and on the evacuation of that country by the British, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley returned to England, but not without having distinguished himself on several occasions during the arduous campaign. He next received orders to proceed to the West Indies; but these being countermanded, he was sent to Ireland. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley remained there but for a short time, being, in 1797, appointed to accompany to India his brother, then Earl of Mornington, and since Marquess of Wellesley, when that nobleman went to assume the rule of our eastern possessions, as governor-general. Here his bravery was first displayed in the battle of Mallavelly, which immediately preceded the storming of Seringapatam. At the latter he was likewise actively engaged; and as a reward for his services there, he was made governor of Seringapatam, and one of the commissioners to fix the divisions of the conquered provinces.

To detail the capture of Seringapatam, or the other operations of the army against Tippoo Sultan, would far exceed the limits of this Memoir; but we are induced, from anxiety to do ample justice to its subject, to quote the explanation of an incident, which, we are persuaded, will be new to the reader. This occurs in a work of respectable authority‡ published during the year 1829, and the passage to which we allude is as follows:

"This was the first time I had seen that extraordinary man, who has since proved himself the greatest commander of the age, and justly earned the title of the Invincible Wellington. He had only just attained the rank of major-general; but he had already, by his successful campaign against Doondiah, one of Tippoo's adherents, who had also raised the standard of the Tiger after the fall of his master, acquired considerable re-

* The family of Wellesley is descended from the Colleys, who, in the reign of Henry VIII had been settled from time immemorial in the county of Rutland. In this king's reign, Walter and Robert Colley, two brothers of the family, established themselves in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, when his majesty granted them, for their lives, the office of clerks of the crown in chancery. Sir Henry Colley, eldest son of Walter Colley, took up the profession of arms, and held a commission under Queen Elizabeth; and was subsequently a member of the privy council. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, lord chancellor of Ireland, by whom he had three sons. The second of these, Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbury, was the immediate ancestor of the present family of Wellesley. Another Sir Henry Colley, a descendant of the last mentioned, left a numerous issue; among whom was Richard Colley, who first assumed the name of Wellesley, in consequence of his succession to the estates of his cousin, Garret Wellesley, of Dangan. In 1747, he was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Baron Mornington. His eldest son, Garret, succeeded him in his barony, and was, in 1760, created Viscount Wellesley, and Earl of Mornington. He married Anne, daughter of the right honourable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, by whom he had issue, the present Marquess Wellesley, William, now Wellesley Pole, and ARTHUR, the subject of the above memoir.—*Abridged from the Imperial Magazine*

† Angelo, in the second volume of his *Reminiscences*, tells us that the duke on a recent visit to Eton pointed out his name, which he, when a boy, had cut on the kitchen door of a boarding-house, at Eton.—See *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 180.

‡ "Twelve Years Military Adventures in three quarters of the globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the armies of his Majesty and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 and 1814." 2 vol. 1829.

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putation; although a short time before, at the siege of Seringapatam, an untoward circumstance had nearly been the means of crushing in the bud that genius which has since so proudly blossomed forth to the glory of England, and the fruit of which has been the liberation of Europe. As I have been often asked for an account of this affair, which has made some noise in the world to the disadvantage of his Grace, I shall lay before my readers the particulars, as communicated to me by the only person who could possibly give a fair account of the business—that is, the late Lieutenant-Colonel MacKenzie, of the Madras Engineers, who was then attached to Colonel Wellesley's division, and who accompanied him during the whole affair in question.

"Shortly after the investment of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley, who commanded what was called the Nizam's detachment, was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the ground intended as the scene of our operations during the siege. The night appointed for this duty was particularly dark. Pushing on rather too eagerly with the light company of the 33rd regiment, which had, by those means, got separated from the main body, he came suddenly on a work of the enemy's, who opened a heavy fire. The light company, finding themselves unsupported, retreated rather precipitately, leaving Colonel Wellesley and Captain MacKenzie by themselves. In this predicament they endeavoured to regain their division; but in the attempt, owing to the darkness of the night, they quite lost their way, and it was not till after groping about for some hours that they succeeded in regaining the British camp, but without their division. Having proceeded to head-quarters, to report the state of affairs, Colonel Wellesley, hearing that General Harris was asleep, threw himself on the table of the dining-tent, and being much fatigued with the night's labour, fell fast asleep. The next in command had in the interim, after the repulse of the head of the column, and the loss of the commander, thought it prudent to proceed no farther, and made the best of his way back to the camp with the division. Arriving at the tent of the commander-in-chief to make his report, he was surprised to find his missing superior fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, in the situation above described. This affair, of course, made considerable noise, and things were whispered about not at all to the advantage of Colonel Wellesley; and it is to be supposed that the commander-in-chief must have partaken of this feeling towards the colonel, otherwise he would not have ordered General Baird to undertake the attack which had failed the preceding night. General Baird most handsomely requested that Colonel Wellesley might again be appointed to the duty, as he was convinced that the circumstances which had caused his failure were purely accidental. Colonel Wellesley was accordingly directed to make another attempt the night following, and succeeded; yet, so poisonous is the breath of slander, that it required years of victory entirely to wipe away the impressions then received from the minds of those who are more ready to listen to evil than to good report. For my part, even before I heard Col. MacKenzie's version of the affair, I was of opinion that the fact of Colonel Wellesley's having fallen asleep on General Harris's table in the way he did was a sufficient proof that he had not acted disgracefully; for who, under that conviction, could have had his mind sufficiently at ease to yield himself up to sleep, if ever so overcome with fatigue. Besides, any imputation of deficiency of courage must equally have applied to Colonel MacKenzie, whose bravery and *sang froid* in action were proverbial. This circumstance is a proof how much easier it is to make a breach in a soldier's reputation, than to repair it; for it is more than probable that, had not Colonel Wellesley been so nearly allied to the governor-general, he never would have had a chance of getting over this affair.

"The appearance and demeanour of General Wellesley were such as at first sight to inspire confidence, which feeling was not diminished on a closer acquaintance. All those who served under him looked up to him with that degree of respect, I might almost say of awe, which, by combining an implicit obedience to his commands with an unbounded degree of confidence in the wisdom of his measures, was calculated to draw forth all the energies of man in the execution of his orders."

This incident was speedily followed by others of glorious import—viz. the success of Wellesley at the battle of Assaye, in which he had to oppose an army ten times greater than his own. The author just quoted, speaks of "this memorable battle, as one of the most bloody on record to the victors. Out of about 4,500 men in action, upwards of 2,000 men were either killed or wounded, the former amounting to more than a third of the whole number—a circumstance unprecedented in warfare, though easily accounted for by the fact that the wounds were mostly inflicted by artillery." The results of this victory were extremely important to the British cause: the victor was not forgotten, for, at Calcutta, his achievements were perpetuated by the erection of a splendid triumphal monument, and from home he received the thanks of

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parliament, and was made a knight companion of the Bath. He returned to England in 1805, and soon after took his seat in parliament as member for Newport. He was next sent to Ireland as secretary of state, under the Duke of Richmond; but was soon recalled to accompany Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen. In this successful expedition, he took a vigorous part, and was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust the capitulation of the city; and for his services received the unanimous thanks of parliament.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had rested from this labour but a few months, when he commenced that long and bloody contest in the Peninsula, which he was destined to terminate in so glorious a manner. On July 12, 1808, he sailed with about 12,000 men, and arrived at Corunna on the 20th of the same month. Affairs in Spain were, at this time, far from promising; since the activity of the enemy and want of unanimity among the natives, were not calculated to give courage or confidence to an ally. Sir Arthur next proceeded to Oporto, where, being joined at Viemiero, by Generals Ackland and Anstruther, he defeated Junot with great loss. An armistice was then concluded; the convention of Cintra put a stop to further hostilities; and Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England. The junta soon became unpopular. Sir John Moore was next sent with an army into the Peninsula; his operations were for the most part unsuccessful, and the disasters attendant on his well-remembered retreat, and the wretched condition to which his army had been reduced, materially deranged the projects of the British government; the troops returned to England, and all hopes of successful resistance to the French power in the Peninsula had become very feeble. At this crisis the ministry were not, however, disheartened; and, in March, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed with an expedition for Lisbon, and was invested with the supreme command in Portugal. He was received with one simultaneous burst of popular enthusiasm. "All day long," says an eye-witness, "the streets were crowded with men and women, congratulating one another on the happy event; and, at night, the city was illuminated even in the most obscure and meanest of its alleys. In the theatres, pieces were hastily got up, somewhat after the fashion of the masks anciently exhibited among ourselves, in which Victory was made to crown the representative of the hero with laurels, and to address him in language as far removed from the terms of ordinary conversation, as might be expected from an allegorical personage."

Sir Arthur had now to contend with Soult and Victor, two of the ablest marshals of France, who had entered Portugal at the head of a veteran army, and were in possession of its finest northern provinces. He vigorously attacked every post of the enemy, deprived him of his best advantages, drove him from Coimbra to the Douro, and thence to the Youga; and within ten days chased him beyond the confines of the country. We can but briefly allude to these events, brilliant as they are. Among innumerable obstacles, Sir Arthur next gained the sanguinary battle of Talavera, for which victory he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Wellington, and received an annuity of 2,000*l.**

The battle of Busaco was the only action of importance in the year 1810, after which, Portugal being cleared of the French, the allied army proceeded immediately towards the capital of Spain. Passing over inferior yet important victories, we bring the reader to Salamanca, which was distinguished from all the previous battles fought in the Peninsula: it being more masterly in the design, more brilliant in the execution, and more important in its consequences. The personal danger of Wellington, towards the close of this battle, is thus narrated by one engaged:—"The Duke of Wellington was within fifty yards of the front, when the enemy's lines commenced firing. I thought he was exposing himself unnecessarily, the more so, as I heard he had put every

* In this affair, Sir Arthur Wellesley narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He had ascended a tower immediately in the rear of a division of the British army, to observe the motions of the enemy. Fortunately, he observed the troops to falter, and descended barely in time to escape, by throwing himself on his horse in the midst of the affray. The loss of the British army at Talavera was severe; it amounted in killed and wounded to 5,367. The loss of the French, however, was much greater. It amounted to about 10,000 men. The loss of the Spaniards did not exceed 1,250 in killed and wounded. On the evening of the battle, a dreadful occurrence took place. The long dry grass of the field took fire, and the flames spreading rapidly, a great number of the wounded were scorched to death.

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division into action that day. The duke ordered us to halt within two hundred yards of the enemy. They gave us two volleys, with cheers, while our cavalry galloped forward to threaten their right flank. At this time, I heard that a musket ball had perforated the duke's cloak, folded in front of his saddle."* The immediate results of this most splendid victory, were the capture of eleven pieces of artillery, two eagles, and 7,000 prisoners. Three French generals (Ferey, Thomieres, and Desgraviers) were killed; Marshal Marmont, Generals Bonnet, Clausel, and Meme, were wounded. The total loss of the enemy cannot be calculated at less than 14,000 men. The number of the killed and wounded on the part of the victors, was about 5,200, including six general officers, one of whom was killed, the others were wounded. Spain and England now vied with each other in heaping honours upon the victorious Wellington: by the government of the former, he was made a grandee of the first order, and commander-in-chief of all the Spanish forces; and by that of the latter, he was created a marquess, and received a grant of 100,000*l.*

The progress of the allied forces now became as confident and rapid, as before it had been cautious and slow. After an unsuccessful siege of Burgos, the Marquess of Wellington resolved to make a grand attack on the French armies of the south and centre, which had united near Vittoria. The immediate results of this battle, June 23, 1813, were the capture of 151 guns, and 415 caissons, with upwards of 14,000 rounds of ammunition, nearly two millions of musket cartridges, 40,000 pounds of gunpowder, the military chest, and the whole baggage of the army, including the baton of Marshal Jourdan. The loss of lives was unusually small: the amount of killed and wounded, on the part of the allies, was under 5,000; that of the enemy is rated by their own writers at 6,000, but was certainly greater. The number of prisoners made by the allies did not exceed 1,000. An estate in Spain, of the supposed annual value of 10,000*l.*, a dukedom, and the baton of a field marshal in England, in return for the baton of Marshal Jourdan which Wellington found in the field of Vittoria and sent to the Prince Regent, were among the almost innumerable honours poured upon the conqueror.†

The Marquess of Wellington next preparing to cross the Bidassoa, and enter Bayonne, the last fortified city between his triumphant army and the enemy's own territory. After defeating Soult at St. Race, and narrowly escaping death from a cannon ball, which struck his thigh, the Marquess advanced upon Toulouse, fought the desperate battle of that place, and, in a few weeks, at Paris, presented the trophies of his brilliant campaign to the allied sovereigns, who had already entered that capital, and restored the Bourbons to the throne of France.

On April 23, 1814, all hostilities were put an end to by the Convention of Paris. In the following month Lord Wellington was created Marquess of Douro, and Duke of Wellington, and received a grant of £400,000. for the purchase of a splendid estate. He returned to England on June 23; and on taking his seat in the house of lords, received, *for the twelfth time*, the thanks and congratulations of parliament.

The Duke did not, however, remain long inactive. The return of Buonaparte from Elba prepared the way for the fresh and final glories of Waterloo, where the Emperor of France and the hero of England met to decide the peace of Europe. The splendid details of this battle have been variously presented to the world; and a narrative of its stirring events will be found in the

* Sketch of the Battle of Salamanca, in the *United Service Journal*, vol. i. p. 283.

† The following is the letter of the Prince Regent, accompanying the baton:—

"My Dear Lord, "*Carlton House, July* 3, 1812.

"Your conduct is above all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel that I have nothing left to say; but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that he has, in his omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts that have so imperiously called for it. That uninterrupted health, and still increasing laurels, may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the unceasing and ardent wishes of,

"My dear Lord,

"Your ardent and sincere friend,

"G. P. R."

"*The Marquess of Wellington.*

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Mirror.* A memoir of its illustrious hero would not, however, be complete without somewhat more than a hasty outline of the scene that consummated his career of glory abroad. We have therefore chosen the most concise, and we believe, the best popular account, of the ever-memorable scene at

WATERLOO:†

Napoleon, having ascertained the retreat of the Prussian, (Blucher) now committed the pursuit of him to Marshal Grouchy, and a corps of 32,000 men—and turned in person to Quatre-bras, in the hope of pouring his main force, as well as Ney's, on Wellington, in a situation where it was altogether improbable he should receive any assistance from Blucher. But no sooner was the Duke aware of Blucher's march on Wavre, than he, in adherence to the common plan of the campaign, gave orders for falling back from Quatre-bras. He had before now been heard to say, that if ever it were his business to defend Brussels, he would choose to give battle on the Field of Waterloo, in advance of the Forest of Soignies; and he now retired thither—in the confidence of being joined there in the morning, ere the decisive contest should begin, by Blucher. The day was rainy, the roads were covered deep with mud, and the English soldiery are of all others most discouraged by the command to retreat. Their spirits, however, rose gallantly when, on reaching the destined field, they became aware of their leader's purpose; and having taken up their allotted stations, they bivouacked under the storm in the sure hope of battle.

All his arrangements having been effected early in the evening of the 17th, the Duke of Wellington sent to Blucher, informing him that he had thus far effected the plan agreed on at Bry, and would expect two divisions of the Prussians to support him on the morrow. The veteran replied, that he would leave a single corps to hold Grouchy at bay as well as they could, and march himself with the rest of his army upon Waterloo. The cross roads between Wavre and Mont St. Jean were in a horrid condition; the rain fell in torrents, and Grouchy had 32,000 men to attack Thielman's single division, left at Wavre. Blucher's march, however, begun; and if it occupied longer time than had been anticipated, the fault was none of his.

The position of the Duke of Wellington was before the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the small town of Waterloo, on a rising ground, having a gentle and regular declivity before it—beyond this a plain of about a mile in breadth—and then the opposite heights of La Belle Alliance, on which the enemy would of course form their line. The Duke had now with him about 75,000 men in all; of whom about 30,000 were English. He formed his first line of the troops on which he could most surely rely—the greater part of the British foot—the men of Brunswick and Nassau, and three corps of Hanoverians and Belgians. Behind this the ground sinks and then rises again. The second line, formed in rear of the first, was composed of the troops whose spirit and discipline were more doubtful—or who had suffered most in the action of Quatre-bras; and behind them all lay the horse. The position crosses the two highways from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly where they unite: these roads gave every facility for movements from front to rear during the action; and two country roads, running behind and parallel with the first and second lines, favoured equally movements from wing to wing. The line was formed convex, dropping back towards the forest at either extremity; the right to Marke Braine, near Braine-la-Leude; the left to Ter-la-Haye. The chateau and gardens of Hougomont, and the farm-house and enclosures of La Haye Sainte, about 1,500 yards apart on the slope of the declivity, were strongly occupied, and formed the important out-works of defence. The opening of the country road leading directly from Wavre to Mont St. Jean, through the wood of Ohain, was guarded by the British left; while those running through Souhain and Frichemont, further in advance, might be expected to bring the first of the Prussians on the right flank of the French, during their expected attack.

The field was open and fair: and in case the enemy should force the Duke from his position, the village of Mont St. Jean behind, still further back the town of Waterloo, and lastly the great forest of Soignies—offered successively the means of renewing his defence, and protecting his retreat. The British front extended in all, over about a mile. It was Wellington's business to hold the enemy at bay, until the Prussian advance should enable him to charge them with superior numbers: it was Napoleon's to beat the English ere Blucher could disengage himself from Grouchy, and come out of the woods of Ohain; which being accomplished, he doubted not to have easy work with the Prussians amidst that difficult country. He had in the field 75,000 men·

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 21.—Some important observations on its consequences will be found in vol. xiv. p. 268.

† From the Life of Napoleon, vol. 2—in the *Family Library*.

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all French veterans—each of whom was in his own estimation, worth one Englishman, and two Prussians, Dutch, or Belgians. But on the other hand, Wellington's men, all in position over-night, had had, notwithstanding the severe weather, some hours to repose and refresh themselves; whereas the army of Napoleon had been on the march all through the hours of tempestuous darkness, and the greater part of them reached not the heights of Belle Alliance until the morning of the 18th was considerably advanced. Napoleon himself, however, had feared nothing so much as that Wellington would continue his retreat on Brussels and Antwerp—thus deferring the great battle until the Russians should approach the valley of the Rhine; and when, on reaching the eminence of La Belle Alliance, he beheld the army drawn up on the opposite side, his joy was great. "At last, then," he exclaimed, "at last, then, I have these English in my grasp."

The tempest abated in the morning—but the weather all day long was gusty, and the sky lowering. It was about noon that the French opened their cannonade, and Jerome Bonaparte, under cover of its fire, charged impetuously on Hougomont. The Nassau men in the wood about the house were driven before the French; but a party of English guards maintained themselves in the chateau and garden, despite the desperate impetuosity of many repeated assaults. Jerome, masking the post thus resolutely held, pushed on his cavalry and artillery against Wellington's right. The English formed in squares, and defied all their efforts. For some time both parties opposed each other here, without either gaining or losing a foot of ground. At length the English fire forced back the French—and the garrison of Hougomont were relieved and strengthened.

The next attempt was made on the centre of the British line, by a great force of cuirassiers and four columns of infantry. The horse, coming boldly along the causeway of Genappe, were met in the path by the English heavy cavalry, where the road has been cut down deep, leaving high banks on either side. Their meeting was stern; they fought for some time at sword's length; at last the cuirassiers gave way, and fled for the protection of their artillery. The English followed them too far, got amidst the French infantry, and were there charged by fresh cavalry and driven back with much loss.—It was here that Picton died. Meanwhile the infantry of this movement had pushed on beyond La Haye Sainte, and dispersed some Belgian regiments; but being then charged in turn, in front by Pack's brigade of foot, and in flank by a brigade of heavy English horse, were totally routed—losing, besides the slain and wounded, 2,000 prisoners and two eagles. The only favourable result of this second grand attempt was the occupation of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which had been garrisoned by Hanoverians. And scarcely had the charge of Pack proved successful, ere the French were again compelled by shells and cannon to evacuate this prize.

The third assault was levelled again on the British right—where the infantry awaited it, formed in a double line of squares, placed chequerwise, and protected in front by a battery of thirty field pieces. The French cuirassiers charged the artillerymen and drove them from their guns; and then rode fiercely on the squares behind. These remained stedfast until the enemy were within ten yards of them, and then fired with deadly effect. The cavalry gave back—rallied again, and renewed their charge; this they did several times—and always with the like result. Sometimes they even rode between the squares, and charged those of the second line. At length protracted exposure to such cross fire completed the ruin of these fearless cavaliers. The far greater part of this magnificent force was annihilated in this part of the battle.

When the relics of the cuirassiers withdrew, the French cannonade opened once more furiously all along the line; and the English were commanded to lie flat on the ground for some space, in order to diminish its effects. Wellington had by this time lost 10,000, Bonaparte at least 15,000 men. It was now half-past six o'clock. The heads of Prussian columns began to be discerned among the woods to the right of the French. It was obvious, that unless a last and decisive onset should drive Wellington from the post which he had continued to hold during near seven hours of unintermitting battle, his allies would come fully into the field, and give him a vast superiority of numbers wherewith to close the work of the day. Napoleon prepared, therefore, for his final struggle. Hitherto he had kept his guard, the flower of his fine army, out of the fray. He now formed them into two columns,—desired them to charge boldly, for that the Prussians, whom they saw in the wood, were flying before Grouchy—and they doubted not that the Emperor was about to charge in person at their head. He, however, looked on, as they put themselves in motion, and committed them to the guidance of Ney, "the bravest of the brave," whose consciousness of recent treason must have prepared him, even had his temper been less

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gallant, to set all upon the cast. Four battalions of the Old Guard only remained as a reserve; and were formed in squares to protect the march of the columns.

The English front by this time presented not a convex line, but a concave, either wing having gradually advanced a little in consequence of the repeated repulses of the enemy. They were now formed in an unbroken array, four deep, and poured on the approaching columns, (each man firing as often as he could reload,) a shower which never intermitted. The wings kept moving on all the while; and when the heads of the French columns approached, they were exposed to such a storm of musketry in front and on either flank, that they in vain endeavoured to deploy into line for the attack. They stopped to make this attempt, reeled, lost order, and fled at last in one mass of confusion

The Duke of Wellington now dismounted, placed himself at the head of his line, and led them, no longer held to defence, against the four battalions of the Old Guard—the only unbroken troops remaining—behind whom Ney was striving to rally his fugitives.

The Marshal, at Wellington's approach, took post once more in the van, sword in hand, and on foot. But nothing could withstand the impetuous assault of the victorious British. The Old Guard also were shaken. Napoleon had hitherto maintained his usual serenity of aspect on the heights of La Belle Alliance. He watched the onset with his spy-glass—became suddenly pale as death, exclaimed, "They are mingled together—all is lost for the present," and rode off the field, never stopping for a moment until he reached Charleroi.

Hardly had the English advanced for this fatal charge, when Blucher's columns, emerging from the woods, were at length seen forming on the right of the French, and preparing to take a part in the battle. Their cannonade played on the flank of the Old Guard, while the British attack in front was overwhelming them. The fatal cry of *sauve qui peut* was heard everywhere: the French were now flying pellmell in the most woeful confusion. Blucher and Wellington met at length at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance; and the Prussian eagerly undertook to continue the pursuit during the night, while the English general halted to refresh his weary men.

The loss of Wellington's army on this great day was terrible: 100 officers slain (many of the first distinction,) and 500 wounded, very many mortally; and of rank and file killed and wounded, 15,000. The Duke himself had been, all through the day, wherever the danger was greatest; and he alone, and one gentleman besides, of all a very numerous staff, came off the ground unhurt.

Of the 75,000 men whom Napoleon conducted to this last and severest of his fields, what with the slain and the wounded, and those who, losing heart and hope, deserted and fled separately to their homes, not more than 30,000 were ever again collected in arms The Prussians followed hard on the miserable fugitives, and in every hamlet and village, for many miles beyond La Belle Alliance, cut down the lingerers without mercy.

Napoleon at length halted at Philippeville; from which point he designed to turn towards Grouchy, and take in person the command of that remaining division, leaving Soult to reassemble and rally, at Avesnes, the relics of Waterloo. But hearing that Blucher was already at Charleroi (which was true,) and that Grouchy had been overtaken and made prisoner (which was false,) the Emperor abandoned his purpose, and continued his journey, travelling post, to Paris

Parliament once more voted their thanks to the duke, for his triumph at Waterloo, and an additional grant of £200,000.*

Probably, we cannot better close our imperfect outline of the military career of the Duke of Wellington, than by the following brief estimate of his character upon his system of tactics at Vittoria:—"As the character of Lord Wellington is viewed by his countrymen," observes the writer, "it exhibits no quality more worthy of admiration than that unswerving energy with which, in spite of all temptations, he persevered in the pursuit of great objects: daring where much daring was required, yet pausing, even in the moment of victory, whenever these objects had been obtained. It is in this nice proportioning of hazards to the ends,—this unvarying refusal to sacrifice the lives of his troops, for the sake of converting certain into more brilliant results, which constitutes the brightest and most enduring claim of Lord Wellington to the gratitude of his country. To the soldiers trained in the school of Napoleon,

* Among the triumphal commemorations of the duke's brilliant career is the colossal statue, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, and placed at the south-east corner of Hyde Park.

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who, as has been truly said, would have sacrificed a million of lives for a million pounds of coffee, this may seem inexplicable, yet so it is. The very points which they select for censure, are those which will be handed down to posterity, as having attracted, in a supreme degree, the gratitude of England, and the applause of those nations whom he rescued from the yoke."*

We shall not extend this memoir further than by a brief notice of its illustrious subject since the peace of 1815. We should, however, first speak of him as a diplomatist. The mission of his Grace to the Congress of Vienna was rather in the character of a military adviser, than the diplomatic representative of the British sovereign: whose ambassador on that occasion, it will be remembered, was the late Marquess of Londonderry. The latter nobleman was also appointed to represent England in the subsequent congress of Verona; but a melancholy death intervened just before the congress was to assemble. As the affairs of Spain were to come under the consideration of that illustrious conclave, the Duke of Wellington was elected Minister Plenipotentiary of England, and almost immediately set out for Verona, where the fate of the country, in which some of his most brilliant victories were achieved, was very speedily decided.

It could not be expected that a mind like that of his Grace would lie inactive, even in the time of peace. On the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, he was appointed commander-in-chief: this took place January 22, 1827. His resignation of office, on April 11; his amendment to the corn bill, June 1; and his re-acceptance of the command of the army, August 17,—all belong to the chronicle of the same year. On January 25, 1828, his Grace was appointed first lord of the treasury, and formed a new ministry; on February 15, his Grace again resigned the office of commander-in-chief; on April 15, he spoke in favour of the bill for the repeal of the test and corporation acts; on June 13, his Grace moved the second reading of the corn importation bill. On February 5, 1829, the duke, in the debate on the address in reply to the king's speech, first intimated the proposed removal of Catholic disabilities, and spoke in support of the principle; and on April 10, this measure, designated the Catholic Relief Bill, was carried in the house of lords by a majority of 213 to 109.†

The public life of his Grace subsequent to this date, need not be recapitulated here, since its principal events must be within the recollection of every reader. A few traits of personal character will, probably, be a more interesting conclusion.

Among the anecdotes of the early part of the duke's military career, a prognostic is related of his present exalted station. His Grace was known among his immediate circle to have not unfrequently used language, with respect to his own qualifications, similar to the following:—"As for my military talents, 'tis all a mistake; I have none. Nature never intended me for a soldier, but a statesman!"

On the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, (June 18,) the duke entertains those military officers of rank who served under his orders in that memorable conflict, and are in London, or its neighbourhood. A popular journal, in noticing the anniversary just past, says, "We cannot imagine any occurrence more interesting to men who have borne a conspicuous part in great events, than this occasion for a friendly and festive recall of sympathies which, many years before, a common danger and a common glory had created."

His Grace married the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Lord Longford, and sister of Thomas, present Earl of Longford; and has issue, Arthur, Marquess of Douro, who was born February 3, 1807, and Charles, born January 16, 1808. The duke is considered to be very wealthy, and his establishments are of a princely description. His town residence, Apsley House, with its recent embellishment, will be found engraved in vol. xiv of the *Mirror*.

* Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, &c. vol. iii p. 310.

† Amidst the stormy debates which preceded this measure, a dispute arose between his Grace and the Earl of Winchelsea: a duel was the consequence, when the duke fired first, without effect, and the earl discharged his pistol in the air.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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The Cartoon Gallery, at Hampton Court.

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Fine Arts.

THE CARTOON GALLERY, AT HAMPTON COURT.

THE commencement of a new volume of our Miscellany with one of the grandest wonders of art that the world ever produced, (for such are the *Cartoons of Raphael*) cannot but prove attractive to every reader.

Before entering upon a description of *the Cartoons*, as Raphael's inimitable productions are emphatically termed, and for whose reception this gallery was erected, it may not be amiss to explain that a Cartoon, generally, derives its name from being drawn on paper; the Italian word *Cartona* implying a drawing so made. Cartoons are usually made as patterns for painting in fresco, tapestry, mosaic, &c. In either of these modes of delineation, the artist cannot trace his entire outline, as on the canvass; therefore he is under the necessity of making the entire design the full size of the intended work, on large paper joined together: the outline is then neatly punctured with a needle, pin, or other point, and is thus transferred, as wanted, upon the work. Thus, Mr. Hornor's drawings upon 2,000 sheets of paper were a Cartoon for his Colosseum panorama of London.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court, represent the following subjects: beginning from the left of our engraving:

1. The Death of Annanias, *Acts, chap.* v.*
2. Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind, *Acts, chap.* xiii.
3. Peter and John healing the Lame at the Gate of the Temple, *Acts, chap.* iii.
4. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, *Luke, chap.* v.
5. The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas, by the people of Lystra, a capital of Lycaonia, *Acts, chap.* xiv.
6. Paul preaching at Athens, *Acts, chap.* xvii.
7. The Charge to St. Peter, *St. John, chap.* xxi.

In the concise description of Hampton Court, accompanying a Bird's-eye view of the Palace, in our last volume, page 99, the Cartoon Gallery is mentioned as 117 feet by 23 feet three inches. It was built by William III. expressly for the reception of *the Cartoons*, his possession of which may be thus briefly explained.

These inestimable productions of human genius, which are unparalleled for variety of character, excellency of composition, and correctness of expression, were originally designed as patterns for tapestry, to adorn the pontifical apartments of Leo X. in the Vatican at Rome. They are the latest and most esteemed works of Raphael, and were executed about the year 1510. There were thirteen of these magnificent designs, which were intended to represent the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion, but the above seven pieces are all that have been preserved, with the exception of some scattered remnants in different private collections. When the designs were completed, they were sent to Flanders, and traced in tapestry, under the direction of Van Orley and Michael Coxis; but Leo and Raphael, the patron and painter, both dying before the work was finished, the tapestry was not carried to Rome for several years; probably not till after the sacking of that city, in the time of Clement VII. At this disastrous period, the scholars of Raphael fled, and none being left to inquire for the original designs, they were left neglected in the store-rooms of the manufactory. Here they remained during the revolution, and the consequent neglect of art which succeeded in the low countries, until nearly a century afterwards they were seen by Rubens, who, with an energy proportioned to their merit, recommended them to Charles I., whose true taste and munificent patronage of works of art, were aided and repaid by the labours of Rubens, Vandyke, and other great masters, by which means he formed some of the finest collections of pictures ever assembled. Thus, Charles "employed skilful painters to copy what he could not purchase. Through the interposition of Rubens he obtained the Cartoons of Raphael, and by the negotiation of Buckingham, the collection of the Duke of Mantua, containing eighty-two pictures, principally by Julio Romano, Titian, and Correggio. These and others rendered the great gallery at Whitehall, a place of general attraction; there the king was oftener to be found than in his own apartments; all who loved or encouraged art went there; and so careful was Charles of these favourite works—that on the occasion of a public banquet, he caused a temporary place of accommodation to be constructed, rather than run any risk of soiling the paintings by the vapour of

* One of the finest windows of King's College, Cambridge, contains this story, as here told by Raphael, and from an old agreement (18th Henry VIII. or 1527,) we learn that these windows were paid for "after the rate of sixteen pence per foot for the glass."

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candles and torches."* This gallery alone contained 460 pictures. Indeed, the taste and enthusiasm of Charles can hardly be described. Allan Cunningham says, "The Infanta of Spain sent, as her representative, to the English court, the accomplished Rubens, who embellished the Banquetting Room at Whitehall, and remained one year in England. Vandyke followed, with ill success, at first; but ultimately became a royal painter, with a knighthood and pension."

Upon the breaking out of the fierce war which ensued, art soon fell a victim. The fury of the parliament fell upon the royal galleries. The Puritans stigmatized art; silenced dramatic actors; and shut up play-houses. Cromwell had little feeling for the higher excellency of painting, and Charles's galleries, in which were upwards of 1,200 pictures, were dispersed by public sale during the years from 1645 to 1652. The Cartoons were purchased by Cromwell, who commissioned one of his officers to bid for them, and to declare openly that such bidding was for his highness; and so great was the submission paid to his taste, that several bargains were declared void by some who had the misfortune to purchase works of art when the lord general was about to assume sovereign power. Three hundred pounds was the sum offered for the Cartoons! and such was the dread or respect entertained for the real bidder, that they were instantly knocked down to him, though it was known that unlimited commissions, from different parts of Europe, had been given for their purchase. Cromwell, in a state-exigency, is said to have pawned them to the Dutch for 50,000*l.*; but this story is probably incorrect, as they were discovered, after the Restoration, in an apartment of the old palace at Whitehall, packed in cases of thinly slit deal.† King William ordered them to be brought to Hampton Court, and deposited in a gallery built expressly for their reception. In 1766, they were removed to Buckingham House; and thence, in 1788, to Windsor Castle, on the recommendation of Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.A., who considered that they were more likely to be preserved at the latter place from further injury. At Windsor, they remained nearly twenty years; where Mr. Thomas Holloway began to reduce them (by small squares) for engraving, he having obtained the king's consent for that laborious undertaking. The necessary time employed by the artist in his work became the cause of another removal; and the king ordered them, (about twenty-two years ago,) to be re-conveyed to Hampton Court, where they have since remained. These successive removals have been the means of considerably damaging the Cartoons; and two or three of them appear to have been ill-advisedly curtailed, to adapt them to badly-proportioned frames. All of them have been much injured by the treatment they received when used as patterns for tapestry; the extremities of the figures being full of pin-holes, made for the workmen to pounce the outlines. Other parts have been almost cut through in tracing; copies from them having several times been made. The best copies were those made by Sir James Thornhill, which formerly adorned the mansion of the Dukes of Bedford, (now pulled down) at Bloomsbury, they were presented to the Royal Academy by the late Duke of Bedford, in the year 1800, and are preserved at Somerset House, where the originals themselves were exhibited for the instruction of the students, during the lectures given in 1816 and 1817.

Such is a hasty outline of the history of these sublime productions of art; to which we believe may be added, their projected removal to the splendid gallery of the new Buckingham Palace.

Richardson, in his work on painting, has given an accurate historical, and critical description of them, and in his opinion, they are more fitted to convey a true idea of the genius of Raphael, than even the loggia of the Vatican, by many considered that illustrious painter's masterpiece. The tapestries that have been wrought from the Cartoons, are but shadows of the originals; yet are preserved with great veneration at Rome, and only shown a few days in the year, in the gallery leading from St. Peter's to the Vatican, when they attract immense crowds to view them. Towards the end of the year 1797, the French government exhibited, in the Salon du Musée, several tapestries worked at Brussels, which were said to have been executed after the designs of Raphael.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court have been several times engraved: first, by Gribelin, in Queen Anne's reign, (whence our print is copied,) and since that by several inferior artists. They have also been engraved in small by Fittler, and of a very large size, and in a splendid and superior manner, by Holloway.

* Lives of British Painters, by Allan Cunningham vol. i.

† This statement is somewhat at variance with that of a correspondent, in vol. x. of the *Mirror*; but we have reason to believe the above to be correct.

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Another very fine Cartoon, by Raphael, of the Murder of the Innocents, is in the collection of Prince Hoare, Esq. Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy.

The information may be rather unseasonable, but it may be useful to state that the Cartoons and Pictures at Hampton Court may be seen any day or hour, on application to the guide, who resides in the palace, and expects a fee.

LATIN TRANSLATION
Of Charlotte Smith's Sonnet "Queen of the Silver Bow."

O tacitè dominans argenteo amabilis arcu,
Solum sub radiis me juvat ire tuis;
Et modò te miror tremebundam lucidâ in undâ,
Altè vadentem vel modò per nebulas.
Nec non spectanti manat mihi pectora mulcens
Lace tuâ dulci lenis et alma quies:
Sæpe et in orbe tuo, Moderatrix Cynthia noctis,
Mox requieturos terrigenas reputo.
Evadent fortasse, laboribus inde peractis,
Longùm infelices ad loca lista tua,
Atque hic qui miseri turbata fluenta biberunt,
Obliti lœticum pace fruentur ibi.
Oh! utinam citò mi fuerint tua regna serena,
Vitæ lassato casibus innumeris!

Connaught Terrace. B. H. SMART.

QUEEN of the Silver Bow, by this pale beam
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds which cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast,
And oft I think, fair Planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go
Released by death to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here,
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor weary pilgrim in this toiling scene.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

THE period of the residence of the young Queen of Portugal at the house of Lord Lucan, at Laleham (an engraving of which we gave in a former number), will be long remembered with satisfaction and gratitude by the inhabitants of that village, and perhaps with some pleasure by the Portuguese Court itself.

It is delightful to hear of the many acts of benevolence and charity that proceeded from the Palace, as it was then called, not a few of which are attributable to the amiable disposition of Donna Maria herself. At Christmas and Easter very liberal alms were distributed; handsome presents were made to two benefit clubs of Laleham, on the days of their annual meetings; and very many kindnesses from the Royal Household will cause its memory to be blessed by the poor of the village. The house was divided into all the departments of the household that could be kept up, and the chambers of the chamberlain, ladies in waiting, physician, steward, &c., had their respective distinctions marked over the doors. The management of the Marquess Barbacena combined economy with the requisite degree of state; and the strictest etiquette was observed—so much so, that, with the occasional exception of the Countess Itabagipe, no member of the household was ever suffered to sit in her Majesty's presence. An English governess formed part of the establishment; and the Queen was attended by an English music master, and other professors. Her youthful Majesty had all the playfulness and vivacity natural to her years: Lord Clinton, one of the lords of the king's bedchamber, used frequently to call and play with her for hours together at amusing games, which her Majesty was rather fonder of than of the studies imposed upon her. Donna Maria is remarkably fair, with blue eyes (which astonished many, who, on her arrival, expected to have seen a brunette), and has altogether the Austrian physiognomy of her mother. The upper part of her person is large, and as she sat in her carriage, she had the appearance of a stout young lady of twenty, which would also be imagined from the bust lately exhibited in the Royal Academy. The warm climate of Brazil has hastened her growth, as is very common, and has probably contributed to the delicacy of her constitution, the effects of which she feels chiefly in her legs, which are so weak, that her Majesty almost always had a fall when she trusted herself upon them without assistance, and was therefore habitually carried or supported by her attendants. The Queen's foot and ankle are very small and elegant; too much so, in fact, to bear the weight of her person. The physician to the household exercised over her Majesty a surveillance which did not always please her; and she, on more than one occasion, showed that she was not forgetful of the royal dignity that resided in her youthful person. FIDELITAS.

ENVY.—A FRAGMENT.

ENVY rankles in ignoble breasts
And stings the base man who doth foster it,
Whilst he, the envied, feels not the fierce pang
Which doth afflict the other. CYMBELINE.

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The Sketch-Book.

THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS, 1829.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Look out, while I note down each thing that Time,
Tyrannous Time hath left in deep amaze,
Count on, count on, do I not bid thee gaze?
BARRY CORNWALL.

WELL, Mr. Editor, another year, as the newspapers have it, has "merged into the gulph of time;" and, according to promise in my "Rough Notes on 1828," you have now a few "notings" on his descendant, Twenty-nine. This gentleman's successor, "Master Thirty," was as we all know, born on Friday January 1st.

We are certainly getting on prodigiously; and the approaching perfectibility of man has, ere this, been a matter of grave discussion. For my own part, however, I am free to confess myself heretical in my opinion, as to the expected Golden Age: depend upon it, Sir, we are yet only in the middle—nay, at the beginning—of the *Age of Iron*. Hail to thee, Iron, Prince of Metals!—perchance more precious to the Peruvian, to whom thou art oft of greater value than even pure gold! On one side we hear, that *in time* we shall be hurled along a rail-road, in a steam-progressor, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour! A man may then take a trip to the Highlands in a morning, bag his birds, and return to May-fair in good time for dinner! so that an overland journey to Calcutta or China will be within the compass of every inhabitant of the land of Cockaigne!—nay, it is whispered that our nobility, disdaining English-French cookery, intend having their dinners cooked in Paris, and forwarded direct by steam to London, so as not to cool on the way. On the other side, we are threatened with an inundation of cheap bread, from Holland, apropos—this is an unexpected measure, and we are at last likely to have that unlooked-for boon—that panacea—free bread! Again, by the aid of the new steam-paddles, we may reasonably suppose that a trip to New York, or so, to try Jonathan's cookery, will soon be an A B C affair, and may easily be compassed in one daily revolution! People may shake their heads, but Time is to produce even greater wonders. Gas is "looking-up," as they say on 'Change; and a Pneumatic, or Gas-vacuum Progressor, seems, at the period of our writing, likely to prove a formidable rival to its steaming sister. Twelve months since we hoped to be able to chronicle the first attempt of a steam-coach to run as a public conveyance. Alas! this consummation, though so "devoutly to be wished," has never yet taken place—though we still hear of such things.

Steam certainly progresseth. Lord Byron is reported to have said—"Who shall say unto steam, thus far shalt thou go, and no further?" The preceding instances bear him well out in his opinion. His Lordship also says—"We are at present in the infancy of science. Who knows whether, when a comet shall approach this earth to destroy it, as it has been, and will be destroyed, men will not tear rocks from their foundations by means of steam, and hurl mountains, as the giants are said to have done, against the flaming mass? and then we shall see traditions of Titans again, and of wars against Heaven." Perkins's steam artillery, half-a-dozen of which would suffice to depopulate the globe in twenty-four hours, affords the most striking illustration of the extraordinary powers of steam, compared to which, the expansive force of gunpowder sinks into nothing! As it was formerly observed in the *Mirror*, the world is almost literally supplied with books by *machinery*.—Nothing seems now wanting but to *compose* by steam. On looking at the wonderful expedition of modern reporters and steam-presses, some people think the desideratum not to be impracticable. Certainly, no one can take up a newspaper without discovering fresh instances of the march. Among other "modern instances" are the fine names now given to every thing. "Oramas' are become as plenty as blackberries in autumn—the art of flying a kite is the science of aëropleustics—a place for boys to exercise in, a Gymnasium—even boys' schools have now become "establishments"—eating is exercising the gastronomic art—a man who cures corns is a chiropodist—almost every village has its "Athenæum"—while every little huxter's shop is dignified into a warehouse. Nothing will go down under *Waterloo* House—publicans are metamorphosed into wine merchants—players, mantua-makers and cooks are artists—thieves, conveyancers. These are but a page in the history of the march: but "enough of this."

It has sadly puzzled philosophers to define the precise meaning of "civilization." We all say and believe that we have reached the *ne plus ultra* of improvement. Our Gallic neighbours shrug up their shoulders, and set themselves

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down as the most polished nation under the sun. The inhabitants of Timbuctoo, Caffre-land, or Siam, each think the same! Of what, then, does civilization consist? Is it only an idea—an impalpable essence—existing only in the imagination? or are splendid houses, an equipage and four greys, steam-coaches, Rowland's Macassar, Hunt's matchless, umbrella bonnets, feather-bed sleeves, Stultz, waltzing, Roman punch, iced Champagne, or rising at noon, among its essentials? Or does it consist in painting or tattooing the body all over, or perchance greasing it with fat perfumed,

"Like the sweet south, stealing over a bed of violets?"

Or wearing nose-rings, rising before daylight, or living in a hut by "Nature's cunning hand" laid out? or yelling in the "mazy dance," excited by the inspiriting fumes of arrack, koumis, or similar "detestable beverages?" (query gin?) Or what is the difference between firing at your friend with a pistol at six paces, or dispatching him at once with the stroke of a club or an arrow? or between coolly laying a plan to swindle your friend out of his property under the mask of friendship, and reducing his family to beggary, or in one tribe attacking another's wigwams by night, and plundering or massacring their wives and children? Nations are divided on these questions.

But to return from this digression. Verily, the "schoolmaster" has gone abroad with a vengeance. Among innumerable instances of the march, take the following as a specimen:—A gentleman has invented an instrument for "the instantaneous conveyance of intelligence to any distance." He "undertakes to demonstrate, clearly and briefly, in the work which he has now in the press, the practicability and facility of transmitting from London, *instantaneously*, to an agent at Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, Calcutta, &c. any question or message whatever, and of receiving back again at London, within the short space of one minute! an acknowledgment of the arrival of such question or message at the place appointed, and a distinct answer to it in a few minutes. In principle this engine is altogether different from every kind of telegraph or semaphore, and requires neither intermediate station nor repetition. In its action it is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, or galvanism, or any other subtle species of matter; and although the communication from place to place is instantaneous, and capable of ringing a bell, firing a gun, or hoisting a flag if required (!!) yet this is not effected by the transit of anything whatever to and fro, nor in the operation is aught either audible or visible, except to the persons communicating. It may be proper, however, to state, that a channel or way must previously be prepared, by sinking a series of rods of a peculiar description in the ground, or *dropping them in the sea!* but these, after the first cost, will remain good for ages to come, if substantial when laid down."—*sic* in *New Monthly Magazine*, Oct., 1829.—After this, "the force of numbers can no further go."

As the "grand tour" of the "good old times" has become a mere bagatelle (for the tourist can book his place without further trouble, in London, by steam, to Switzerland direct) it became necessary, in the present rage for novelty, to enlarge the sphere of observation. As Europe has become too small for our modern tourists, a prospectus has been circulated, which goes at once to the root of the evil, by proposing to circumnavigate the globe, in a vessel properly equipped, at one trip, which is to occupy three years—visiting the four (or, to perpetrate a tremendous bull) the *five quarters* of the earth (including Australia) in succession. This is literally making the grand tour, truly!—The scheme is addressed to "young noblemen and gentlemen," and, we doubt not, will find supporters. If the "tarry-at-home travellers" of the last century were to rise from their graves, how they would stare. In 1930, we imagine, when the Sandwich Islands, or Australia, shall have become as familiar as Switzerland is now, people will be contemplating a voyage to the moon: query, in a steam-balloon?

It seems, amongst other novelties, that, not having the fear of Malthus or Bentham before their eyes, divers daring and ill-advised persons have issued a prospectus of a *Matrimonial Company!* so, no doubt, we shall in time carry on love suits by proxy, like our "ancient ally," the Turk. A list of these undertakings would, however, collectively, be one of the most striking illustrations that could be offered of the times.

Clubs are all the rage. Every village will soon have its club, "to chat about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather." The Traveller's, which is about being erected next the Athenæum, will, it is said, be the most splendid in

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the metropolis, though its palatial neighbour may almost bid defiance to criticism. I wish this remark could be extended to many other new erections: the new churches, especially, are complete failures. Ill-natured persons say, however, that clubs will ultimately annihilate the *domestic* character of Englishmen.

In literature, art, and science, the most prominent novelties have been noticed progressively in the *Mirror;* and we can only remark, that 1829 has been distinguished by the production of many very important works.

Annuals have been formerly touched on—they certainly go on improving; thanks again to Iron! To the improvements made in engraving on steel, ten or twelve years ago (we might almost date the invention at that period), by Mr. Charles Heath, the lovers of art are solely indebted for these beautiful publications.

In politics, our province is limited; but the less that is said on the subject, at this jocund season of the year, the better: for what says Sterne on the text, "It is better to go into the house of mourning than the house of feasting." —*that I deny.*

Emigration forms one of the prominent features of the year. The Swan River settlement, whether we take its commanding geographical position, or the admirable climate and soil, into consideration, will probably become, at no distant day, one of the greatest colonies of Britain.

As to Nicholas, and our "Ancient Ally," we will leave their destinies in the hands of Messrs. the Gentlemen of the Press. "Enough—no more" The initiated say, however, that the portentous aspect of Mars still predominates.

But my lamp and my fire burn low, and so "my public," I must "with the hand of my heart," as Tom Hood says, bring this paper to a close. For what says the poet—

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still."*

Vale.

VYVYAN.

MEMORY.

(For the Mirror.)

"I know her by her robe of mourning."
CURRAN.

Busy Memory! tell me why,
Tears are ever in thine eye,
And mournful is thy melody,
Now on the night-wind swelling?
Down Time's long vale thine echoes roll,
And sadly, sadly on my soul
Thine influence is dwelling.

Long years come back in bright array,
The sun-bright morning of my day,
When sweetly pass'd my hours away,
Hope's azure skies above me,
When music was in every breeze,
And verdure ever on the trees,
And eyes look'd on that lov'd me.

I thought this world a fairy land;
The skies so blue, the air so bland,
And lasting seem'd the golden band
That bound my joys together,
I fear'd no change, nor loss, nor blight,
Adversity's o'ershadowing night,
And dark tempestuous weather.

But years come back of other days,
No time the characters can raze,
Or Memory cease to bend her gaze
On all their record bears;
Death came—and change, and one by one,
Are youth's gay hopes and pleasure's gone
"To silence and to tears."

Thou "greedy grave!" in thy dark night,
The eyes are clos'd that shone so bright,
And shed their fond unvarying light
So faithfully on me!
In nightly dreams they come again,
When "bitter Fancy" holds her reign,
And mourning Memory.

And years roll by, in other scenes,
New friends, new hopes, new cares are mine
The sun of gladness faintly beams
O'er the wide wrecks of time.
And Fancy checks her wayward flight,
And Hope's gay visions sunk in night,
Like wintry moon-beams shine.

Then busy Memory cease to raise
Thy pageant fair of other days,
And let me now direct my gaze
On brighter worlds to come!
Where neither time, nor change, nor death
Can mar one flower, in that bright wreath
That blooms beyond the tomb.

Kirton Lindsay. ANNE R.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

(For the Mirror.)

"That blessed, homely music, wont to fill
My heart with pure and unalloyed delight.
MRS. HEMANS.

Returning to my childhood's home,
I saw, with heaviness, how chang'd
Had every haunt of bliss become,
Where once, a reckless boy, I rang'd;
I deem'd not time would e'er divide
Those hearts which did so kindly prove
With coldness, mix'd with paltry pride,
And vulgar hate instead of love;
Yet Nature's change, and friendship's shame
Had left the village bells the same.

Their music bore my thoughts away
Unto that early, hallow'd time,
When called by duty here to pray,
I us'ened to their luring chime;

* Sir Walter Scott.

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But *they* who taught me heaven to crave,
My father, mother, where were they?
Green was the turf that topped *his* grave—
On *her* a mossier sod there lay;
Yet memory might some record claim
The Village Bells were still the same.

And looking to the leafless wood,
'Twas scarcely seen across the down,
How narrow look'd the silent flood!
How grey the little church had grown!
And shooting from its creviced tower,
I saw the sickly alder climb;
And faded was the dial'd hour
Where shadow show'd the sunny time;
But on the breeze, sweet chimes there came
The Village Bells were still the same.

The solemn elms, whose branches grew
Against the chancel's Gothic wall;
The hardy oaks whose shadow threw,
A darkness o'er the windows tall;
The distant cot that deck'd the hill
The vale receding from the view;
With woody walk and noisy mill—
Gave token of an alter'd hue,
Nor Fancy did the diff'rence frame—
The Village Bells were still the same.

"And here may be my rest," said I,
As leaning on the churchyard gate;
"And little recks it where I lie
Amidst the poor, or with the great;
Though cenotaph and circling pale
Above my humbler ashes rise,
Telling to all its gilded tale
Of virtues blazon'd but in lies—
When fled my form, forgot my name,
Those Village Bells shall sound the same."

* * H.

The Cosmopolite.

PANTOMIME OF THE ANCIENTS.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who only act a part.
Hudibras.

THE clearest notion that we have obtained of pantomime, is that it consists of the art of imitative dance. Now, the art of dancing is divided, properly, into two parts, distinct entirely from each other: one of which may be termed *gymnastic*, the other *mimetic*, or imitative. The former part of the art is of considerable antiquity in England; but the latter, which consists of pure imitation, was only introduced at the commencement of the last century. Strictly speaking, pantomime is divided into three species, the tragic, the comic, and the farcical. Of these, the latter has been cultivated in the pieces called "Pantomimes," since the above date; but it was not until the close of the last century that the more elegant and regulated motions of the art were introduced on our stage: we allude to the *ballet*, which is indeed a species of "pantomime." True it is, that there is throughout the farcical pieces a musical accompaniment; but Harlequin and Columbine only are attentive to the cadence of the music. —Thus, whilst the higher order of the art was neglected, the genius of pantomime degenerated to the *bizarre* adventures of Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon. Our first purpose is therefore to point out the classical superiority of the pantomime of the ancients to that of our times.

The ancients, it is well known, in their estimation of the dance, considered chiefly its mimetic powers. Being in its origin united with music, solemn, or fugitive, in the service of religion, it thereby acquired a dignity which in modern times it never possessed. The most sacred mysteries of heathenism were thus accompanied. Apollo, in a passage of Pindar, is called the Dancer; and there is a Greek line extant, which makes even Jupiter himself in the very act of dancing. Even at Rome, where the dance was on the whole much less respected, the Priests of Mars, to whom the care of the sacred *ancilia* were committed, were, from their customary and solemn dances, denominated *Salii*.* Of the imitative dance, both Plato and Xenophon, in the person of their master, Socrates, speak very favourably; and Aristotle expressly ranks it with the art of poetry. Plutarch considered it worthy of distinct discussion;† and Lucian has left us an express eulogium, in which he scruples not to prefer the *orchestral* to the speaking dramas. "The Greeks," says Athenæus, "had brought their dance to such perfection in the art of imitating the passions, that the most eminent sculptors thought their time not ill employed in studying and designing the attitudes of the public dancers; and to this study," he adds, "they owed, undoubtedly, some of the most transcendent beauties of their works."

This perfect species of mimetic dance was constantly united with music, vocal and instrumental, in the choruses of the tragic, comic, and satyric dramas, which exhibited the three distinct species of imitation above enumerated; and, though it does not appear that performances of mere unmixed pantomime were even common among the independent Greeks, it is certain that at Rome, under Augustus,‡ these enter-

* From *Salio*.
† In the last book of Symposiac Questions.
‡ Pylades and Bathyllus were the heroes of

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tainments became fashionable, and for some centuries afterwards were cultivated with eagerness, which degenerated into absurdity and vice.* In all these dances, the motions of the hands and the gestures of the body were esteemed no less essential than the pulsations of the feet; and, if in the accounts of those performances now extant we find no mention of the expression and action of the countenance, it is owing to the use of *masks*, which the vast extent of the ancient theatres made expedient, rather than offensive. †

Rousseau very justly considers the expression of the looks and gestures as an universal language; but in England the extensive powers of this species of eloquence were but little known till the close of the last century, when ballets were first produced by French artists, on the stage of our Italian Opera. We find but little mention of them in the history of this theatre. From an elegantly written pamphlet, dated 1788, we, however, learn that one of the earliest, and most successful, was the ballet of *Cupid and Psyche*—"in which," observes the writer, "the serious and comic pantomime of the ancients appear to have been completely revived. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason to suppose that the grand ballets lately exhibited in the theatres of London and Paris are inferior, in any material point, to those which formerly delighted the wits and philosophers of Athens, or the polished courtiers of the Roman metropolis: indeed, from the actors not wearing masks, as in Rome, our pieces could not fail to be superior." He then particularizes the style of Le Picq and the elder Vestris, as that for which the Roman Pylades was so much admired; and the younger Vestris as, in all points of excellence, the Bathyllus of the moderns: "so admirable are the two former in the grave and tragic dance, and the latter in the elegance of comic levity." Our elegant friend of the Opera (for he must have been an inveterate frequenter) is in some doubt whether *Medea and Jason* was the first performance of this kind in this country: this which he characterises as "a drama of very transcendent excellence: indeed, Madame Simonet, who enacted Medea in her looks and gestures, almost rivalled Mrs. Siddons, then about in the zenith of her popularity. It may, therefore, be conceived to what point of excellence this species of the pantomimic art may be carried, when it is proved to have even rivalled some of the highest efforts of tragic acting. We think the term used to denote them on our stage is *Ballet of Action*, for *The Deserter*, an English piece of this description, is from a ballet of the same name, originally produced at the Italian Opera.

Many subsequent ballets at the Opera House have presented perfect specimens of this elegant art: those of mythological story being most successful. To enumerate them would be tedious, our object being to point out the distinction between ancient and modern pantomime. In regretting the decline of the former we ought not to overlook the fact of some portion of it being still retained, and being blended with music and poetical association, in the form of operatic compositions, of which excellence the performances of Pasta and Malibran are splendid instances. Of modern pantomime, it is our intention to take a rapid view in an ensuing number of the *Mirror*, when its distinction from the ancient art will be rendered still more obvious than it has been by the foregoing hasty observations of PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

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this period. So distinct were the styles of these two ancient dancers, that, according to Seneca, neither Pylades in comedy, nor Bathyllus in tragedy, could be reckoned comparable to themselves. Of the state of the art at the above time, a curious description will be found in No. 9, of the *Mirror*.

* Dramatic amusements formed splendid items in the luxurious entertainments of the Romans. Gibbon describes them as considering the circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the Republic. "The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places, and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjacent porticoes. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to 400,000, remained in eager attention. The vast and magnificent theatres of Rome were filled by 3,000 female dancers, and by 3,000 singers, with the masters of the respective choruses. Such was the popular favour which they enjoyed, that, in a time of scarcity, when all strangers were banished from the city, the merit of contributing to the public pleasures exempted *them* from a law which was strictly executed against the professors of the liberal arts."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

† Masks were very common among the ancients, and were more particularly used by the performers at their theatres. It is uncertain whether the Egyptians understood theatrical entertainments; but remains of their monuments prove them to have been accustomed to conceal their faces with masks. They were originally made of the bark of trees, then of leather, subsequently of wood, and of paper varnished. At what period the black silk vizor came into fashion, we know not; but masks of black velvet were commonly worn in France in the time of Louis XIV. Very recently masks have been made of fine wire-work, variously coloured; they are cooler, and pleasanter to wear than others, but are sadly deficient in natural effect. Female masks were worn by boys, who formerly played women's parts on our stage

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

ANECDOTES OF THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

The acquisitions of these lads seem to proceed nearly *pari passu:* they have both learned a good deal of English, and speak it very nearly alike. They have also, of late, been taught whist, at which they play tolerably well, and of which they are very fond. And one of the remarkable traits attending this is, that they play the game *against* each other, and most honourably (we have seen single-bodied players not quite so correct) abstain from looking into each other's hands. The other day Chang played *dumby* against Eng and a partner, and a very interesting contest it was.

Recently, when they were indisposed, they took medicine together, and were affected precisely in the same manner; but when medicine was administered to the one, and not to the other, no effect was produced on the exempt.

A curious exemplification of their separate state is afforded by the grand mystery of dreaming. Not long since, the individual who sleeps in the room with them observed one extremely disturbed in his sleep, and the other so violently agitated that he screamed out. He hastened to awake them; and on inquiring what was the matter, the one that was disturbed told him he had dreamed he met his mother; the other, who was more agitated, that he thought somebody was cutting off his hair. The hair, by the way, is a cherished ornament. In sleeping they lie on their back, with their heads, generally, as far apart as possible or convenient.

While asleep, if you touch one you also awake the other; but it appears, that though a sensation is communicated, it is not the same sensation. For example, if one is tickled to cause laughter, the other knows you are tickling his brother, but he does not feel it. This is the case, whether he sees what is done or not.

They are smart in their remarks, and very excellent mimics and imitators. The other day Sir A. Carlisle was enforcing the expediency of their being taught to read; and, by way of demonstrating the thing, he marked a big A on a card to show them. This he did, pronouncing in a sound pedagogue style *A a a.* The boys immediately sounded the letter so like their instructor as to create considerable merriment. He then went to B and C; but while doing so, they had got a little impatient (as schoolboys will do with their teachers), and one of them interrupted him; upon which he exclaimed, "Pshaw, pshaw, attend to me." So the lesson continued, till Chang took the pencil to make the letters, and held it in his hand in the most awkward way; upon which Sir Anthony interfered to set him right; but the scholar was close in all, and in his turn exclaimed the very same—"Pshaw, pshaw, atten me!" He, nevertheless, drew the A capitally in his own mode.

On another occasion, a visiter, impressed with the idea that their religious instruction ought to be attended to, spoke to them on this subject. In his investigation of their condition, he asked, "Do you know where you would go if you were to die?" To which they replied quickly, pointing up with there fingers, "Yes, yes, up dere." Their saintly friend, unluckily for himself, persevered in catechising; and questioned them, "Do you know where I should go, if I were to die?" to which they as promptly answered, pointing downwards, "Yes, yes, down dere." We are afraid that the laugh which followed was likely to efface the memory of the well-meant attempt to imbue their minds with Christain knowledge.

With regard to their speaking to each other, though they do not do so often, yet they occasionally converse. It has also a singular effect to witness the two speaking together at the same time, on different topics, to different persons. This they will do if two beautiful females happen to address them together; for they have taste enough to be very partial to beauty in the other sex. They are much attached to the wife of Mr. ———, one of the individuals who brought them to Europe.

They almost always eat alone, and, we understand, have a dislike to being looked at while they take their meals.

Of their strange formation, an accurate cast has been taken by Mr. Sievier, and admirably copied in wax by a pupil of Mr. B. Bolton, the medical gentleman who has attended them since their arrival.—*Literary Gazette.*

STANZAS ON SEEING A RECENTLY ERECTED MONUMENT* IN THE CHAPEL OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Stop, shipmate stop, he can't be dead!
His muse yet lives, to seamen dear;
His spirit has but shot a-head,
And yet our midnight watch may cheer.
Still on each heart his lays resound
From Nile re-echoed to the Nore;
Yet many a hope of mirth's aground,
Should Charley be indeed no more.

* To the Memory of C. Dibdin.

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The "Evening Watch," the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old Charley's line;
"Saturday Night" may go to bed,
His sun has set, no more to shine!
"Sweethearts and Wives" though we may sing
Or toast, at sea, "the Girls on Shore,"
Jack's fiddle wants its master string,
Since tuneful Charley is no more.

"Jack Ratline's" story now who'll tell?
Or chronicle each boatswain brave?
The sailor's kind historian fell
With him who sung "The Soldier's Grave."
"Poor Jack," "Ben Backstay"—But belay!
Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,
Each from his brow may swab the spray,
For Charley spins the yarn no more.

The capstan, compass, and the log,
Will oft his Muse to memory bring;
And when all hands wheel round the grog,
They'll drink and blubber while they sing.
For grog was often Charley's theme,
A double spirit then it bore:
It somehow seems to me a dream,
That such a spirit is no more.

It smooth'd the tempest, cheer'd the calm,
Made each a hero at his gun;
It even proved to foes a balm,
Soon as the angry fight was done.
Then, shipmates, check that rising sigh,
He's gone, as others went afore,
And even foremast men must die,
As well as Charley, now no more!

Blackwood's Magazine.

FROSTY WEATHER.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.)

NORTH.—What, James, is your favourite weather?

Shepherd.—A clear, hard, black frost. Sky without a clud—sun bright, but almost cold—earth firm aneath your feet as a rock—trees silent, but not asleep wi' their budded branches—ice-edged rivers, amaist mute and motionless, yet wimplin' awee, and murmuring dozingly as in a dream—the air or atmosphere sae rarefied by the mysterious alchemy o' that wonderfu' Wuzard Wunter, that when ye draw in your breath, ye're no sensible o' ha'in' ony lungs; wi' sic a celestial coolness does the spirit o' the middle region pervade and permeate the totality o' ane's hail created existence, sowle and body being but ane essence, the pulses o' ane indistinguishable frae the feelin's o' the ither, materialism and immaterialism just ane and the same thing, without ony perceptible shade o' difference, and the immortality o' the sowle felt in as sure a faith as the NOW of its being, sae that ilka thocht is as pious as a prayer, and the happy habitude o' the entire man an absolute religion. Then, Sir, what a glorious appeteet in a black frost! Corned beef and greens send up in their steam your soul to heaven. The greediest gluttony is satisfied, and becomes a virtue. Eating, for eating's sake, and in oblivion o' its feenal cause, is then the most sacred o' household duties. The sweat-drops that stand on your brow, while your jaws are clunking, is beautifu' as the dew on the mountain at sunrise—as poetical as the foam-bells on the bosom o' the glitterin' river. The music o' knives and forks is like that o' "flutes and saft recorders," "breathing deliberate valour;" and think, Sir, oh think! hoo the imagination is roosed by the power o' contrast between the gor-cock lyin' wi' his buttered breast on the braid o' his back upon a bed o' brown toasted breed, and whurrin' awa' in vain doon the wund afore the death-shot, and then tapsel-teery head over heels, on the blue lift, and doon on the greensward or the blooming heather, a battered and bluidy bunch o' plumage, gorgeous and glorious still in the dead-thraws, your only bird o' Paradise!

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

[WE extract the following gorgeous description of this memorable event from the third volume of the Rev. Mr. Milman's *History of the Jews*. It will be found intensely interesting,—we might say poetical, even did not its brilliancy remind us of the highly-wrought poem—The Fall of Jerusalem, by the same author:—]

High above the whole city rose the Temple, uniting the commanding strength of a citadel with the splendour of a sacred edifice. According to Josephus, the esplanade on which it stood had been considerably enlarged by the accumulation of fresh soil, since the days of Solomon, particularly on the north side. It now covered a square of a furlong each side.* Solomon had faced the precipitous sides of the rock on the east, and perhaps the south, with huge blocks of stone, the other sides likewise had been built up with perpendicular walls to an equal height. These walls in no part were lower than 300 cubits, 525 feet; but their whole height was not seen, excepting on the eastern and perhaps the southern sides, as the earth was heaped up to the level of the streets of the city. Some of the stones employed in this work were 70 feet square.

On this gigantic foundation ran on each front a strong and lofty wall with-

* D'Anville, from an estimate of the present area of the hill, is inclined to suppose that the whole ought to be nearly ten instead of six stadia.

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out, within a spacious double portico or cloister 52½ feet broad, supported by 162 columns, which supported a cedar ceiling of the most exquisite workmanship. The pillars were entire blocks hewn out of solid marble, of dazzling whiteness, 43¾ high. On the south side the portico or cloister was triple.

The open courts were paved with various inlaid marbles. Between this outer court, of the Gentiles, and the second court of the Israelites ran rails of stone, but of beautiful workmanship, rather more than five feet high. Along these, at regular intervals, stood pillars with inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; warning all strangers and Jews who were unclean, from entering into the Holy Court beyond. An ascent of 14 steps led to a terrace 17½ feet wide, beyond which arose the wall of the Inner Court. This wall appeared on the outside 70 feet, on the inside 43¾; for besides the ascent of 14 steps to the terrace, there were five more up to the gates. The Inner Court had no gate or opening to the west, but four on the north, and four on the south, two to the east, one of which was for the women, for whom a part of the Inner Court was set apart—and beyond which they might not advance; to this they had access likewise by one of the northern, and one of the southern gates, which were set apart for their use. Around this court ran another splendid range of porticoes or cloisters, the columns were quite equal in beauty and workmanship, though not in size, to those of the outer portico. Nine of these gates, or rather gateway towers, were richly adorned with gold and silver, on the doors, the door-posts, and the lintels. The doors of each of the nine gates were 52½ feet high, and half that breadth. Within, the gateways were 52½ feet wide and deep, with rooms on each side, so that the whole looked like lofty towers: the height from the base to the summit was 70 feet. Each gateway had two lofty pillars 21 feet in circumference. But that which excited the greatest admiration was the tenth, usually called the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It was of Corinthian brass of the finest workmanship. The height of the Beautiful Gate was 87½, its doors 70 feet. The father of Tiberius Alexander had sheeted these gates with gold and silver; his apostate son was to witness their ruin by the plundering hands and fiery torches of his Roman friends. Within this quadrangle there was a further separation, a low wall which divided the priests from the Israelites: near this stood the great brazen altar. Beyond, the Temple itself reared its glittering front. The great porch or Propyleon, according to the design of the last, or Herod's Temple, extended to a much greater width than the Temple itself; in addition to the former width of 105 feet, it had two wings of 35 each, making in the whole 175. The great gate of this last quadrangle, to which there was an ascent of twelve steps, was called that of Nicanor. The gateway tower was 132½ high, 43½ wide, it had no doors, but the frontispiece was covered with gold, and through its spacious arch was seen the golden gate of the Temple, glittering with the same precious metal, with large plates of which it was sheeted all over. Over this gate hung the celebrated golden vine. This extraordinary piece of workmanship had bunches, according to Josephus, as large as a man. The Rabbins add, that, "like a true natural vine, it grew greater and greater; men would be offering, some, gold to make a leaf; some a grape, some a bunch: and these were hung up upon it, and so it was increasing continually."

The Temple itself, excepting in the extension of the wings of the Propyleon, was probably the same in its dimensions and distribution with that of Solomon. It contained the same holy treasures, if not of equal magnificence, yet by the zeal of successive ages, the frequent plunder, to which it had been exposed, was constantly replaced; and within, the golden candlestick spread out its flowering branches, the golden table supported the show-bread, and the altar of incense flamed with its costly perfume. The roof of the Temple had been set all over on the outside with sharp golden spikes, to prevent the birds from settling, and defiling the roof; and the gates were still sheeted with plates of the same splendid metal. At a distance, the whole Temple looked literally like "a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles."

Looking down upon its marble courts, and on the Temple itself, when the sun arose above the Mount of Olives, which it directly faced, it was impossible, even for a Roman, not to be struck with wonder, or even for a stoic, like Titus, not to betray his emotion. Yet this was the city, which in a few months was to lie a heap of undistinguished ruins; and the solid Temple itself, which seemed built for eternity, not "to have one stone left upon another."

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The Temple set on Fire.

It was the 10th of August, A.C. 70, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon: it was almost passed. Titus withdrew into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or Porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords, with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire: his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear: they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands: they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion, Liberalis, endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which showed dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames: they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door—the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat: and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appaling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew! The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces—some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights: all along the walls resounded screams and wailings: men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

Slaughter and Sacking.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first, into the outer court of the Temple; afterwards, into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below.—Afterwards they fled to a part of the

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wall, about fourteen feet wide. They were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

THE SAVIOUR AS A CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

Blest age of innocence and truth,
Of open heart as open brow;
When thoughts are free and words are sooth:—
Ere the warm blood of wilder youth
Flows through the veins, and in the eye
Glows with unquiet brilliancy—
Childhood, how fair art thou!
Fair even in the sons of earth;
But thou wert fairest when the Saviour smiled,
When He of virgin birth
Stooped to the semblance of an earth-born child.

And did he spend the vacant hour
Child-like, in ranging plain and wood?
And did he seek the shadowy bower,
And, sportive, twine the summer flower,
While, as the rustic crown he wreathed,
Each conscious flower fresh odours breathed;
And e'en the blossoms, strewed
As though unheeded, o'er the ground,
Drooped not, nor withered; but unfading shed
A balmier fragrance round
Than when they glittered in their parent bed?

Then blame we not the venturous dream
Of painter-poet—who hath traced
What some, perchance, may lightly deem
Of Him, in whom the Heavenly Beam
Though latent in a fleshly shroud,
Was, like the sun behind a cloud,
Though dimmed, yet undefaced;—
For who could mark the fair young brow,
The ringlets of that wildly-clustering hair,
That look serene—nor know
No child of sin, no heir of death was there!

Mark too that varied coronal,
Where the rich eastern flowers combine
Their hues of beauty,—are not all
His work who framed this earthly ball?
Flowers spring on earth—stars deck the sky—
Alike in each his inward eye
Knew his own work divine.
Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
On earth, or sea, or sky, at morn or even,
Flower, star, wave, vocal bird,
To Him were fraught with memories of Heaven!

Yes—when this low, terrestrial sphere
He deigned—a seeming child—to tread,
Heard he not sounds none else could hear?
And were not viewless Seraphs near
To hold communion with their Lord?
And where th' Angelic Host adored,
Did not glad Nature shed
Her sweetest flowers,—and if he wove
What seemed a wreath to human eyes,
By Angels borne above,
Might not that wreath outshine the crowns of Paradise.

The Iris.

POPULATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Captain Frankland, in his recent Travels, has thus grouped, and very well distinguished the varied population of Constantinople. "How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long, flowing caftan, scarlet trousers, yellow boots, rich cachmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering, gilded handjar (dagger.) The light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his short chin, black turban, enormously large but short trousers, bare legs, and black shoes. The grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver inkhorn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high, taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imaum and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant, angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned and mean-looking costume of Europe."

Retrospective Gleanings.

SHIPS.

To whom the world is obliged for the invention of ships is (says Potter) like all things of such antiquity—uncertain. There are divers persons who seem to make equal pretensions to this honour: such are Prometheus, Neptune, Janus, Atlas, Hercules, Jason, Danaus, Erythræus, &c.; but, by common fame, it is given to Minerva, the happy mother of all the arts and sciences.

The first ship seen in Greece arrived at Rhodes, from Egypt, 1485 before Christ. Hiero's ship, which was built under the direction of Archimedes, had

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wood enough employed in it to make sixty gallies. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace—banquetting-rooms, galleries, gardens, fish-ponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c. It was encompassed with an iron rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one, which threw a stone of 300 lbs., or a dart twelve cubics long, the space of half a mile, &c. This ship has been described by Athenæus, the mathematician, who wrote a Greek treatise "on machines of war."

The first double-decked ship built in England was of 1,000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VIII. 1509: it was called *The Great Harry*, and cost £14,000. Before this, twenty-four gun ships were the largest in our navy, and these had no port-holes, the guns being on the upper decks only. Port-holes were invented by Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in 1500. There were not above four merchant ships of 120 tons burthen before 1551. The first ship of the burthen of 800 tons was built in England, in 1597.

A first-rate man-of-war requires about 60,000 cubic feet of timber, and uses 180,000 lbs. of rough hemp in the cordage and sails for it. The ground on which the timber for a seventy-four gun ship would require to grow would be fourteen acres. It requires 3,000 loads of timber, each load containing fifty cubical feet. 1,500 well-grown trees, of two loads each, will cover fourteen acres, at twenty feet asunder; and 3,000 loads of rough oak cost about 2*s.* per foot, or 5*l.* per load.

P. T. W.

The inhabitants of Chios anciently possessed a reputation for virtue, still maintained among them. According to Plutarch, there was no instance of adultery during the space of 700 years.

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, represented destruction by a rat.

Knives are said to have been first made in England in 1563, by one Mathew, on Fleet Bridge, London.

The Portuguese language must have been very poor before the time of Camoens, for he added *two thousand words*, and they were all accepted on the credit of a single man.

Pompey the Great was the first who built fixed theatres, which he did nobly of square stone. Until then they were built of wood, and temporary. H. H.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

Dr. John Jegon, of Bennett College, Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was a most serious man and grave governor; yet withal, of a most facetious disposition. The following is an instance:—While master of the college, he chanced to punish all the under graduates for some general offence, and the penalty was put on their heads in the buttery: he disdained however to apply the money to his own use, and it was expended in new whiteing the hall of the college; whereon a scholar hung up these lines on the screen:—

Doctor Jegon, Bennett College, master,
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the walls a plaster!

But the doctor, whose ready wit was not the least impaired by age, on reading the paper extempore, immediately rejoined in pencil:—

Knew I but the wag that writ these lines in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery.

H. J. M.

AN ULTIMATUM.

At Great Farringdon, Berks, in an old churchwarden's book of accounts, dated 1518, there is the form of then admitting churchwardens (as I suppose) into their office, in the following words:

"*Cherchye* Wardenys thise shal be youre charge to be tru to God and to the *Churche* for love nor favore *off* no man wythe in thyse parishe to withhold ani Righyte to the Churche but to Reseve the Dettes to hyt belongth or ellse to goo to ye Devell." C. K. W.

Inscription on a board affixed to an empty Hovel, between Chelsea and Battersea Bridge.

"Take Notis whoever trespases on this primises will be prosticuted accordin to Law." H. S. B.

CONFIRMATION.

(For the Mirror.)

The extreme ignorance of many of the lower classes of society respecting the nature, &c. of this solemn rite, is not less singular in this era of universal education, than pitiable. We speak from actual and personal knowledge when we state, that many of them fancy it to be a kind of feast, or convivial meeting. A servant who once lived in

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the family of the writer, said, that under this idea, at the age of twelve years, she represented herself to the minister of the parish as fourteen, and fancying she was going to an entertainment, went as she expressed it, "*for the fun of the thing*," and was confirmed.

Under this impression also, at a confirmation held at a county town, in the summer of 1821, six or eight boys under the proper age, were found to have *forged* tickets of admission for themselves; the fraud was of course detected, and the ignorant authors of it severely reprimanded.

An old clergyman used to relate the following anecdote with great glee:—Once, when preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation, he found amongst them one old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid, that for some weeks prior to the time, he was obliged to have her come to his house every day, in order to instruct and catechize her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience, and zeal, had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's much beclouded intellect. The important day arrived; "Now my good friend," said the worthy pastor, just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, *do* you thoroughly understand, and believe all the articles of your Christian Faith?" "Ay—yes, Sir, thank 'e," replied his venerable pupil, with a simper, and dropping one of her best curtsies, "I *does*, indeed, *now*, and thank God, *I heartily renounces 'em all!*"

M. L. B.

GIANTS.

It seems to have been a common notion that the race of mankind gradually diminishes in stature; hence Virgil reckons that posterity would behold with admiration, the huge bones of those Romans who fell in the civil wars, when afterwards they should accidentally be discovered:

"Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

A notion which naturally led the ancients to imagine that the first men had been giants in respect of us; or at least that there had been formerly giants in the world.—*Pegge's Anonymiana.*

Dr. Fuller, *(Worthies of Gloucester,)* after observing that the family of *Winter* were great navigators, says, in his way, "The more the pity that this worthy family of the Winter's did ever leave the element of *water*, to tamper with *fire*, especially in a destructive way to their king and country;" alluding to Thomas Winter, concerned in, if not the first mover of, the Popish Plot, in the reign of James I.—*Rapin*, v. ii. p. 170.

CURIOUS GRANT.

Looking over Stowe's *Chronicle*, I met with the following curious grant of William the Conqueror, which was taken from the Library at Richmond.

W. C. R. R.

I William, King, the third yeare of my raigne,
Giue to thee Norman Hunter, to me that art both Life and Deere,
The Hop and the Hopton, all the bounds up and downe,
Vnder the Earth to Hell, aboue the Earth to Heauen,
And frome me and from mine, to thee and to thine,
As good, and as faire, as euer they mine were,
To witnesse that this is soothe, I bite the white wax with my toothe
Before *Jugge Mawd*, and *Margery*, and my youngest son *Henry*,
For one Bow and Broad Arrow, when I come to Hunt upon Yarrow.

EARLY PROFLIGACY.

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their maker."

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

A learned doctor having printed two heavy volumes of Natural History, a friend remarked to him, that his publication was, in several particulars, extremely erroneous; and when the other defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why, then, Sir," added his critic, "I advise you to send your work to the same place you send your vagrants to, that is, to the house of correction."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Charing Cross, Ninety years since.

Dr. Johnson, a very grave authority on all matters, is reported to have said, "Fleet-street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." Now, the observant habits of the Doctor must have familiarized him with the physiognomy, or more properly speaking, the ichnography, of the metropolis; and we are inclined to think there is more philosophy in the above quaint exemplar than many had dreamt of. Nay, if a man wishes to observe the habits of Londoners, let him be ensconced at Charing Cross.

Of the antiquarian history of this spot, we have given several facts and fragments. Even so early as our first volume, two or three of our liege subscribers fell into a dispute respecting the origin of the name, which was settled to their satisfaction; and a few weeks since, another antiquarian correspondent sent us the following scrap, which almost repeats a former communication: "It is not generally known, that the name of Charing Cross, originated in the fond epithet bestowed by Edward I. on his beloved queen, to whom no less than fifteen crosses were erected, and from the prevalence of the French language at that time in England; *Charing* being nothing but a corruption of *Chere Reyne*, often applied by Edward to his queen, of course, the Cross gave the name to the spot."* Of this interesting memorial of conjugal affection we gave an engraving at page 393 of our 13th Volume. We need only mention the well-known historical fact of this spot being originally the village of Charing, where, to quote a jingling rhyme of our day, there were

"Hedges and ditches, and ponds of water;
But now we've nothing but bricks and mortar."

Even in a good Map of London, in the reign of Elizabeth, we find that Covent Garden extended to St. Martin's Lane, and the fields behind it reached to the village of St. Giles's. The extensive street now called the Haymarket, had a hedge on one side, and a few bushes on the other. Neither Pall Mall, St. James's

* A similar corruption occurs in *Blanch Apple Court*, in the city, which has long been called *Blind Chapel Court;* and a district near St. Catherine's, first called *Hammes Guisnes*, being inhabited by people from the neighbourhood of Calais, long bore the name of Hangman's Gains. W. G. C.

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Street, Piccadilly, nor any of the streets and squares in that part of the town were built; and Westminster was a small town on the south-west and south sides of St. James's Park. This is about two and a half centuries since; but, reader, recollect how many public buildings and streets have sprung up and vanished since this date. Really, the rise and progress of cities seems a matter of so little wonder, that we begin to think with Swift, that he who can neither play the fiddle nor make a small town a great city, "deserves to be kicked out of creation."

Suppose we take a retrospective glance at a few of the improvements of this neighbourhood. First rose Northumberland House. Between 1721 and 1726 was built the splendid church of "St. Martin," then aptly termed "in the Fields;" next stands, if in its present converted and dismantled state it can be so called, the King's Mews; then cross we over to the Italian Opera House, on the site of which Sir John Vanbrugh completed the first theatre in 1705. Pall Mall, at this time, probably had a "sweet shady side;" and Carlton House was a plain town mansion of the Earl of Burlington, till, in 1783, Holland converted it into a palace, equivocally speaking, by almost rebuilding it. Spring Garden, too, had anything but a town association. But, Northumberland House has been renovated; St. Martin's Church has been, or rather will be, thrown open, and form part of a fine quadrangle. Carlton House has disappeared like the fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind; but superb palatial mansions have sprung up in accordance with the luxurious character of the age; and Spring Garden is now a grove of chimneys. Returning to the centre, or Charing Cross, there is a relic of bygone days—the noble equestrian statue of Charles I., the work of Hubert le Sœur, a Frenchman, who came to England about the year 1633.

Horace Walpole thus notices this fine specimen of art:—"The commanding grace and figure, and the exquisite form of the horse, are striking to the most unpractised eye." And Dr. Kitchiner, in a chapter on Horses, in his *Traveller's Oracle*, says—"The figure and symmetry of the horse is no where more perfectly displayed than in the equestrian statue of Charles I., at Charing Cross, which is said to be the most finished piece of workmanship of its kind ever produced. Continually, however, in our sight, this *chef d'œuvre* is not only disregarded, but neglected." The history of the statue is not a little curious. It was cast in 1639, on a spot of ground near Covent Garden, at the expense of the great Earl of Arundel; but on the breaking out of the civil war, it was sold by Parliament to John River, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it to pieces; much in the same spirit as that of the Bourbons in extirpating the letter N. from the public buildings of Paris. But the brazier loved his king, and was a cunning wight forsooth; for he produced a quantity of fragments of old brass, and concealed the statue and horse under ground, until the Restoration. Like certain mock patriots of these times, he also profited on the occasion; for, says M. de Archenholz, "he cast a number of knives and forks in brass, which he sold as manufactured from the statue. These were purchased with avidity by the royalists, out of affection to their unfortunate sovereign, and sought with equal eagerness by the rebels, as a trophy of the downfall of a despot." In 1678 the statue was erected on a pedestal, ornamented with the royal arms, trophies, &c., from the chisel of Grimlin Gibbons. In our Engraving it is represented without lamps, for it was not till twenty-seven years after the date of the print, or 1767, that lamps were affixed to the railings, according to this memorandum:—

"Monday, 5th February, 1767.

"The Board of Works having given orders for six globe lamps to be fixed on irons round the statue of King Charles I., at Charing Cross, for the safety of carriages, they were lighted up last night, for the first time."

The time of our print is about the middle of the reign of George II. The date is nearly a century since; but the difference from its present appearance is not so great as might be expected, and is, in all probability, much less than will be the changes here a hundred years hence. Still, the traffic and bustle of the place are materially different: here are only two old coaches toppling with their loads; a freighted chair; a few listless passengers, and in all about a score of persons in the street. The coaches fall very short of our modern out-fits; but a chair may now sometimes be seen crossing this part of the town, the Duchess of Northumberland being one of the few persons of distinction who are thus conveyed to the opera, &c. At all events, it would be difficult for an artist to select such a leisure day of the week as that of the Engraving. We miss the street lamps;

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although globular glass lamps, with oil burners had then been introduced nearly thirty-six years, they had not been erected at Charing Cross. There was at this time an inn here: need we then wonder at the celebrity of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, all over Europe. Among the anecdotical recollections of this spot is the following:—"On July 3, 1810, a small loaf fastened by a string, was suspended from the statue, to which was attached a placard, stating, that it was purchased from a baker, and was extremely deficient in weight, and was one of a numerous batch." The notice concluded by simply observing: "Does not this deserve the *aid* of parliament?" This exhibition attracted a great crowd of people, until the whole of the loaf was washed away by subsequent heavy rain.

Of the contemplated improvements at Charing Cross, we can speak with less confidence. There, is, however, a plan for a large square on the site of the King's Mews, with wide streets branching from it to the Strand, to Covent Garden, and to the British Museum — the northern end of the square to be occupied by a National Gallery, and the Royal Academy and other public buildings to be raised on the east parallel with the front of St. Martin's Church. An Hospital is likewise talked of; but as such projects undergo much revision in their progress, little can yet be stated with certainty.

The widening of the street thence to the site of Exeter 'Change is, however, rapidly proceeding, although from the report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, just published, "There remain to be settled the interests of 23 parties in 158 freehold houses, and of leaseholders' or occupiers' interests in 87 houses."

THE SONG OF MORN.

*Suggested by the "Song of Night."**

I come to thee, O earth,
O earth envelop'd in the pitchy night,
I come with glory, from the fount of light,
That spoke me erst to birth.

I come to battle gloom,
To shed refulgence on the blacken'd cloud.
To bring thy sombre walls—a dazzling shroud,
Thy murkiness—a tomb.

From out my stores I shower
Life on the lifeless—bloom the desert ground,
Suffuse the livid cheek, and scatter round
An odour for the flower.

I come with many a song,
I tune the matin note, the leafy tree
With all her music, derivates from me,
The warbler's tongue.

From me the glowing plain
Arrays the flow'ret, scents the lulling breeze,
Wears on her mossy bank a limpid mase,
In redolence again.

The rose-bud in decay,
Plumes at my coming—rises into life,
Filling the vacant air with fragrance rife,
Of heaven's first ray.

The lily greets my smile,
And blushing, lifts her drooping head to view
My rosy lustre, with the spangl'd dew
Bright'ning her face awhile.

I come, in beauty dress'd,
The azure heaven's my throne; thou earth my seat,
Whereon the sunbeam, strews beneath my feet
A glittering vest.

I bring thee cheering light
To soften anguish, wipe the tearful eye,
Rid the lone bosom of the spells that lie,
In visions of the night.

With beams of hope, I come
To all who hail me, messenger of love,
Of mercy, yet for man a voice above,
Bidding the wanderer home.

Sudbury. J. W.

* *Winter's Wreath*, 1830.

The Sketch-Book.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

A FRAGMENT.*

(For the Mirror.)

I HAVE often reflected with regret on the number of our native odes, vulgarly called *ballads*, which have sunk, and are daily sinking into oblivion; a misfortune which is in a great measure to be attributed to the many words and phrases which are understood no longer than the accidents that gave rise to them are fresh in the memory, so that in a short time they become unintelligible, and consequently neglected and forgotten—a misfortune which can never enough be lamented, since they generally possess wit, and many of them pathos and sublimity.

He, therefore, that would step forward to rescue their precious remains from destruction, and recover them when on the point of being lost for ever, though the undertaking might prove too great for his strength, yet he would undoubtedly deserve the approbation of mankind, and if he failed it would at least be in a great attempt.

I have anxiously waited for some abler pen to undertake the cause, but since

* We hope none of the admirers of GAY, and we are of the number,) will take this Fragment in ill part. The world doubtless thinks the field of *commentary*, like the world, is wide enough for all.—ED.

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no one has come forward, and the work of destruction still continues, I feel impelled by an irresistible power (though conscious of my own inability) to venture on the task myself.

My intention is to publish a uniform collection of the ballads still in existence, that have merit sufficient to recommend them to the public; to illustrate them with explanatory notes, and the various readings I have found in different manuscripts; and lastly, though with diffidence, to point out the beauty and defects of particular passages, and show where the author has exceeded or fallen short of the bounds of nature and propriety.

In thus becoming a critic, I am aware that I shall create a host of enemies, and therefore deem it necessary to be particularly explicit on one point.

Those who object to any of my opinions or assertions with candour and urbanity, whose aim is not to detract, but to correct, I shall feel obliged by their notice, and will cheerfully and openly, when convinced of a mistake, avow and rectify it. And though in some instances their arguments may not appear to me so conclusive as could be wished, yet by comparing them, I may possibly be able to make deductions which will throw infinite light on the subject, and perhaps discover the true meaning of passages till then considered inexplicable; and thus by the collision of opinions, the spark of truth will be elicited. But those who write only to condemn, whose pens are guided by envy and malevolence, and who, feeling their own deficiency of genius, strive to reduce every one to the low estimation in which themselves are held—to such I shall make no reply, and their rancorous remarks will only excite my contempt.

I commence by offering to the public that pathetic ballad, "Black-eyed Susan," wherein I have endeavoured to elucidate such passages as appear obscure, and to point out others that deserve particularly to be condemned or applauded.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—VERSE 1.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came on board,
Oh, where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

All—Here a difficulty occurs in *limine*, which I fear I shall not be able to explain satisfactorily; in fact, no determinate signification can be given to the line. *All in the Downs* may mean simply *In the Downs*, without any reference to the whole fleet, in which sense we frequently find *all* to be used by ancient authors; but the writer might have meant that all the fleet, that is the whole fleet, was assembled in the Downs, from different ports, ready for sailing. I will not attempt to bias the minds of the public on the subject, for where a passage will bear two significations with equal probability, it cannot be expected that either will be implicitly followed.

Moor'd.—The derivation of this word is rather doubtful, but from its signification which implies the securing a ship with two anchors, where one would not be sufficient; I am induced to believe it originated from the obsolete verb *to more*, i. e. to increase or strengthen; and indeed I am confirmed in my opinion by an ancient manuscript now before me, in which the line is thus written: "All in the Downs the fleet was mored."

The streamers.—I believe by streamers are commonly understood pendants, or long, narrow flags, flying from the mast head; but from a consideration of the passage, I think it possible the author might have had quite a different meaning; and that by *streamers*, he alluded to the eyes of the sailors; *quasi*, streaming with tears at the thoughts of leaving their country and friends. To explain the remainder of the line, I must call to the reader's recollection, that when the eyes are filled with tears, the objects around appear to have an undulating motion as if shaken by the wind, which motion the author, by a poetical license, has transferred from the object to the eyes.

When black-eyed Susan.—The epithet *black-eyed* is extremely puzzling; it may mean that the pupils of her eyes were black, and then it will be used in the same sense as *blue-eyed*, when the eyes are blue; but it may likewise allude to a livid mark frequently observed round the eye, the effect of a contusion.

Susan. A feminine appellation common in England, changed in familiar conversation to Sue and Suky, as appears by the well-known Ode:

Molly put the kettle on,
Suky take it off again.

Came on board.—I am now going to hazard a bold conjecture, well aware that in the common acceptation of the expression, *to come on board*, it refers merely to the act of visiting a vessel, without any allusion to the manner in which the person is conveyed; how must the poet be raised in our estimation if we could believe that he intended to represent her coming to the

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ship on a board. Figure to yourself for an instant, an interesting female venturing on the troubled ocean on a single plank—not a boat could be procured, and no other way remained for her to behold her lover once more; conceive the shore covered with spectators, offering up vows for her safety, and anxiously watching every wave, fearful that it should overwhelm her; but see, she has reached the vessel, the admiring multitude rend the air with their shouts, and she is amply rewarded for her courage by the sight of her lover. If such were the author's intention, we may consider him equal, if not superior, to any poet, ancient or modern, for boldness of imagination and originality of ideas.

Oh where.—Regardless of forms, she neglects the usual ceremonies on first entering a vessel, and at once breaks out into that pathetic exclamation, "Oh, where shall I my true love find?"

If my sweet William.—Sweet William is a flower well known in the English gardens; but in the present instance there is no doubt but she is speaking of her lover. *William*, most probably was his name, to which her affection prompts her to add the epithet *sweet.*

Sails among your crew.—This expression does not imply that he .....

Cætera desunt.

T. C.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SERVING BEES AT A FUNERAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MANY of your readers may not be aware of the custom almost universally prevalent in country places among those that keep bees—that of serving them with biscuit and wine on the day of the funeral of any member of the family to which they belong. This practice is one of the most harmless of those superstitions of our ancestors which yet linger in the more secluded parts of the island; and although not specially recommended by any writer on bees from Virgil to Hubert, yet so firm is the conviction, that the neglect of the practice would cause the failure of the apiary, that it is seldom omitted. The following account may serve to illustrate this curious ceremony:—Some time since a respectable farmer died; on the day of his interment, the female pursuivant at the funeral ceremony filled several plates with biscuit, mashed with wine, which she placed under the different hives respectively, repeating at each operation this noming—"My master is dead! my mistress will be master next year, and she invites you all to his funeral!" A gentleman, who witnessed the ceremony, expressing surprise that the bees did not attempt to sting nor seem exasperated, though it was the middle of a hot day and they were flying thickly about, was answered with an assurance that they would not on that occasion by any means sting the person who served them. It was afterwards remarked by the servitor, how entirely they ceased from working on that day, and thickly attended about the house at the time of the funeral.

W. G. C.

FESTIVITIES OF "MERRIE ENGLAND."

MR. EDITOR,—The following account of regal and civic festivities, in which hospitality and charity were combined, I have copied from Stow, in his *Survay of London*, 4th edition, 1618, and send them for the entertainment of your numerous readers. Our beloved Sovereign, "*in these piping times of peace,*" seems disposed to revive these heart-cheering customs of his royal ancestors and predecessors, and by his example stimulate the nobility, the gentry, and opulent citizens, to similar acts of liberality.

In page 884 it is recorded—"That in the yeere 1236, and the twentieth of Henry the Third, on the 29th December, William de Haverhull, the king's treasurer, was commanded, that upon the day of Circumcision of our Lord, he should cause 6000 poore people to bee fed at Westminster, for the state of the king, the queene, and their children. The weake and aged to bee placed in the great hall, and in the lesser, those who were more strong and in reasonable plight, in the king's chamber the children, and in the queene's: and when the king knew the charge, hee gladly allowed it in the accounts." Page 885: "In the yeere 1238, the same King Henry kept his feast of Christmas at Westminster, in the great hall; so did hee in the yeere 1241, where he placed the legate in the most honourable place of the table—to wit, in the middest—which the noblemen tooke in evill part. The king sate on the right hand, and the archbishop on the left, and then all the prelates and nobles, according to their estates, for the king himself did set the guests. In the yeere 1242 he likewise kept his Christmas in the hall, &c." Page 887: "And in the yeere 1389 King Richard the Second kept a

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most royall Christmas there, with dayly justings, and runnings at tilt, whereunto resorted such a number of people, that there was every day spent twenty-eight or twenty-six oxen, and three hundred sheepe, beside fowle without number. He caused a gowne for himselfe to bee made of gold, garnished with pearle and precious stones, to the value of three thousand markes. He was garded by Cheshire men, and had about him commonly thirteen bishops, besides barons, knights, esquires, and others more than needed: insomuch, that to the household came every day to meate ten thousand people, as ap peareth by the messes told out from the kitchen to three hundred servitors.—Thus was this great hall, for the honour of the prince, often times furnished with ghests, not onely in this king's time (a prodigall prince), but in the time of others also, both before and since, though not so usually noted. For when it is said, the king held his feast of Christmas, or such a feast, at Westminster, it may well bee supposed to bee kept in this great hall, as most sufficient for such a purpose." Page 888: "King Henry the 7th, in the ninth of his reigne (holding his royal feast of Christmas at Westminster) on the twelfth day, feasted Ralph Austry, then Maior of London, and his brethren the aldermen, and other commoners in great number; and after dinner dubbed the maior, knight, caused him, with his brethren, to stay and behold the disguisings and other disports in the night following shewed in the great hall, which was richly hanged with arras, and staged about on both sides: which disports being ended, in the morning the king, the queene, the ambassadours, and other estates, being set at a table of stone, sixty knights and esquires served sixty dishes to the king's messe, and as many to the queene's (neither flesh nor fish), and served the maior with twenty-four dishes to his messe, of the same manner, with sundry wines in most plenteous wise. And finally, the king and queene being convayed with great lights into the palace, the maior, with the company in barges, returned, and came to London by breake of the next day. Thus much for building of this great hall, and feasting therein."

THE SABBATH IN EDINBURGH.

(For the Mirror.)

COMPARISONS have frequently been made between a Sunday in the British metropolis and one in France. At Paris, Boulogne, and other places, the people go to mass in the morning of the Sabbath; but all appearances of devotion cease before twelve o'clock. The brief religious ceremonies are succeeded by all kinds of amusements: theatres are opened, masquerades are resorted to, and nothing is neglected to render the hebdomadal relaxation from business as lively as possible. It is needless to describe a London Sabbath *here*: travellers, coming immediately from the continent, are sickened with what they call the *ennui* of our devotional observances; but those who have resided any time in Edinburgh will not, I am certain, complain of the dulness of a Sunday spent in *our* metropolis.

The Scottish capital, on the Sabbath, has the appearance of a city having the plague; every house is closed, and the streets, during the hours of divine service, present few or no people; if, indeed, any are observed, they walk along in a devout and even melancholy manner, directing their steps either to some kirk, or to their own dull homes. The magistrates forbid vehicles of any description to pass the streets. A stage-coach is never seen, and gentlemen would be considered scandalous were they to take an airing in their own carriages. No article of any kind can be bought; and the spirit of Presbyterianism is carried even so far, that no person must pluck fruit or gather vegetables from his own garden. The insides of the houses are particularly dull, for no cooking is allowed, and music is strictly forbidden. Those who allow singing or music in their houses are fined the next day by the authorities.

The only cheerful part of Sunday is when the band belonging to the garrison plays for an hour or two in the morning: the magistrates consider this custom as a great levity and nuisance, and have frequent angry altercations with the officers of the garrison respecting it.

G. W. N.

Spirit of Discovery.

German Polish.

The German cabinet-makers do not merely content themselves with polishing the exterior of their works, but extend this beautiful improvement to the drawers, partitions, and every other part of their interior fittings also, with great addition to their value.—*Gill's Repository.*

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Stomach of Plants.

The last No. of *Brande's Journal* contains a very ingenious paper on this interesting question, from the pen of Mr. Gilbert T. Burnett. It is too lengthy for our columns; but the arguments of the writer go to prove that Aristotle's observation, that "plants are animals turned inside out," and Linnæus's term "inverted animals," are nearer the fact than commonly supposed.

The Microscope.

A very interesting object is the singular appearance of the globules of the blood in curdling, resembling heaps of similar coins, sliding one beneath another, when the heaps are thrown down. To view this, place a small drop of fresh blood upon a slip of glass, and instantly cover it with a very thin slice of talc. A high degree of magnifying power is, however, necessary to be employed—such as that afforded by a single lens, of the sixtieth part of an inch focus.—*Gill.*

Iron Rail-ways and Carriages.

The Chevalier Baader, of Munich, has published, in the *Franklin Journal*, a new and improved plan for the construction of this branch of machinery; among the advantages of which are a simple and easy contrivance, by which his carriages can be turned off from the rails at any point, so as either to avoid other wagons meeting on the same track, or to pass by those which they have overtaken, and return again into their first line; so that no siding places or turning plates are necessary; and this can be performed almost as quickly and easily as upon a common turnpike road. By his construction of the wagons, the resistance is so much reduced, that, upon a dead level, the power of one horse is sufficient to draw with ease, and at a good pace, a load of from twelve to fourteen tons, when divided amongst several carriages linked together. The Chevalier also states that he has discovered a new principle, by which the power and motion of stationary steam-engines, and other machines, established at considerable distances apart, along the rail-roads, and working without interruption, can be imparted to any number of loaded carriages passing upon the rail-way, from one steam-engine or machine to another, without the employment of drag-ropes or chains, or, indeed, of any intermediate apparatus, and yet with any reasonable degree of velocity!

The Symphonion.

The inventer of this new musical instrument is Mr. C. Wheatstone. In the size of an ordinary snuff-box, it comprises musical tones extending even to the compass of three octaves, with additional semi-tones: it is played upon with keys, arranged in a novel manner, so as to produce either single notes, thirds, fifths, or other chords, at pleasure. It is, undoubtedly, the most portable wind musical instrument ever invented, which is capable of being played upon by the fingers of a performer. In the portable musical boxes the springs are acted upon by machinery, so as to produce a few set tunes only.—*Gill.*

Beet-root Sugar.

The quantity of sugar obtained from beet-root last year, in one hundred sugar-houses in France, was about one-fourteenth of the entire consumption of sugar in that kingdom. The production of last year has doubled that of the two preceding years, and the speculation has turned out very profitable. It is also stated, that to supply the entire consumption of France, it would only be necessary to plant with beet-root one twenty-eighth part of the land now lying fallow.

Maize.

The white maize of China, although a much smaller grain than that of Pennsylvania, yields more abundantly, and gives a much finer flour. Some Chinese maize, sown in the south of France during last year, turned out very well, notwithstanding the bad season.

Remarkable Apple Tree.

An apple-tree, at St. Valery, in France, owing to the imperfect organization of its blossoms, never bore fruit till last year, when the owner impregnated the bloom with the pollen of the blossoms of other trees. All the blooms so treated produced fine fruit, whilst those which were not brought into contact with the blossoms from other trees, remained, as formerly, barren.

Naval Steam Cannon.

This stupendous machine of war does not, as Jonathan would say, "progress," for none of the experiments have succeeded. In one of them, the apparatus was placed about forty paces distant from a wooden figure, to represent the hull of a man-of-war: the projectiles thrown were about four pounds calibre, and remained fixed in the thickness of the wood; a four-pounder was after-

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wards fired off at the same distance, and the ball penetrated the figure.—*French Journal.*

The Naturalist.

HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

This is a curious variety of the shark, and is numbered with the wonders of the sea. Unlike other sharks, the above is more remarkable for its structure than size, the latter being little more than six feet. It is likewise called the *balance-fish*, and has an obtuse head, with eyes fixed at its extremities, and its mouth in the centre, as shown in the section of the engraving. It is chiefly found in the Mediterranean, but is not uncommon in other seas.

Of all sharks, the white is the most stupendous. Blumenbach says — "It weighs some times as much as 10,000lbs. and even whole horses have been found in its stomach. It has six rows of teeth in the jaws, which, as is the case with most sharks are not fixed in the bone, but connected with it by a kind of joint. The front row is that which is actually employed in biting; the hinder ones, at least in the young animal, are directed backwards, forming a reserve, from which accidental losses in the front row are supplied as occasion requires."

Voracious as are the habits of sharks, the South Sea Islanders are not in the least afraid of them. Portlock says—"I have seen five or six large sharks swimming about the ship, when there have been upwards of one hundred Indians in the water, both men and women: they seemed quite indifferent respecting them, and the sharks never offered to make an attack on any of these people, and yet at the same time they would greedily swallow our baits."

CARPENTER ANTS.

We are acquainted with several colonies of the jet ants,—one of which, in the roots and trunk of an oak on the road from Lewisham to Sydenham, near Brockley, in Kent, is so extremely populous, that the numbers of its inhabitants appeared to us beyond any reasonable estimate. None of the other colonies of this species which we have seen, appear to contain many hundreds. On cutting into the root of the beforementioned tree, we found several vertical excavations. What surprised us the most, was to see the tree growing vigorously and fresh, though its roots were chiselled in all directions by legions of workers, while every leaf, and every inch of the bark, was also crowded by parties of foragers. On one of the low branches we found a deserted nest of the white throat *(Sylvia cinerea,* Temminck,) in the cavity of which they were piled upon one another as close as the unhappy negroes in the hold of a slave ship; but we could not discover what had attracted them hither. Another dense group, collected on one of the branches, led us to the discovery of a very singular oak gall, formed on the bark in the shape of a pointed cone, and crowded together. It is probable that the juice which they extracted from these galls was much to their taste.

Beside the jet-ant, several other species exercise the art of carpentry,—nay what is more wonderful still, they have the ingenuity to knead up, with spiders web for a cement, the chips which they chisel out into a material with which they construct entire chambers. The species which exercise this singular art are the Ethiopian *(Formica nigra)* and the yellow ant *(F. flava.)*

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We once observed the dusky ants *(F. fusca,)* at Blackheath, in Kent, busily employed in carrying out chips from the interior of a decaying black poplar, at the root of which a colony was established; but, though it thence appears that this species can chisel wood if they choose, yet they usually burrow in the earth, and by preference, as we have remarked, at the root of a tree, the leaves of which supply them with food.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Insect Architecture*, Part II.—Equal, if not superior in interest, to the Part noticed in our last volume.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

SKETCH OF THE BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

The Duke of Dalmatia, on the 25th of July, 1813, assaulted the passes in the neighbourhood of Roncesvalles,* and the Count d'Erlon that of Aretesque, four miles in front of Maya. The result of this day's combat obliged Generals Sir L. Cole, Byng, and Morillo, to fall back from Roncesvalles; owing to this retrograde, the British army were taken in reverse. The fifth division at day-break had stormed the breaches of St. Sebastian without success, two thousand men had fallen, or were made prisoners at the various points of contest; and Lord Hill fell back during the night from the pass of Maya. So far every thing seemed propitious to the views of the French Marshal. Under all these circumstances, General Campbell, (who was stationed with a Portuguese brigade at the pass of Los Alduides), finding his flanks laid bare, retired from that post, and during the 26th, formed a junction with General Sir T. Picton, who, by a flank movement to the right had marched from Olacque to Lizoain, for the purpose of succouring the troops falling back from Roncesvalles.

During these operations, Lord Hill had taken up a strong position at Irrueta, sixteen miles from the pass of Aretesque, where he opposed for the time being, the farther progress of the Count d'Erlon. This position covered the flank of Sir T. Picton's column retrograding from Zubiri, and prevented the Count d'Erlon from uniting with the Duke of Dalmatia, and also enabled the sixth division to march direct to the rear from San Estevan, and to unite at the well-arranged point *d'appui*.

Five miles in front of Pamplona, where on the 27th the general-in-chief joined those troops which had retired from Zubiri under the command of Sir T. Picton, Generals Sir L. Cole, Byng, Campbell, and Morillo, were drawn up on a strong ridge in front of Pamplona, and flanked by the rivers Arga and Lanz. Sir T. Picton was in a manner thrown back on the left of the Arga, in front of Olaz, and supported by Lord Combermere, with the cavalry in reserve, for the purpose of preventing the enemy from taking the right of the army in reverse by the road from Zubiri. The enemy, who had followed the march of the troops by that road, had no sooner arrived opposite the third division, than by an oblique prolongation to their right, they began to extend their line across the front of the general-in-chief under a fire of small arms, by which manœuvre they succeeded in cutting off Lord Hill's retreat by the Maya road, running through Ortiz; he therefore, having passed through Lanz, edged off diagonally in a westerly direction, and by an oblique march, formed a junction with the seventh division (from St. Estevan) at Lizasso, thence to co-operate if possible with the left of the general-in-chief, whose position in front of Pamplona was about eighteen miles from that place. During these various movements, Lord Lynedoch, with the first and fifth divisions and a corps of Spaniards, remained stationary on the left bank of the Bidassoa, for the double purpose of covering St. Sebastian, (the siege of that place was now converted into a blockade, and the battering train embarked at the port of Los Passages) and watching General Villate, who lined the opposite bank of the river, to be in readiness to assume the offensive, for the purpose of raising the siege of St. Sebastian, or hanging on Lord Lynedoch's rear, in the event of the Duke of Dalmatia gaining a victory at Pamplona, or succeeding in cutting off in detail the various divisions of the British army, now thrown into echelon, and extending from the banks of the Bidassoa in front of Irun, to seven miles in an easterly direction beyond Pamplona; a distance of at least seventy miles for the army to unite to either flank, (between two fortresses, whose ramparts were garnished with the cannon and small arms of the enemy) on an irregular quarter circle;

* Pamplona is thirty-five miles from the extremity of the principal pass at Roncesvalles, forty-five from that of Aretesque in front of Maya, and fifty-five miles from the pass of Vera: all these points it was necessary to occupy on the right of the Bidassoa, which clearly demonstrates the advantage the enemy possessed by attacking principally at Roncesvalles.

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amid multifarious barren rocks, towering mountains, and extensive forests, over whose inhospitable regions it was necessary amongst other things to convey provisions, ammunition, and biscuit bags, for daily consumption of the movable divisions, an operation attended with great difficulty under such circumstances. Although the right of the army had been retiring for two days, the light division still tranquilly remained unmolested in front of Vera; but on the morning of the 27th, on finding that the seventh division had quitted the heights of Echalar and uncovered our right flank, the first brigade quietly descended from the heights of Santa Barbara, and the whole division concentrated behind the defile on the road to Lazaca, the pickets being left to mask this movement and form the rear guard. As soon as the division had got clear off, the pickets evacuated the farm-houses in succession from the right, and lastly, at ten o'clock, A.M. quitted the town of Vera within pistol shot of the enemy's sentinels; who pretended not to notice this retrograde, probably being apprehensive of bringing on an action without being able at this point to display a sufficient force to assume offensive movements, and also conjecturing that the division might meet with a reception little anticipated on reaching the neighbourhood of Pamplona. The Duke of Dalmatia at this moment was still pursuing the troops from Roncesvalles and Zubiri, and actually within a few hours of the vicinity of Pamplona, *two days' march behind the second and seventh divisions*, and *three in rear of the light division*, and even *threatening to intercept the sixth division* from St. Estevan.

Towards evening we encamped, one league and a half W.N.W. of St. Estevan, on the mountain of Santa Cruz, from whence we still commanded a view of the French bivouack. Here we halted during the night. On the following day, the battle of Pamplona took place thirty miles in our rear, and, being entangled amongst the mountains, we did not hear of the event until three days afterwards. The combat began in a singular manner: the sixth division under General Pack, while on its march over a rough country, intersected by stone walls, within a few miles of Pamplona, suddenly encountered the grey-coated French columns in full march, debouching from behind the village of Sauroren for the purpose of out-flanking the left of the fourth division. The consequence of these two hostile bodies clashing was, that the enemy's van were driven back by a hot fire of musketry. The French, being foiled in this manœuvre, turned their grand efforts against the front of the heights on which the fourth division was stationed. The valour of the red regiments shone transcendant, and the Duke of Wellington repeatedly thanked the various corps, while recovering breath to renew fresh efforts with the bayonet, in driving the enemy headlong from the crest of the rugged heights; thus forcing them, after a most sanguinary and furious contest, to desist from farther offensive movements on that position.

The general-in-chief could only collect, at the end of three days, two brigades of the second division, General Morillo's, and part of the Count d'Abisbal's, Spaniards, and *the three reserve divisions*, to oppose the Duke of Dalmatia, which clearly demonstrates the great difficulty of occupying such a vast and difficult range of country. The *first, second, fifth, seventh*, and *light divisions*, were too far distant to join in the action of the 28th; and even the third division, only a few miles to the right of the field of action, could not take part in it, as the enemy had a corps of observation opposite Sir T. Picton, backed by a numerous train of artillery and a large body of cavalry, in readiness to engage him, should the *sixth* and *fourth* divisions lose the day.

The light division continued in position at Santa Cruz during the whole of the 28th, having completely lost all trace of the army; and during these doubtful conjectures, at sun-set we began to descend a rugged pass, near Zubieta, to endeavour to cut in upon the road between Pamplona and Tolosa, as it was impossible to know whether Lord Lynedoch, by this time, was not even beyond the latter town; and to add to our difficulties, the night set in so extremely dark that the soldiers could no longer see each other, and began to tumble about in all directions; some became stationary on shelvings of rock, or so enveloped in the thicket, that they could no longer extricate themselves from the trees and underwood. * * *

At last a resolute Spaniard* threw a large capote over his shoulder, and stepping forward said, "Senores Ca-

* On the 29th, at the end of four days' fighting, both marshals desisted from hostilities in front of Pamplona. The French employed themselves in edging off to their right to assist the Count d'Erlon, who had followed the march of Lord Hill by Lanz. The Duke of Wellington, on the other hand, was drawing in the seventh division to insure a communication with Lord Hill, and also watching his adversary's movements, to take advantage of what might accrue on the morrow.

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baHeros, only inform me whence you came or whither you are going, and I will be your guide;" but we were so bewildered, owing to the crooked path, and the intricate windings of the forest, that no one could take upon himself to point towards the direction of the bleak mountain we had come from, or the name of the place we were going to; as a matter of expediency, therefore, we patiently awaited the coming morn.

At daybreak,* a scene of complete confusion presented itself, the greater part of the division being scattered over the face of a steep and woody mountain, and positively not half a league from whence they had started on the previous evening. As soon as the various corps had grouped together, they followed the only road in sight, and soon met a mounted officer, who directed them towards Leyza: near that place one-half of the division was already bivouacked, having reached the valley before the pitchy darkness had set in. It was now the third day since we had retired from Vera, and General Baron C. Alten became so uneasy, that he ordered some of the best-mounted regimental officers to go in various directions to ascertain, if possible, some tidings of the army, with which he had no communication for three days, and were now isolated amongst the wilds of the Pyrenees, on the left of the river Bidassoa, half-way between St. Sebastian and Pamplona. At six o'clock the same evening we again broke up and marched two leagues in the direction of Arressa, and then bivouacked in a wood, with an order not to light fires, to prevent any of the enemy's scouts or spies ascertaining our route. Two hours after nightfall, the troops were again put in motion, and I was left in the forest, with directions to continue there all night, to bring off in the morning any baggage or stragglers that might happen to go astray. At daylight on the 30th, I had collected together a few women who dared not again encounter another toilsome night-march along the verge of precipices. Having travelled for two hours as a sort of guide to these poor women, I perceived an officer at some distance in front, and on overtaking him, he expressed the greatest joy at seeing me, and declared that he had been wandering for some hours in the most agitated state of mind, not knowing whither to bend his footsteps. The division had drawn up again during the night, and having laid down on the flank of the column, he had fallen into a profound slumber, out of which he had awoke at broad daylight, with the rays of the sun shining full on his face, and when somewhat recovering his bewildered recollections, he wildly gazed around for the column which had vanished, and springing on his feet, halloed with all his might; but no answer was returned, a solemn silence reigned around, save the fluttering of the birds amongst the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the morning dew no longer bespangled the sod, nor did the print of a single footstep remain to guide his course: at length, in a fit of desperation, he hastily tore a passage through the thicket, and luckily reached the road, and at random sauntered along in no very pleasant mood, until I overtook him. Soon after this we heard, to our left, sounds like those of distant thunder; as the sky was perfectly serene, we concluded that the noise must be caused by a heavy firing of musketry.† On reaching Arriba we found most of the doors closed; however, we succeeded in purchasing a loaf, and then seated ourselves on the margin of a clear mountain-stream, where we devoured it, and then solaced ourselves with a hearty draught of the refreshing beverage.

The French army being completely worn out, and having suffered terribly in killed and wounded, continued to retreat during the 31st, followed by five divisions of the British in three columns, by the roads of Roncesvalles, Maya, and Donna Maria. On the evening of the same day, although obliquely to the rear of the pursuing columns, we received orders, if possible, to overtake

* It was a frequent custom, when in want of a guide, to employ a peasant, who received a dollar at the end of his day's journey. These *Pizanos*, being accustomed to pastoral lives, were well acquainted with every inch of ground or by-path for leagues around their habitations, as well as the various fords across rivers and tributary streams; which depend on the season of the year, or the quantity of rain that might happen to fall at uncertain periods on these mountains.

† This firing was near Lizasso, where the enemy endeavoured to turn Lord Hill's left flank by the road to Buenzu, and while the Count d'Erlon was striving to execute this movement, the light division, unknowingly, were marching on his right flank; however, the general-in-chief being still in position in front of Pamplona, finding that the Duke of Dalmatia had weakened his left and centre, to support the Count d'Erlon, immediately countermanœuvred, and attacked the right of his opponent with the sixth and seventh divisions, the left with the third division, and then pierced the centre of the enemy with the fourth division and General Byng's brigade of the second division, and before sunset pushed back the enemy beyond Olacque; by this attack the left flank of the Count d'Erlon became uncovered, and obliged him to fall back, during the night, towards the pass of Donna Maria, to avoid falling into the snare originally intended for his adversary.

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the enemy, and attack them wherever they might be found. Accordingly, in the middle of the night we got under arms and began our march; towards the middle of the following day, (the 1st of August), having already marched twenty-four miles, we descended into a deep valley between Ituren and Elgoriaga, where the division drew up in column to reconnoitre the right flank of the enemy, who were still hovering in the neighbourhood of St. Estevan. After an hour's halt, we continued our movement on the left of the Bidassoa, and for three hours ascended, or rather clambered, the rugged asperities of a prodigious mountain, the by-path of which was composed of over-lapping slabs of rock, or stepping-stones; at four o'clock in the afternoon a flying dust was descried, glistening with the bright and vivid flashes of small-arms, to the right of the Bidassoa, and in the valley of Lerin. A cry was instantly set up "the enemy!" the worn soldiers raised their bent heads covered with dust and sweat: we had nearly reached the summit of this tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted; many of the soldiers lagged behind, having accomplished more than thirty miles over the rocky roads intersected with loose stones, many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies, whilst others, unable to drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fullen out before.

The sun was shining in full vigour, but fortunately numerous clear streams bubbled from the cavities and fissures of the rocks (which were clothed in many places with beautiful evergreens), and allayed the burning thirst of the fainting men. The hard work of an infantry soldier at times is beyond all calculation, and death by the road-side frequently puts an end to his sufferings; but what description can equal such an exit? At seven in the evening, the division having been in march nineteen hours, and accomplished nearly forty miles, it was found absolutely necessary to halt the second brigade near Aranaz, as a rallying point, being now parallel with the enemy, and some hours a-head of the van-guard leading the left column of our army, our right brigade still hobbled onwards. At twilight we overlooked the enemy within stone's throw, and from the summit of a tremendous precipice, the river separated us; but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks enclosing them on one side, and the river on the other. Such confusion took place amongst them as is impossible to describe; the wounded were thrown down during the rush and trampled upon, and their cavalry drew their swords, and endeavoured to charge up the pass of Echalar (the only opening on their right flank), but the infantry beat them back, and several of them, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; others fired vertically at us, whilst the wounded called out for quarter, and pointed to their numerous soldiers supported on the shoulders of their comrades in bearers, composed of branches of trees, to which were suspended great coats clotted with gore, or blood-stained sheets, taken from various habitations, to carry off their wounded, on whom we did not fire.* Our attention was soon called from this melancholy spectacle to support the rifle corps,* while they repulsed the enemy who had crossed over the bridge of Yanzi to attack us, to enable the tail of their column to get off. Night closed on us, and the firing ceased; but, owing to our seizing the bridge, we cut off the whole of their baggage, which fell into the hands of the column of our army following from St. Estevan.

In this way ended the most trying day's march I ever remember. On the following morning, soon after daylight, we filed across the bridge of Yanzi, held by our pickets, and detached a small force to guard the road towards Echalar, until the troops came up from the direction of San Estavan, which had hung on the enemy's rear for the then three previous days. Continuing our march, we once more debouched by the defile opposite Vera, where the French sentinels were still posted, as if rooted to the rocks on which they were stationed the day we had taken our departure. As soon as the second brigade came up, we again ascended the heights of Santa Barbara, where we found a French corporal, with a broken leg, his head resting on a hairy knapsack, and supported in the arms of a comrade, who generously remained behind to protect the life of his friend from the *cuchillo* of the Spaniards. As soon as he had delivered him to the care of the English soldiers, he embraced the cor-

* One of the first I saw wounded was Capt. Perceval, of the rifle corps. "Well," said he, "I am a lucky fellow, with one arm maimed and useless by my side from an old wound, and now unable to use the other."

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poral, saying, "*Au revoir, bon camarade Anglais,*" and throwing his musket over his shoulder, with the butt-end *en l'air*, he descended the mountain to rejoin the French army on the opposite range of heights. Of course, no one offered to molest this *simple soldat*, who easily effected his escape. As our pickets could not enter the valley until our right was cleared, and the enemy pushed from the mountain of Echalar, as soon as another division attacked these heights, the first Rifles moved on, and clambered the mountain of St. Bernard, supported by five companies of our regiment. The soldiers had been for two days without any sustenance, and were so weak that they could hardly stand; however, an excellent commissary had managed to overtake us, and hastily served out half-a-pound of biscuit to each individual, which the soldiery devoured while in the act of priming and loading as they moved on to the attack.

The summit of the mountain was wrapped in a dense fog; an invisible firing commenced; it was impossible to ascertain which party was getting the best of the fight; the combatants were literally contending in the clouds. The second light French infantry were dislodged before twilight from the top of this mountain; but the sparkling flashes of small-arms continued after dark to wreath with a crown of fire the summits of the various rocks about Echalar.—Thus, after a series of difficult marches, amongst a chaotic jumble of sterile mountains, the enemy were totally discomfited, with an enormous loss, by a series of the most extraordinary and brilliant efforts during the Peninsular war. For three days the French had the vantage ground, owing to their superiority of numbers at a given point; but on the fourth day, the same divisions which had so heroically fought while falling back, sustained, with their backs to a hostile fortress (whence the enemy sortied during the battle), a most desperate assault made by the Duke of Dalmatia, over whom the Duke of Wellington gained a memorable victory, and ceased not in turn to pursue the French marshal, until he was glad to seek shelter from whence he came.—The standards of Britain again waved aloft and flapped in the gentle breeze over the fertile fields of France.

United Service Journal.

UPON SEEING MISS FANNY KEMBLE IN JULIET.

ITALIAN passion, sudden, deep, intense,
With maidhood's simply fearless innocence,
With the chaste dignity that marriage gives,
Blended in poesy's ethereal hue?—
Such the sweet Juliet Shakspeare's genius drew—
The genius such that now in Fanny lives.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TO OCTAVIA.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

SWEET opening bud of innocence! Thy smile
And the wild sparkle of thine eye, denote
A bosom free from all corroding thought!—
Oh! mayst thou ever thus, dear babe, beguile
With frolic mirth, thy future hours, and life
Be still to thee with magic wonders rife!
Still may thy beauty and thy heart remain
As free from blight, as fond as pure as now;
And not one sting of passion, grief, or pain,
Warp thy young truth, or cloud thy radiant brow!
Some griefs,—for they are human nature's lot;
On this world's checkered stage must be thy doom!
But may they transient prove, and soon forgot,
And years of joy succeed to momentary gloom!

British Magazine, No. I—*being a continuation of the "Spirit and Manners of the Age."*

Notes of a Reader.

SKETCHES OF IRISH SCENERY.

THE most striking characteristic of the Wicklow scenery is that of intense, though not oppressive, loneliness. The road which our polemic pursued, after leaving the mansion of Glendeurg, was a wild and broken track, winding amid a wilderness of mountain heath, and granite. Sometimes a stream, hurrying downward through the masses of rock that made the desert horrid, broke suddenly upon his path, foaming and glittering in the moonlight, and making a dreary sound in the midnight solitude. Sometimes the distant barking of a dog augmented the sense of extreme loneliness which the scene occasioned, by the slight suggestion of a contrast which it afforded. Sometimes a gust of wind swept down between the fissures of the hills, and hurrying along the valley side, sunk down and whist ugain, with a wail that had something in it of a supernatural effect. The beautiful terrors of the scene were, however, all lost on Davy.

A cloud had stolen across the moon, when he descended that rugged part of the road which leads downward upon the lake of Luggela. He stepped out upon a rock which overlooks the valley on the north-western side, and endeavoured, in the dim light, to gather in the outline of the scene beneath him! This enchanting little region, like all

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the lake scenery of Wicklow, owes its principal fascination to the effect of contrast which is produced on the beholder's mind by the dreary wildness of the barren mountain road by which it is approached. While our pedestrian stood upon the rock, the veil was suddenly withdrawn from the disk of the "full-blown" moon, and a flood of tender light was poured upon the scene, clothing the cliffs, the lake, the trees, and the whole coup-d'œil in a mantle of bluish silver.

He saw, beneath him, embosomed among the brown hills, a little valley full of beauty, full of varied loveliness, full of character, and of romantic interest. On his right was a deep glen, rugged with masses of granite, and intersected by a small stream which supplied the basin of the lake, and whose origin was concealed amid the windings of the barren defile. Following the course of this stream, the eye soon beheld it creeping out from among the rocks, gliding with many a snake-like winding along a green and cultivated champaign, and mingling into the lake with so gentle a current that the profound repose of its gleaming surface was unbroken by a single curl. Beneath him, on his left, in a nook of this sequestered valley, and commanding the beautiful plain before described, stood a mansion in the pointed style of architecture; and here the scene was enriched and humanized by plantations, pleasure-grounds, garden plats, and other luxurious incidents, which gave a softening character of leisure to the retreat. Farther to his left, lay the calm expanse of water, from which the scene derives its name, and which occupied an area between three lofty mountains, each of which descended suddenly upon the very borders of the lake, and presented a variety of shore which was wonderful in a scene so limited. On one side appeared a tumbling cliff, composed of innumerable loose masses of granite, piled together to the height of a thousand feet, without a single trace of vegetation: farther on, the waters kissed the foot of a hill, that was clothed, from the summit to the very verge of the lake, in a mantle of the freshest verdure; farther on still, the shores were shadowed by overhanging woods of pine and beech, and before the circuit of the basin had been made, the waters were found rolling in their tiny wavelets of crystal, over a level, sandy beach, composed of triturated granite, and forming the border of the lawn already mentioned. The effect of the whole picture was heightened, at this moment, by the peculiar light, which softened down the rougher features of the scene, and gave a gentle and sparkling brilliancy to those parts that were distinguished by their beauty and refinement. Over half the surface of the lake, the gigantic shadow of Carrigamanne mountain (the granite cliff before described) was flung by the declining moon, with a sharp distinctness of outline, veiling half the waters in the deepest shade, while the remainder mimicked the vault of the star-lit heaven above within a plain of bright and streaky silver.

* * * *

We had now lost sight of the village, and of the majestic Shannon, which winded slowly at some distance below, now embosomed among blue and purple hills; now thridding its gentle course through the intricacies of wooden creeks, turretted headlands, and green islands; and further onward, dilating its giant bulk, and placing a long and weary distance between the sunny shores and glimmering white-washed cottages on either side. As we proceeded, in a slow, but continual ascent, the country began to alter its appearance. The fertile and richly cultivated undulations o the soil, its sun-dried meadow fields and dark geen acres of potato-land, checkered with a gay variety of blossoms peculiar to the vegetable at this season, gradually disappeared behind us, and a country of a singular wildness and sterility arose upon our sight. The hills, no longer swelling gently out of the champagne, like the unbroken billows of a breathless ocean, now rose in sudden and abrupt masses around our track, presenting in their checkered costume of grey limestone crag and scanty verdure, an appearance somewhat analogous to that of the ragged peasant, who toiled on his narrow strip of tillage along their sides. The vales, no longer enriched by the efforts of rural industry, and cultivation, no longer beautified by the handsome villa, the stately improvement, the cheerful bounded lawn, the trim plantation, and the happy cottage, now presented to the eye nothing of a higher interest than a tract of uncut bog, or a sullen lough, half concealed by rushes and weedy shallows, on the banks of which a wretched cabin, with mud walls propped and roof falling in, sent up its thin and tremulous smoke into the sultry air above it, while the poor solitary, who housed his wretchedness in this lonely tenement, suspended his labour before the doorway, and leaned forward on his spade, to specu-

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late on the appearance and destination of the travellers. At a long interval, a farm-house of a more comfortable appearance than was usual, might be discovered in a well chosen corner among the crags, and at a longer yet, the apparition of a handsome cottage, with its elegant pleasure-ground and neatly tended shrubbery, started up before the astonished eye of the wayfarer, and furnished a pleasing evidence of a truth (on which, though long impressed upon my mind, I had seldom acted,) that the magic of real life is industry.—*The Rivals, by the author of the Collegians.*

MISTAKES OF FOOLEE FUM FOOLA.

During his Residence in England.

(There is considerable smartness and truth in the following:—)

"FOOLEE FUM FOOLA, recently well known at Canton by our East India traders, having expressed an eager desire to visit the boasted nation of big ships, obtained the consent of his father, the venerable old Fum, to make a voyage hither; and, having embarked as a cabin passenger, came over in one of the Company's finest vessels. He had acquired some little smattering of English in his father's counting-house, which was the constant resort of British merchants; and he improved himself in the tongue by his intercourse with the passengers, with whom, particularly the ladies, he was a great favourite. From this fortunate circumstance, to use his own words, he heard more talk during four months and four days, with his fair loquacious shipmates, than he should have heard with *man crew*, had he sailed three times all round big world with Capitain Cookee."

Here follows a specimen of Foolee's Diary of London Lions.

"Go to bed at Hummum, Common Garden; weather all snow, very cold. Keep awake all night; tell me drunken gentleman fall up stair to bed, tumble down stair again into hot bath. Tell me Common Garden best place alway for teach finish gentleman how for make royal dead drunk. Not catch wink for sleep till watchman bawl past five. Wake again at six, tinkling so many loud bell out of door. Inquire what for make such noise one hour afore day-light? Tell me for answer, coach-maker, cabinet-maker, trunk-maker, and t'other maker, ring bell call men to work. Never nobody of all peoples work so long—never no peoples work so fast. How will make for much laugh when I return to Canton, tell honoured father Fum all complaint in England nothing at all for dô! Everybody look glum—very long face. All say business stagnate. Nothing buy — nothing sell. No order—no customer. Yet ten thousand machine work all night, and every body else work all day, as if nobody can wait!

"Go to see new building everywhere. London great deal much more large as Pekin. Not big enough though—not half finish yet. Make create quick new street, good many miles at a time.

"Walk out afore quite light. Count dozen men all on one ladder. Call him bricklayer's labourer. One carry hod for mortar, t'other carry hod for brick. Bricklayer, carpenter, mason, up a top scaffold call out wicked oath in mouth, lazy Paddy! for make hod-mans more quick climb up and down ten story ladder high as pagoda.

"Poor labourer get ten shilling week keep sober—take money back for Ireland. All up a-top of scaffold get thirty-five shilling, get himself drunk, master carpenter, so master bricklayer, so master mason, so master everybody else. All up a-top very bad man, play three day a week, besides Sunday. Put wife and children in *workhouse*, cause do no *work* himself. English mechanic, English artisan, English journeyman manufacturer, very comical chap; most idle, when for most to do; most industrious when for nothing to do. Very fond for get him drunk; then great as lord; beat him wife, sometime starve him children—never do wrong himself—lay fault on King George and Duke of Waterloo!

"Irish, too, very strange people. Good heart every body say—not brag so much for good head. Too much idle in him own native soil—work hard enough in mother country. Come to England, all find employ. Irishman great *patriot*. Beat one another for all that! Not like Chinese, love and help one another! Not like Scotchman, come to Canton, all much make good for one another!

"Sunday morning. Go early to walk in *Marrow-bone* field, (call him so, believe, cause break man's bones there.) Behold hundred Irish from province, call him Tipper-rare-y man; behold t'other hundred from province, call him Go-naughty man—no quarrel afore. Fall on with short stick, call him *shillaly*, fight like devil, fracture one another of the skull, and leave for dead, only because Irish compatriot, too much fond feeling, when meet in mother country—call him—fighting for love!!!

"*Nota Bene.* — Tipper-rare-y man

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swear every Go-naughty man, woman, and child, born thief. Go-naughty man swear every Tipper-rare-y man, woman, and child, born liar.—Ireland very fine country for all that. Brave men—beautiful women; only one man with pen, call him Malthus, say make children too much. Ireland plenty of corn, thousand of cattels, millions of pig—send him all away for mother country, eat potato at home. Sometime call English every man his tyrant. Knock every Irishman, his brother, on the head. Believe all Irish sometime little mad!

"Irish nobleman very *noble-man*: tall, fine person, scornful mouth, very grand nose. Soon put him in great passion. Great orator, talk him pompous of Ireland. Fond of duel, fight with sword, fight with pistol, any man hold up little finger against him country. All talk *amor patriæ*. All quit him own dear country too much, for all that; leave it for take care of itself. Great landlord sometime never see him land! Great landlord sometime never see him tenant! Only Irish great lord live so easy. Receive twenty thousand pounds of a year. All sent to him! Great Irish lord not obliged to thank nobody."

The author of "Wine and Walnuts," in Literary Gazette.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

KING JAMES, in one of his progresses through England, came to the house of Sir ——— Pope, whose lady had lately been delivered of a daughter, which was presented to the king, with the following verses in her hand:—

See this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She scarcely is a sennight old,
And yet she is a Pope.

No king her feet did ever kiss,
Nor had from her worse look than this;
Nor ever did she hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan,
No sure, she is Pope Innocent or none.
H. J. M.

AMATEUR ACTING.

THE father of the present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was a great patron of the arts; and so fond was he of plays, that he built a theatre, at Wynnstay, in North Wales. On one occasion Austin, the actor, then manager of Chester theatre, was requested by Sir Watkin to superintend the getting up of a favourite comedy, which was to be acted entirely by amateurs, many of whom were noblemen and ladies of rank. A day was fixed for the performance, and, as a matter of course, a rehearsal was called in the morning. Sir Watkin and Austin were at their post, making all preparation to give effect to the play. All was ready. "Clear the stage," said Sir Watkin, "and call Lord A———." "His lordship's gone a shooting," exclaimed a servant "Call Sir B. C——, then." "He is gone a fishing, Sir Watkin." "Request Lady D—— to come, then." "Her ladyship, and several others, are just gone out for a ride." "Who the d—l," cried Sir Watkin, "would be a manager?" "I am sure I should not," said Austin, "if I had your fortune."

TWELFTH DAY.

KEEPING Twelfth Night is getting sadly out of date: the cakes in the confectioner's windows are "few and far between," and the "characters" are temptingly displayed open on a sheet. We remember the time when we could not get a peep beyond the envelope, which, like most exteriors, was generally deceitful: indeed, the barren aspect of the last show made us exclaim—

"Oh! (Gunter), what a falling off was there!"

Baddeley, the comic actor, in his will, left a twelfth-cake and wine for the performers of Drury-lane Theatre, of which they partake every Twelfth Night, in the Green-room, and drink to the memory of the donor. He had been cook to Foote, in whose service he imbibed a taste for the drama. PHILO.

ROYAL WIT.

IT is stated that Charles X. on receiving General de Colbert, who had accompanied on foot the funeral procession of Louis XVIII., said to him, "General, you have followed my brother on foot; I soon hope to see you on horseback."

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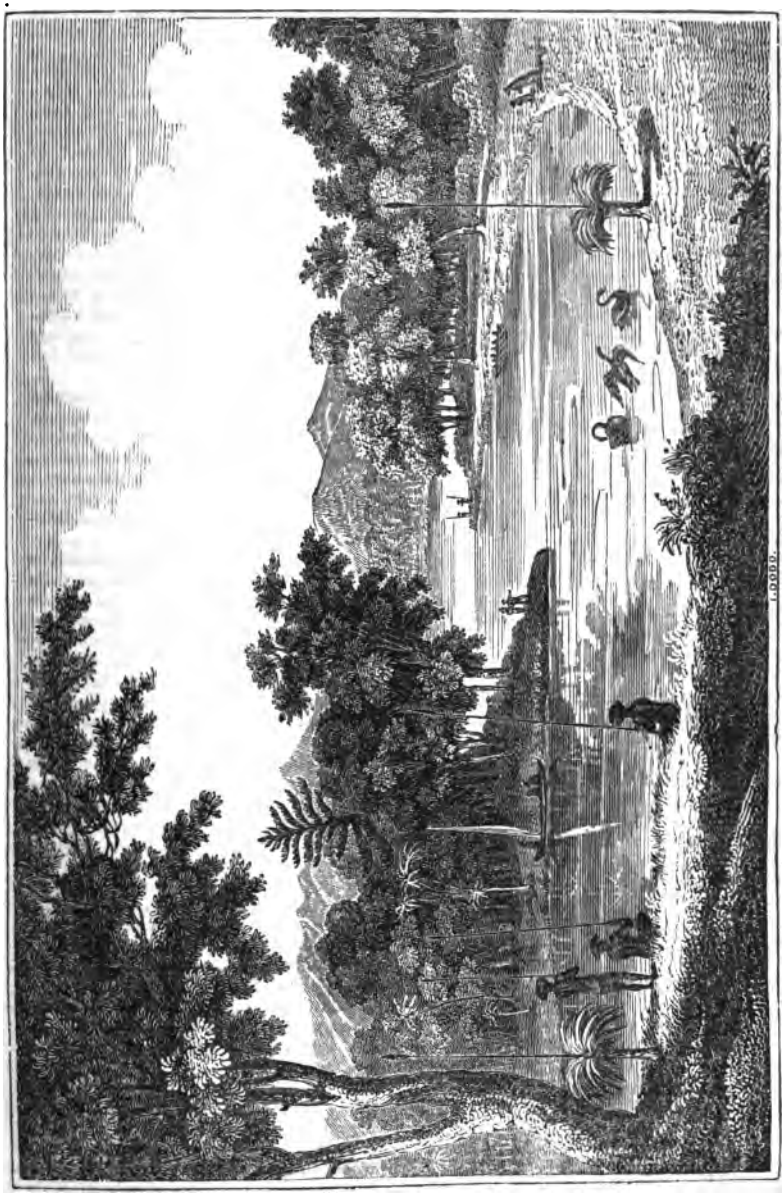
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 410] SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1830. [Price 2d.

Swan River.



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SWAN RIVER.

THE subjoined Engraving represents a portion of the luxuriant country on the banks of Swan River. Its authenticity may be relied on, as it is copied from a well-executed print,* from an original drawing by one of the Expedition. On this spot Captain Stirling and his party bivouacked in March, 1827, as shown in the Engraving.

Perhaps the best accompaniment for this print will be Mr. Fraser's Report of "*the Botanical Productions, &c. of the Banks of Swan River, Isle of Buache, Geographe Bay, and Cape Naturaliste,*" lately read before the Linnæan Society. For a copy of this Report we are indebted to the Fourth Edition of Mr Cross' valuable "Hints," noticed in the *Description of Swan River*, &c. in Nos. 368 and 369 of *the Mirror*. We there gave a few extracts from Mr. Fraser's Remarks; but these were not sufficiently numerous to impair the interest of the entire report.

"The North and South Heads of the entrance into Swan River are formed be low rocks of fossil limestone, in an advanced state of decomposition, presenting, in many instances, apertures of the most fantastic form, in which are exposed to view the appearance of masses of roots, and trunks of trees of great size.

"The soil on the South Head, though barren, produces a considerable variety of interesting plants; amongst which I observed a beautiful species, producing large quantities of rich blue flowers, and a species of reclining white flowers give a snowy appearance to many parts of the cliffs.

"In tracing the River a quarter of a mile from its entrance on the South Bank, I observed quantities of a beautiful species of *Brownonia*, growing in great luxuriance on the margin of a salt-marsh; its flowers were of a brilliant sky blue. Here I likewise observed a magnificent species of *Melaleuca* with scarlet flowers, and two species of *Metrosideros*.

"Half a mile from the entrance, I found the soil, although apparently sterile, to consist of a fine light brown loam, containing a small proportion of sand, and capable of producing any description of light garden crops. This description applies not only to the immediate bank as far as the reach below Pelican Point, but likewise to the hills, as far as my observations went. These hills present the appearance of a petrified forest, from the immense quantity of trunks which protrude for several feet above the surface; but their decomposed state renders them of benefit rather than otherwise to the soil.

"I was much astonished at the beautiful dark green appearance of the trees, considering that the season had been evidently unusually dry; but the cause must arise from the great number of springs with which this country abounds. On penetrating two feet into the earth, I found the soil perfectly moist; and I feel confident that, had I proceeded a foot deeper, I should have found water. On the beach I observed several small pools of water, and numerous moist spots, which, in seasons of usual humidity, must be converted into springs issuing from the calcareous rocks beneath.

"The luxuriance of the herbage on the beach itself is truly astonishing. Here I observed a beautiful pendulous species of *Leptospermum*, resembling, in its appearance, and the situation it prefers, the weeping willow. An arborescent species of *Acacia* was likewise seen associating with it.

"While examining the productions of a mass of cavernous limestone rocks on the beach, I was astonished by observing an extensive spring issue from beneath them; its width was about seven feet, running at the rate of three feet in a second: the water is brackish, but evidently fresh at some periods of the tide. Its elevation is about three feet above low-water mark, yet at the lowest ebb its current was at the above rate.

"The soil on the North Head is sandy; its productions are much the same as that on the South. Two hundred yards from the beach the soil changes to a light red loam, improving, as the hills are ascended, to that of a fine virgin earth. The valleys separating these hills are of the richest description, and capable of producing any crop; the country continues of the same description along the coast, as far as my observations went, and inland to Pelican Point, beyond which its character was not examined.

"The limestone with which these hills are studded renders them admirably adapted for the culture of the vine, and, being divested of timber or brushwood, to immediate culture.

"The few trees and shrubs seen on

* Published by Mr. J. W. Huggins, 105, Leadenhall-street, through whose courtesy we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed view.

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these hills are stunted, but a species of *Calytrix*, or cypress, is of the most beautiful green.

"On perambulating the beach I was astonished at the great degree of fragrance imparted by two species of *Metrosideros*, then in flower, exceeding any thing I ever smelt. On the beach I observed a magnificent arborescent species of *Rhagodia*, twenty feet in height, and immense quantities of *Gnaphalium*; but no marine productions were discovered.

"From Pelican Point to the entrance of the Moreau, the country is diversified with hills of gentle elevation, and narrow valleys, magnificently clothed with trees of the richest green. Here the genus *Banksia* appears in all its grandeur, consisting of three species, of which *grandis* is the most conspicuous. The principal timber is *Eucalyptus*. The shrubs consist of a species of *Dryandra*, two species of *Hakea*, one of *Grevillea*, and a species of pendulous *Viminaria* of considerable height, richly clothed with yellow and crimson flowers, associating itself in the most graceful manner with the pendulous *Leptospermum* already alluded to.

"The shores are covered with rushes of great height and thickness, concealing many beautiful syngenesious plants; they are occasionally flooded.

"The soil between the above Points resembles, in its surface, the sandy soil of the shores of Port Jackson, more than any hitherto seen; but on digging a few inches, it is found to contain a considerable proportion of loam. The valleys and headlands are of excellent soil, more particularly that of Garden Point. Here we planted several *Bananas*, and seeds of all sorts of culinary vegetables. This Point produces an immense number of herbaceous plants, among which is a species of *Goodenia*.

"The botanical productions of Point Heathcote are splendid, consisting of magnificent *Banksias* and *Dryandras*, a remarkable species of *Hakea*, two of *Grevillea*, one of *Leptospermum*, and a beautiful dwarf species of *Calytrix*. Here we found great abundance of fresh water on the beach, by scratching the sand with our fingers, within two inches of low-water mark. The beach at Garden Point is of the same character; and I doubt not but every beach within the Heads will be found of a similar description.

"The view from Pelican Point is exceedingly grand; the contrast between the dark blue of the distant mountains and the livid green of the surrounding forests is peculiarly pleasing, and, to the eye of a person accustomed to the *everbrown* of the forests of Port Jackson, it must be particularly interesting, so materially distinct is it from any thing in New South Wales. From Point Heathcote to the Inlands the country seemed to improve, as far as I could judge, from the immense quantity of herbage it produced.

"The only spot of the opposite shore examined was found to produce *Banksias* and *Eucalyptus*. The shrubs consisted of beautiful species of *Isopogon* and *Jacksonia*, with crimson flowers, and a species of *Acacia*, with the general productions of the other shore. The soil is sandy, and the cliffs (of very considerable elevation) are formed of fossil lime and sandstone. The view from this point of the meanderings of the river, and the Moreau, with the surrounding country and the distant mountains, is particularly grand.

"The Islands on the flats are composed of a rich deposit, carried down by the floods; their margins are covered with *Metrosideros* and *Casuarinas*, and their interior with submarine succulent plants. On one of these Islands I observed an arborescent *Palm*, which, on examination, proved to be a species of *Zamia*, with spiral fruit, differing only from *spiralis* in habit. Here the *Aquatic Goodenia*, formerly alluded to, disappears. The difficulties which the party met with here (from originally mistaking the channel), in dragging the boats over the mud, were great, but by perseverance were overcome. From the extensive beds of oyster-shells, covered by soft mud about a foot in depth, our feet became dreadfully lacerated. These flats are extensive, but by having flat-bottomed boats they can easily be crossed.

"At Point Fraser the bank may be said to terminate, and the channel appears to be that of a beautiful inland river. The flats or levels at this point are very fertile, composed of a rich alluvial deposit, but evidently flooded, drift timber having been seen five feet above the surface. Here are extensive salt-marshes, admirably adapted for the growth of cotton. The hills on the banks of the river are barren, resembling those of Port Jackson, producing, however, a magnificent species of *Angophora*, which seems to abound as much in this part as the genus *Eucalyptus* does in that of Port Jackson. *Banksia grandis* was here seen to attain the height of fifty feet, and frequently exceeding two feet and a half in diameter.

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"Amongst the botanical discoveries of this tract may be enumerated—a species of *Metrosideros*, of great beauty, forming thickets on the flats, and intermingling with two other species of the same genus, of minor beauty, its flowers of the most brilliant scarlet, general height six feet; and a pink-flowered species of *Centaurea*, of considerable beauty.

"Here I observed a species of *Psittacus* (cockatoo), in large flocks. The back and upper part of the wings were white, whilst the quill feathers of the tail were a pale yellow, and the others white. The breast of the male was of a dirty grey and light vermilion, and the female of a dirty black. The upper part of the feathers of the crest were white, whilst the inner part and under surface were of a bright vermilion. The eyes were dark brown, surrounded by a lead-coloured membraneous substance, half an inch in depth, and the upper mandible projects considerably over the under. It flies low, has a more plaintive voice than that of the white cockatoo, and feeds on the roots of orchideous plants, for which they scratch to a considerable depth."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OAK.

(For the Mirror.)

Among the ancient Britons, the oak was the symbol of every thing holy and sacred; it is therefore, more than probable, that the prejudice at one time existing in the neighbourhood of Norwood, against the "felling of oaks," mentioned by *P. T. W.* (in No. 403, of the *Mirror*,) was a remnant of Druidical superstition.

The Druids were divided into three classes:—1st the Druid, or more properly written, Derwydd. 2nd. the Bard, or Bardd: and 3rd. the Ovydd. Now the word Derwydd, is derived from Derw, oak, and ydd, which is merely a termination of words, as branch, branch*ing*, &c. with us; literally signifying the trunk, or support of an oak. Bardd is derived from Bar, a branch, or foliage, and the termination as before; and Ovydd, from Ov, tender, or youthful, &c. Thus was constituted the Holy Temple of the Oak; the Druid was the chief stay and support; the Bard conveyed the sacred precepts and sublime mysteries of Druidical worship to the people, ornamented and arrayed in the beautiful foliage of nature and imagination; while the Ovydd, the young shoot, or sapling, was gradually initiated, in order to insure stability to the system. QUÆSITOR.

BACCHANALIAN EPITAPH.

The following epitaph in the Church of the Holy Ghost, at Sienna, is copied from a very scarce book entitled, "Variorum in Europâ, &c. 1599, per Nathan Chrytæus, Edit. Secun."

POTATORES.

"Vina dabant vitam—Mortem mihi vini dedere
Sobrius Auroram cernere non potui.
Ossa merum sitium Vino consperge sepulcrum
Et calice epoto—Care Viator abi.
Valete Potatores."

'Twas rosy wine, that juice divine,
My life and joys extended;
But death alas! has drain'd my glass,
And all my pleasures ended.

The social bowl, my jovial soul,
Ere morn ne'er thought of quitting,
A jolly fellow, his wine, till mellow,
To leave is not befitting.

My thirsty bones, oh! spare their moans,
Cry out for irrigation,
I pray, then o'er my grave you'll pour
A copious libation.

Then fill a cup, and drink it up,
Pure wine, like ruby glowing,
This boon I pray, dear trav'ler pay
When from this tomb you're going.

Topers, farewell! where'er you dwell,
May wine be most abounding,
Be all your lays, of wine the praise,
In Pæans loud resounding.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT JEWELLERY.

Rings.

The antiquity of Rings is known from Scripture. When Pharaoh committed the government of all Egypt to Joseph, he took his ring from his finger, and gave it to him, as a mark of power.

The Israelitish women wore rings, not only on their fingers, but also in their nostrils and ears. The ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, and Greeks, had likewise the use of the ring. Quintus Curtius says, that Alexander sealed the letters he wrote into Europe with his own seal, and those in Asia with Darius's ring.

The Greeks, Pliny thinks, knew nothing of the ring in the time of the Trojan war. The reason he gives is, that we find no mention of it in Homer, but that when letters, &c., were to be sent away, they were tied up, and the strings knotted.

The Sabines had rings in Romulus's time; and it is from them, probably, the practice first came to the Greeks; and from them it passed to the Romans, who were contented with iron rings a long time; and Pliny says, Marius first

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wore a gold one in his third consulate, which was in the year of Rome 650. They were at first worn on the fourth finger, then on the second—then on the little finger, and at last on all the fingers excepting the middle one.

Kennett, in his *Antiquities of Rome*, says, "Suetonius reports, that when the Emperor Tiberius swooned away, and was reputed dead, his rings were taken from him, though he afterwards recovered, and asked for them again."—They were much mistaken who fancied him to have done this with a design to change his heir; for though it was an usual custom with the ancients to constitute their heir or successor, by delivering him their rings on their death-bed, yet this signified nothing, in case a legal will was produced to the contrary.—Page 339.

The foppery of wearing rings among the Greeks at length rose to that pitch, that they had their weekly rings; and Heliogabalus, who was the dandy of his age, never wore the same ring twice: may he not be called the *original ring-dropper?*

Fosbroke tells us, Lord Chancellor Hatton sent to Queen Elizabeth a ring, against infections, to be worn in the bosom. *Grave persons*, such as *aldermen*, used a plain broad gold ring upon their thumb.

The Indians wear rings on the feet; and the kings of Pegu have rings, set with precious stones, on every toe. Sometimes the wing-cases of the diamond beetle, or the whole insect, is mounted like a gem on rings, and worn as an ornament on the finger.

Seals.

The use of Seals is of high antiquity. Jezebel, in 1st of Kings, chap. xxi., seals the orders she sent for Naboth's death with the king's seal. Pliny tells us, at Rome they were become of absolute necessity—insomuch, that a testament was null without the testator's seal, and the seals of seven witnesses.

John Selden says, "That there were no seals before the conquest in England: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest, ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses." Sir Edward Coke thinks there was an instance of King Edwy's making use of a seal about a hundred years before the conquest, though some have doubted the authenticity of this charter, because it is certain that sealing was not then in common use. We are told, before the time of William the Conqueror, the English did not seal with wax, but only made a golden cross on the parchment, and sometimes an impression on lead, which hung to the grant with a silken string.

The practice of affixing the sign of the cross proceeded from their inability to write, which is honestly avowed by Caedwalla, a Saxon king, at the end of one of his charters. The same circumstance is related concerning the Emperor Justin, in the east, and Theodoric, King of the Goths, in Italy.

The *terra sigillaris*, or sealing earth, which was rather a bitumen, was brought from Asia, by the Romans: it was first known, says Beckmann, among the Egyptians, and the specimens are seemingly all enclosed in leaden cases. Pipe-clay was also used, as well as malta, or a cement of pitch, wax, plaster, and fat, applied likewise to make paper water-tight. The Etruscans even sealed treaties with blood; and dough or paste has been used. Wax is, however, the most usual substance; but the colour of that used by the Romans is unknown. The several colours which we know (says Fosbroke) are white, yellow, red, green, mixed, blue and black. The colour of the wax with which William's grants were sealed was usually green, to signify the act continued for ever, fresh, and of force. The Emperors of Germany used the white, from Otho the First to Frederick the Fourth; as well as the dukes, prelates, counts, &c., to the thirteenth century. After that time the use of it was rare, especially out of Germany. Frederick the Fourth granted it as a privilege to a duke of Modena. The Kings of Great Britain in general preferred white, down to Charles the First. P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

GASPARONI THE BANDIT.

(From the Foreign Literary Gazette, No. I.)

[The authenticity of the following Memoir, and the manner in which it has been obtained, by the confessions of the criminal himself, will sufficiently appear in the course of the narrative. We have to thank our distinguished correspondent, Count V*******, for selecting our pages as the medium for bringing our readers so intimately acquainted with the atrocious career of this sanguinary monster.]

Milan, 7th December, 1829.

Mr. Editor,—Perhaps a short sketch of the life of the famous bandit Gasparoni, little known to the public, from the jealousy with which the Roman government have kept secret even the present existence of this wretch, may not be un-

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interesting to your readers. The writer has gleaned the following from a friend, who is one of the very few persons who have had the opportunity of seeing and frequently conversing with him in his cell. He is in appearance about forty years of age, though much younger; about the middle size, and rather slightly formed. His costume was at first extremely picturesque and imposing; his hair was suffered to grow to an immense length, reaching his loins, and tied by a red riband; he also wore mustaches and enormous whiskers. A high conical or sugar-loaf hat, trimmed with ribands of various colours, and here and there a small print of the Madonna, and other saints, composed his head-dress. A velvet jacket, decorated with various metal crosses, red waistcoat with large silver buttons, short breeches, and a kind of half-gaiter braced up at the side. As is usual with all banditti, he wore the broad red sash; and silver buckles, of at least a pound weight, ornamented his shoes and knees. This dress, however, he has been obliged latterly to lay aside. The government have likewise cut off his hair, and compelled him to shave, at least, once a week; so that at present he has lost all that imposing appearance for which he was so remarkable. He is without irons, but confined in a cell about nine or ten feet square, with two sentinels at the door. When his provisions are carried him, or that the governor of the fort, or his confessor, appear, he is obliged to lay on his back on his mattress, and neither allowed to move hand nor foot without the danger of being shot by the sentinel, who is placed over him with a loaded carbine, to prevent his moving. He is, however, allowed an hour's walk in the morning, in a gallery which communicates with his cell. As he can neither read nor write, his only pastime is smoking. His brother, who assisted him in his depredations, is confined in the same fort, but is allowed rather more liberty. His appearance is very different from that of his brother: his height is about six feet three inches, and well proportioned. Jacovacci, the lieutenant of Gasparoni, together with seventy or eighty of those who composed part of his band, and who surrendered themselves after the capture of their leader, are likewise imprisoned at Cività Vecchia. The major part of them are mere lads, of from fifteen to twenty, now much emaciated by their long and close confinement; and many of them have, within the last two or three years dropped off.

Antonio Gasparoni, the subject of these memoirs (accused of 143 murders, besides rapes, and who confesses 105), was born at Sonnino, in the year 1796. His father was a drover of cattle, which employment the son followed till the year 1812. The first crime of this strange being was the murder, when only 16 years of age, of his parish priest, for refusing him absolution (after confessing some petty theft) without restoring the property stolen. He immediately fled to the mountains; and a large premium being offered for his apprehension, he joined a few banditti who infested the neighbourhood, and set the government at defiance. At eighteen years of age, after a skirmish with the police, in which engagement he succeeded in killing and wounding about twenty, he was elected chief of the band, when he turned all his attention to the strengthening of his party; and from the terror his name had occasioned in the vicinity, and the great advantages held out to this lawless mode of life, he succeeded in increasing their number to nearly two hundred. Their knowledge of the passes in the forests and mountains rendered it utterly impossible for any force to suppress them. Amongst their most daring exploits, prior to their being so numerous a body, may be mentioned, the storming of a convent of nuns, at Mount Comodo, in the middle of the day, and carrying off thirty-four young girls, who were there for education, and whom he selected from the others, having previously obtained information that their parents were in circumstances to pay a heavy ransom. They were kept ten, and some even twenty days in the mountains, where (to his credit be it spoken) every attention and respect the situation and their safe keeping warranted was paid them. The ransom demanded for each varied from 200 to 1,000 dollars; and for which he had the courage, such was the terror his name had acquired, to treat in person; no one dared arrest him, from fear of the consequences. What is most extraordinary in the life of this miscreant, is his strict attention to the outward forms of his religion. It has been already mentioned his person was nearly covered with crosses and images of saints. He (as well as most of his companions) attended regularly on the festivals; never once committed (as he has often confessed to my friend) either murder or robbery on a Friday; and always on this, as well as other vigils, observed a strict fast. A priest was compelled to confess them once a month

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who, of course, from terror, gave them immediate absolution), and one of this order was at last the means of bringing them to justice, and destroying the band. On returning once to the mountains, after a severe encounter with the gendarmerie, in which he had been worsted, and one of his best men killed, he found a bishop and friar, who had been taken the day before, and awaited his return to name their ransom. Irritated by the loss he had sustained, they were immediately ordered before him, when he declared to the bishop, that the only means of preserving his life was on his knees to deny the existence of the Saviour. The bishop, seeing no means of escaping death, complied; on which Gasparoni observed, "Wretch! thou art unworthy to live!" and instantly stabbed him to the heart. The friar was next applied to, who, seeing the murder of the bishop, and hoping to avoid his fate, peremptorily refused to deny his Saviour. The bandit's reply was short: "Thou wilt be an acquisition to heaven, and may save thy bishop's soul from purgatory: this world is too corrupt for thee;" and presenting his carbine, shot him dead at his feet.

Select Biography

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

THE recent death of this distinguished painter is a subject of national sympathy and universal regret; for it may be truly said of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that "he addressed his works to the people of every country." Independently of his genius, he was as good a man in society as he was a great one in Art: a circumstance which forcibly reminds us of an observation of Jonathan Richardson—"The way to be an excellent painter is to be an excellent man; and these united, make a character that would shine even in a better world than this."

Of materials for the biographer of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but very scanty ones have hitherto been furnished to the public. He was a native of Bath, and is said to have given early indications of genius, both as a poet and painter.* At the age of eight years he was in the habit of contributing *morceaux* to the Magazines (then the fosterers of precocious talent); and many of his pieces may be found in the "European" and "Ladies' Magazines," from 1780 to 1787. Although not without some merit as a poet, he soon relinquished the pen for the pencil. It is said, however, that when his professional labours permitted, he was occasionally in the habit of offering at Apollo's shrine; and several of his pieces are extant, in which true poetical feeling is displayed.†

When very young, Mr. Lawrence removed to London, where he first painted heads, at the price of half a guinea each. In early life he was also involved in great difficulties; and many remember his painting portraits for three guineas each, even when he lived in Soho-square.

The first productions by which he distinguished himself were the portraits of the Kemble family, of whose popularity he, in consequence, enjoyed a share. The grace and elegance of his female portraits were even then remarkable; and his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, having seen the paintings by Mr. Lawrence of several ladies whom he knew, was struck with the beautiful fidelity of the likenesses, and gave the artist some commissions. This at once stamped his reputation, and laid the foundation of his fortune. In a short time, no exhibition was considered complete or interesting without some of his pictures, and he began to obtain the most liberal prices. Mr. Lawrence's gentlemanly manners and courteous address likewise raised him to a share of the personal esteem of the Prince of Wales; and he continued to receive frequent marks of the royal favour, until his elevation to the chair of the Academy, vacant by the death of Mr. West, crowned him with the highest honours of art. At this time he also received the honour of knighthood.

* Of his precocious talent the Hon. Daines Barrington relates the following in his *Miscellanies*:—"This boy is now (viz. February, 1780,) nearly ten years and a half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of *Peter denying Christ*. In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton or Shakspeare."

† Dryden has an observation which may be applicable here: he says, "on a serious consideration of the matter, it will be found that the art of painting has a wonderful affinity with that of poetry, and that there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the poets introduce the gods and heroes, and all those things which are either majestical, honest, or delightful, in like manner the painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights and shadows, represent the same things and persons in their pictures."

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After the visit of the foreign sovereigns to England in 1814, he received a commission to paint their portraits, and those of other continental monarchs. He subsequently visited several European capitals for this purpose, to the obvious increase of his fame and fortune; and up to the period of his death, the number and rank of his sitters was a perpetual homage of genius, talent, and wealth, to his transcendent skill as a painter.

The circumstances of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence were peculiarly afflicting. He expired at his house in Russell Square, on Thursday night, (January 7,) a little before ten o'clock. On the Saturday previous he was in such perfect health, that he dined with a distinguished party, at Mr. Peel's, where he became suddenly, but not alarmingly indisposed. Inflammatory symptoms appearing, however, he was bled; and this operation produced so good an effect, that he continued painting as usual till Wednesday. On the morning of that day he was at the Athenæum Club House, and at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers; and the subject of conversation now remembered was that of an exquisitely written letter of condolence sent by him to one of the partners, on the decease of his daughter. On reaching home in the afternoon, inflammation returned; but not with such violence as to excite any apprehension of immediate danger. Mrs. Ottley, the wife of the distinguished writer on the Fine Arts, and a part of her young family, spent the evening with Sir Thomas, when he appeared cheerful. After their departure he became worse; two physicians, Dr. Holland and Sir Henry Halford were sent for; they put him to bed, and administered medicines, and Dr. Holland sat up all night with his patient. He continued in pain the whole of the next day, but not so much as is generally the case in disorders of the bowels; and towards evening he received two old friends, one of whom read to him, at his own request, some account of Flaxman, the sculptor, in a periodical work.* He also talked upon serious subjects to a lady, a relative, who was staying with him; but he did not seem conscious of his danger, nor was there any appearance of approaching dissolution, for the lady had left the room but a short time, leaving his confidential servant with his master. She was alarmed by a shriek from the man, and on entering saw Sir Thomas dead in the arms of his servant. So sudden was his decease, that he had only time to exclaim to the valet "I am dying."

Sir Thomas was in his fifty-ninth year, and had never been married. He leaves behind him a sister, a brother, and two nieces. None of his near relatives were in town. Several eminent sculptors applied for permission to take a cast of his features; but Mr. Baily, R. A. who was a personal friend of the deceased, alone was allowed the mournful satisfaction of perpetuating the last impression of the features of departed genius.

For the last thirty years Sir Thomas enjoyed the highest reputation as a portrait painter: by many he was regarded as the English Vandyke. "Since Sir Joshua Reynolds," observes a contemporary, "and in all probability from the similarity of their practice, no English portrait painter ever acquired the same celebrity. Though no servile copyist of his great prototype, he may be said to have borrowed his manner, and, like him, to have heightened all that was good, and kept in due subordination all that was unfavourable in the physiognomy of his sitters. By these means he acquired reputation, and pursuing them, kept it. It is said of him that he invited his sitters to partake of the hospitalities of his table, and took the opportunity most favourable for his purpose of 'stealing' from them, *not* their good name, but their *good looks*, which he had the happiest manner of transferring to canvass." "The characteristics of his style," observes an ingenious writer in the *Spectator*, "were brilliancy of colour, and a delicate mode of conveying a faithful resemblance, with an elegant contour. This conception of beauty and grace was combined with a strong sense of individuality of character; and the eye of the master was obeyed by the hand of taste, accomplished in all the refinements of art that practised skill could render available. His female portraits, for womanly sweetness, and the charm of natural beauty and loveliness, heightened by grace and elegance, were unapproached by any living artist; and they surpassed in richness of colour, fleshiness, and accurate representation of nature, even the female portraits of Vandyke himself. He has left a name immortalized by his works."

Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged on many interesting works at the period of his demise: among others, a splendid portrait of the King in his robes, which he worked upon the Wednesday preceding his death: a fine portrait of Sir George Murray, M.P. for the county of

* *New Monthly Magazine*

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Perth, is likewise named among his unfinished works. He had touched no *drawing* since a beautiful lithograph of Miss Fanny Kemble, by Mr. Lane—a slight but sweet sketch. In the progress of this portrait he took exceeding interest, probably from a grateful association of his early fame with the highly-gifted family of the Kembles. Mr. Lane worked at this sketch for several days, at Sir Thomas's house, and under his eye. Sir Thomas added frequent touches, and was delighted with the process. This beautiful print may therefore be considered as affording a specimen of the touch of the master-hand upon a material hitherto strange to him. Had he lived, the world would, in all probability, have been delighted with the appearance of a drawing on stone entirely of his own production. As it is, the present print will become additionally valuable from this circumstance.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is said to have realized upwards of 10,000*l.* per annum, for several years past, by his profession. He was a fosterer of rising talent, where he approved of its direction in a young artist: as a friend, too, he was generous and munificent.

In stature, Sir Thomas was of the middle size; his appearance was extremely graceful and gentlemanlike; his manners full of suavity, and his countenance pleasing and handsome. When young, he was an accomplished fencer and dancer, and recited with expressive elegance. There was a striking resemblance to Mr. Canning, though not of so elevated an expression or character.—On public occasions, he was an elegant speaker; and, indeed, whether as an accomplished member of society, or an eminent artist, we can rarely hope to see so many exquisite qualities united in one individual to place him at the head of the Fine Arts of England. Who will succeed him in the Presidentship, it is impossible to anticipate, although many are already spoken of by their respective friends.

Of Sir Thomas Lawrence we know of no engraved portrait, except the small one in the "Percy Anecdotes;" nor of any picture, except one from his own palette, which he was occasionally persuaded to show, but with great diffidence, to his friends, from its concealment beneath his side-board.*

Sir Thomas's collection is of the most magnificent description: his drawings, etchings, prints, pictures of the ancient masters, as well as his choice specimens of modern schools, are rare, numerous, and of the highest value.

* *Literary Gazette.*

Since the previous sketch has been *in type*, the following interesting anecdotical recollections of this excellent man have appeared in the *Times* journal:—

The first is of a living artist, whose name, from delicacy, we suppress; this artist, being a man of considerable merit and without patronage, had submitted three of his pictures to Sir Thomas's inspection. He called one evening at Sir Thomas's house, anxious to gain his approbation, and at the same time, to take them away. He sent up his name to the President, who followed the servant down stairs, put a paper, folded up, into the hand of the artist, saying, "I had left this. should you have called whilst I was from home. I much admire your productions, and wish you every success." The artist had only patience to get to the first lamp, when he was anxious to know what the paper contained; he unfolded it, and found within it a £30. note, *which saved him from despair.*

Mrs. or Madame M., the widow of a highly endowed engraver, being in great distress, was advised to apply to Sir Thomas for his recommendation to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. On her interview the President candidly told her he could be of no service to her that year, as he had given away all his recommendations; "but," says he, "accept this in the mean time (placing a £5. note in her hand,) and I think I can serve you with the council and body of Academicians." From that respectable body Sir Thomas obtained for Mrs. M. no less than £50.!

While the too notorious Thurtell lay in prison for trial, Sir Thomas expressed a wish that he might be allowed without observation to take a glance of the atrocious villain, as he took his exercise in the prison yard. This modest request was not only refused him, but was afterwards represented as an application to take a cast of the wretch's face before he was even tried, and information to this effect being actually conveyed to the reporters of several journals, who were present at Hertford for the purpose of making observations on so notorious a criminal, the statement unfortunately appeared in this and other morning publications. It was in a paper now extinct, that the kind-hearted President saw the gross impeachment of his humanity one morning, when he was going to paint that admirable portrait of the King, in

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which his Majesty is represented in a blue dress, seated on a sofa, with his arm carelessly thrown over the end. Sir Thomas was so affected, that he could hardly proceed with his work. The King observed his distress, and listened to the cause of it.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MISTAKES OF FOOLEE FUM FOOLA,

During his residence in England.

We quote another portion of these humorous "Mistakes," from an ingenious and pleasant contemporary, presuming that we shall not add to them in calculating on the reader's gratification :—

"Missionary tell Chinese go to big fire of torment for hab too many God English hab only one Deity himself—make great many religion out of dat. Quarrel much for who most wrong; all proclaim him own most right. Hab two book of holy law. Old holy book full of much ceremony; t'other holy book, call him New Law, not full of no ceremony. New Law make happy for every body—make love every body—black man and white man, poor man and rich man, all call him broder. Great Holy Founder all powerful—all merciful—all just. Good people him own disciple, call him beautiful name, call him Comforter! Precept more good as Zoroaster. Moral duty very plain. Learned men for all that write ten thousand book for make difficult. Holy Founder very meek — very poor. Priesthood very rich—sometime very proud—sometime keep fine table—make grand dinner—sometime very skilful cook.

"Great many religious opinion—call him sect. One call him Presbyterian, another call him Methodist, another call him Unitarian, Baptist, and great many other *ist* and *arians*. Some preach long while, three time for one day. Sometime more make long preach — more make congregation look more sad. All sect call himself miserable sinner. Very much affronted t'other sect call him so.

"One other sect not like t'other sect, cause do as he like. Call him Friend—call him Quaker. Brag himself very humble—think him very proud; brag himself very meek—think him very obstinate; not take off broad-brim hat before King George, though every body say King George most polite prince in all the world. Every body let Quaker man do as he like; Quaker woman do the same. Quaker call nobody *sir*—call nobody *madam*. Quaker man never make *bow*; Quaker woman never make *curtsey*. Go to court of law, every body make evidence of awful oath in name of God. Quaker not make oath at all—severe judge in big wig take Quaker man's word without. Quaker not make for go soldier—Quaker not make for go sailor—not make fight for nobody. Believe Quaker sometime sell gunpowder.

"Quaker man never go play-house; never buy fine picture; never go to ball; never make laugh. Alway walk slow—alway look grave; never wear rich costume. Comical wit, call him Rowland Hill, one day observe—'What if every body become Quaker?—soon hab sad drab-colour world!'

"All other preaching-house only man talk, though sometime believe talk too much. Quaker man, because he not do like t'other man, make woman preach. Quaker woman, because she not do like t'other woman, get up in pulpit, keep her mouth shut sometime three hour, sometime four hour, and not speak at all!

"Education for *young* gentleman of *old family* too much comical, not understand for why. All send him to Westminster, to Eton, then to t'other place, two University, for finish; call him *Oxfoot*, call him *Cambric*, where thousand priest live in fine palace. All preceptor holy priest—not teach him scholar even holy religion not yet. Make know all heathen god first.

"When young gentleman done with heathen god, make teach him Christian (own religion) how for become chaste, how for become virtuous—sometime believe too late for that. University call him *Oxfoot*, t'other University call him *Cambric*, well for make good soldier, well for make good sailor, well for make sometime very bad lawyer; not so well for make good Christian!

"Same with religion—same with language. Holy preceptor know not what for why make young gentleman scholar learn heathen tongue first—call him dead language, cause not speak for more as two thousand year. When done with make speak dead man's tongue like nobody, then try teach youth for speak him own English like every body.

"Little lady-miss belong to great family taught for better. Make miss speak one, two, three, living language, what for because when gentle tongue too much fatigue talk me, pretty lips take up another for make delight every body. Good governess take much care

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for *edicate* mind of pretty miss—much care for speak good English—much care for write good grammar. Miss sometime much more wise as brother come from *Oxfoot*, come from *Cambric*. Great booby not know how for write him own love-letter—young lady sister write for him great tall booby brother.

"Young lady all the while read holy book, great care for form the mind. Take sixteen, sometime eighteen year for make English young lady almost angel. After that, very much great pity—alas! Leave home for make show herself. *Come out* at racketty place, call him Almack, call him court, call him life. Not better for this! Foolish lady mamma, too soon proud for see innocent miss point the toe, quadrille with dandy lancer—half monkey—t'other half whisker. Soldier lancer-man look fierce as Saracen-man—all the while lisp like little baby!

"Innocent young lady, hot as fever, take cold ice, dance all night; lancer-man turn head of pretty miss quite giddy Monkey partner make improper husband for virtuous young lady. Sometime make young wife more bad as dandy lancer himself; then elope with t'other man, monkey dragoon. New lover monkey dragoon shoot husband monkey lancer through the head. Story make fine new novel—full for fashion, full for sentiment; not so much full for moral; good for make rich—man call him publisher—call him *******."—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC BUTCHER.

(From "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," a Farce, by C. Lamb.)

A WEEPING Londoner I am
A washerwoman was my dam;
She bred me up in a cock loft,
And fed my mind with sorrows soft:

For when she wrung with elbows stout
From linen wet, the water out,—
The drops so like to tears did drip,
They gave my infant nerves the hyp.

Scarce three clean muckingers a week
Would dry the brine, that dew'd my cheek;
So, while I gave my sorrows scope,
I almost ruin'd her in soap.

My parish learning I did win
In Ward of Farringdon-Within;
Where, after school, I did pursue
My sports, as little boys will do.

Cockchafers—none like me was found
To set them spinning round and round.
O, how my tender heart would melt,
To think what those poor varmin felt!

I never tied tin-kettle, clog,
Or salt-box to the tail of dog,
Without a pang more keen at heart,
Than he felt at his outward part.

And when the poor thing clatfered off,
To all the unfeeling mob a scoff,
Thought I, "What that dumb creature feels,
With half the parish at his heels!"

Arrived, you see, to man's estate,
The butcher's calling is my fate;
Yet still I keep my feeling ways,
And leave the town on slaughtering days.

At Kentish Town, or Highgate Hill,
I sit, retired, beside some rill;
And tears bedew my glistening eye,
To think my playful lambs must die!

But when they're dead I sell their meat,
On shambles kept both clean and neat;
Sweet-breads also I guard full well,
And keep them from the blue-bottle.

Envy, with breath sharp as my steel,
Has ne'er yet blown upon my veal:
And mouths of dames, and daintiest fops,
Do water at my nice lamb-chops.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SATAN, A POEM.

MR. MONTGOMERY'S admirers will doubtless derive considerable gratification from this new specimen of his genius. To say that our satisfaction in its perusal has been unmixed, would be untrue; yet the subject which the poet has chosen is so "vasty" and overwhelming, that none but a man of genius could have wrought up so many beautiful poetical pictures as we have found in our first progress. Indeed, we consider the whole book as a work of untrammelled imagination, with much of fire of poetry—and that too of the poetry of thought. Our first extract will illustrate this point.

An Epic, in three books of nearly 400 pages, would be altogether a "big book" for anything like a critical analysis, even were we disposed as courteous critics, and with the youth and talent of the writer we could not be otherwise. It is not important to state the plan of the Poem, further than to say it is a Journey of Satan through the world, and a denunciation of its vices. Some of the passages are full of Satanic ire; but we have purposely avoided them in our extracts, and almost confined ourselves to the *dulce* of the poem. Our first is in a tone of metaphysical reflection, which would alone stamp the writer as a man of extraordinary genius:

To the vast silence of the primeval gloom
On wings of Mystery may Spirit roam,
And meditate on worldless things, whence comes
A glorious panting for a purer state —
True sadness is the soul of holy joy;
And such feel they, who fashion brighter worlds:
But martyrs to diseased thought abound,
Who out of earthly elements have sought
To reap a happiness, whose home is heaven,
And falling, sunk to profitless despair.
Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame, these three
Vain phantoms, what a worship have they won!
The first shallow excellence the next,

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A malady of brutish growth, debased
And most debasing, turning soul to sense,
Till Nature seems unspirited; the last,
Magnificent betrayer! while afar
Behold, the crown of heaven itself is thine;
When woo, oft unavailingly enjoyed.
Oh! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or linger'd in the lone and priestly fanes
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental piles,
Where great inheritors of glory sleep,—
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored!

The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Eden wheresoe'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And *that*, the throbbing of the fires within!

And thus, while Fame's heart-echoing clarions ring
For glory, all the rapture of renown
In one vile whisper may lie hush'd and dead;
Made mighty by its littleness, a word
Of envy drowns the thunder which delight
Hath voiced; as oft the phantom of a cloud
In single darkness cowering on the air
Looks fiercer for the frowniess heaven around!
So Fame is murder'd, that the dull may live,
Or to herself grows false; then hideous dreams,
And tomb-like shadows, thicken round the mind,
Till, plunging into dread infinity,
It rides upon the billows which Despair
Hath lash'd from out the stormy gloom of thought!
Dark victim, thus so ruinously famed,
What mis'try in thy smile of happiness!
Beneath the mountain of thy vast renown
There blooms a Mortal, unendow'd by aught
That Learning, Luxury, or Fame can yield,
And yet, a Croesus in his store of joy
Compared with thine,—the man whom Earth
Enslaves not, on whose soul the truth hath smiled!

Our next is a gorgeous picture of

SUNSET.

Lo! the day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career,
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!
While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the sun is throned; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell!
Then faints to paleness; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes;
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couch'd in leafy bowers,
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep:
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,
Yet hallows it; a hush'd enchantment reigns;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night;
While field and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear,—
A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnized
The world!

Further on, as a contrast to some powerful portraits of bad passion is the following miniature of

LOVE.

Yet Hell cannot deny, on earth there glows
A spirit scarcely weaken'd by the Fall,—
The soul of feeling, and the sun of life,
Queen of the Passions, all persuasive Love!—
And could I mingle with the bliss of man,
I'd share it in the sweetness of her smiles.

Ethereal essence, interfused through life,
Is love. In orbs of glory spirits live
On such perfection; and on earth it feeds
And quickens all things with a soul-like ray:
The beautiful in its most bounteous sense;
And symbolized by Nature in her play
Of harmonies, her forms, her hues, and sounds
In each connexion, aptitude and grace
Beside. Thus flow'rs in their infantile bloom
Of sympathy, the bend of trees, and boughs,
The chime of waters, and caress of winds,—
Betoken that they all partake a sense
Of that sweet principle, that charms the world
Th' omnipotence of this pervading power,
By aught of time or destiny opposed,
Like God himself may grow consuming fire,
Which I can freshen with infernal joy!
Oh, many, gentle as their tide of years,
While o'er them dances Love's screaming ray,—
When disappointment clouds them, woe despair,
And riot onward through a wild'ring course,
Untemper'd and untam'd; so flows the stream,
That ever nurseth its delicious calm,
Till wrung by nature into torrent force,
And foaming reckless through the wild!

And thou,
The star of home, who in thy gentleness
On the harsh nature of usurping man
Benign enchantment canst so deeply smile,—
Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve,
Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm,—
Woman! when love has wreck'd thy trusting heart,
What port remains to shelter thee!—too fond
Too delicately true, thy nature is,
Save for the heart's idolatry; and then,
Thy love is oft a light to virtue's path.
It dawns,—and with'ring passions die away,
Low raptures fade, pure feelings blossom forth,
And that which Wisdom's philosophic beam
Could never from the wintry heart awake,
By love is smiled into celestial birth!
Thus love is Wisdom with a sweeter name.

Towards the close of the third book we are gratified with a most harmonious embodiment, (if we may use the term,) of Music; but this stands over for our next.

Our selections will, we hope, lead the reader to look into the work for further beauties. There is much of the soul or essence of poetry, and less of the *eau sucrée* than in many modern poems. Some of the Devil's apostrophes are extremely powerful; but their introduction reminds us of an odd speech in a tragedy by Coleridge, where a courtier seriously tells another that the king will "play the very devil with him."

We intend to give some further notings; and conclude for the present by recommending Mr. Montgomery's poem as a much more welcome companion than its title might lead one to expect;

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indeed, when once you take it up, the difficulty is how to lay it down.

STORY PLAY.

(From "Letters from Bertha to her Uncle in England.")

"We amused ourselves part of yesterday evening with a *story play*, which I had never heard of before. You are to whisper a *word*, which must be a substantive, to the person who begins the play, and who is to tell a short story or anecdote, into which that word is to be frequently introduced. It requires some ingenuity to relate the story in so natural a manner, that the word shall not be too evident, and yet that it may be sufficiently marked. When the story is finished, each of the party endeavours to guess the word, and the person who discovers it tells the next story. I will give you a sample.

"It was decided that my aunt should begin; Frederick whispered the word; and she began so naturally about a visit from Mr. Arthur Maude, who has just returned from Italy, that, at first, I thought she was not going to join in the play.

"'Mr. Maude tells me,' continued my aunt, 'that he has been greatly interested by the Vaudois, and well repaid, by seeing those amiable people, for the fatigue of making that part of his tour on foot.

"'In a beautiful valley between Pignerola and La Tour, he observed a small open arch, under a group of oak trees, that stood on a round green knoll. He afterwards learned, that this arch had been erected about the time that the poor Vaudois had been obliged to quit their native hills, under the brave and pious Arnaud. It was ornamented with figures of saints, and had such an uncommon appearance among those wild valleys, that he sat down to make a sketch, not only of the arch, but of the picturesque scene which surrounded it. Twice he began, and twice he was interrupted by sounds of distress, which seemed to come from within the arch. On approaching it he found a young creature, about fifteen, seated under the shade of the arch, and plying her distaff diligently while the tears fell from her eyes. In reply to his inquiries as to the cause of her grief, she timidly told him that her poor old father had been so ill that he could earn nothing for many weeks; and having already been reduced to sell every thing but his house, he was totally unable to pay one of the heavy taxes which was now demanded from him. She had, therefore, been spinning—spinning for ever with her distaff, but all in vain; her yarn was not ready, they must pay the tax without delay, and to do so she must part with the only treasure she possessed. That was the cause of her sorrow; and she had retired to that little arch to avoid the sun, and to conceal her tears from her father.

"'For that one thing I can get money enough (said she), but how can I part with it! It was once the bible of Henri Arnaud; my grandmother gave it to me, saying, "Never, never part with this precious book, Janetta." But what can I do!'—and her tears burst out afresh. 'I *must* sell Henri Arnaud's bible, or my father will have no house to shelter him!'

"'Mr. Maude asked her to guide him to her father's cottage. She took him by a winding path which led from the arch, to a very poor little chalet, overhung by chestnut-trees. The old man was seated on a bench at his door; and Mr. Maude, placing himself at his side, and entering into conversation, observed how much his pale countenance brightened at the interest with which a stranger listened to his anecdotes of Henri Arnaud. Mr. Maude indulged himself by giving a small sum, which was sufficient to pay the tax. And having thus enabled the little Janetta to keep her valued bible, he returned, I am sure, with a happy mind, to finish his sketch of the picturesque *arch*.'"

The following brief story, by Caroline, is likewise an illustration:—

"'Three young children were coming down the Mississippi, with their father, in a sort of a boat, which they call there a pirogue. They landed on a desert island in that wide river, in a bitter snowy evening in the month of December. Their father left them on the island, promising to return after he had procured some brandy at a house on the opposite bank. He pushed off in his little boat to cross the river; but the wind was high, and the water rough. The children watched him with tears in their eyes, struggling in his pirogue against the stream, till about half way across, when they saw the boat sink, and never more saw their father. Poor children! they were left alone, exposed to the storm, without fire, shelter, or even food, except a little corn.

"'As the night came on, the snow fell faster; and the eldest, who was a girl of only six years old, but very sensible and steady for her age, made her little sister and her infant brother creep together close to her, and she drew

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their bare feet under her clothes. She had collected a few withered leaves and branches to cover them, and in this manner they passed the long winter's night. Next morning she tried to support her poor weeping companions by giving them corn to chew, and sometimes she made them run about with her to keep themselves warm.

"'In this melancholy state you may imagine what was her joy, when, in the course of the day, she discovered a vessel—no, a boat—approaching the island. It happily contained some good-natured Indians, who took compassion on the children, shared their food with them, and safely conveyed them to New Madrid in their own boat.'

"The mistake that poor Caroline made in saying vessel for boat, and then correcting herself with a little confusion, betrayed her; so that the moment she ended her story, every one exclaimed—'Boat, boat!'"

HISTORY OF MARITIME AND INLAND DISCOVERY.

[Such is the title of the second volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. It contains the Geography of the Ancients and of the Middle Ages—to the Discovery of America, by Columbus—of which event there is an exquisite vignette in the title-page. The Progress of Discovery and Civilization, as might be expected, teems with interesting incidents; and this volume, in extractable matter, even rivals its predecessor. Our examples for the present are but few, especially as a portion of the present sheet is somewhat similarly occupied.]

Gipsies.

It is impossible to view in conjunction the names of Sindi and Sigynæ without recalling to mind that extraordinary people, who, under the two general denominations of *Sints* and *Ziganí*, (the former used in Lithuania, the other in Poland, and with slight variations in all the neighbouring countries), constitute so numerous a body in the eastern states of Europe. The Gipsies, in short, whose derivation from Western India is now no longer disputed, and whose language, corrupted as it is, and alloyed with foreign admixture, would still be not wholly unintelligible in some provinces of Hindostan. The Persians also name them *Sisech Hindoo*, or Black Indians. It is impossible, indeed, to connect this people, historically, with the ancient Indian colony of the Mæotis. Their own traditions (which are indeed of little value), and the late date of their appearance in Europe, are both repugnant to such an affiliation. But while mystery still enwraps the problem of their origin, it is allowable to canvass every means of its solution. It may, however, be affirmed with confidence, that the *Indian* merchants who were shipwrecked in the Baltic, and presented by the king of the Suevi to Q. Met. Celer, the proconsul of Gaul, were not carried round from India to the north of Europe by the ocean, as the ancients imagined, but were voyagers from the Mæotian colony.

Whether the *Sinds* or Indians of the Bosphorus ever advanced southwards along the Euxine is a question impossible to determine. There were *Sints* and a *Sintic* region in Macedonia, and *Sintian* men, speaking a strange language, who inhabited Lemnos in the time of Homer. But, except their addiction to the labours of the smithy (for Lemnos was sacred to Vulcan), there is not any positive indication remaining by which they can be connected with the *Sints* of Lithuania. But in examining round the shores of the Euxine those most durable and veracious monuments of ancient history, the remnants of language preserved in local names, the *Phasis*, or as it is at present called, the *Fash*, must necessarily arrest the attention. This river, famous for its connexion with Grecian fable and traditionary golden sands, flowed through the country of the *Colchi*. The word *Phasis*, signifying a river, and the name *Colchi*, are both properly of Indian origin, and stand at no great distance from each other in Ptolemy's map of India. When a Greek poet describes the Colchian Phasis as mixing its waters with the Tanais, it is evident at once that the Hypanis or some other river in that quarter may have been also called Phasis by the Sinds of the Mæotis, so that we here again detect the grand source of geographical errors, the employment of general terms. The Colchians were supposed by the Greeks to be a colony of Egyptians. They practised rites, and possessed arts, which, unavoidably, led a people unacquainted with the interior of Asia to arrive at that conclusion. Their dark complexion, also, which is noticed by Pindar, seemed to lend confirmation to the popular belief. But though the fiction of a colony planted by Sesostris on the shores of the Euxine was readily countenanced by the Egyptian priests, it is contradicted by traditions of equivalent authority. The religion of the Colchians, besides, does not seem to have been Egyptian. Their

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superiority above the Greeks in civilization in the time of the Argonauts and the poetic age is evinced by the reputation they enjoyed as magicians. In the manufacture of fine linen they far surpassed the Egyptians; and we know that from them the Greeks derived their names of linen cloths in commerce *Sardonians* and *Sindons*.

That a colony of Hindoos (of profligate manners, and, perhaps, ignoble caste), was settled on the Cimmerian Bosphorus in the age of Herodotus, appears incontestably established; when, or how, they were dispersed, it is not so easy to conjecture. That the Gipsies are descended from them is a conclusion resting wholly on naked probabilities. But whence have these wandering outcasts the tradition that they have come from Egypt? Is it not possible that the ancient Colchians, who, there is good reason to believe, were themselves from the west of India, assented at length to the general opinion of antiquity respecting their Egyptian origin, and when driven, perhaps, from their ancient possessions by the Iberian tribes, spread abroad among their swarthy brethren of the North the same erroneous belief?

Ancient Britain.

The expedition of Julius Cæsar had made known only the extremity of Britain. Under the emperor Claudius that island was effectually subdued by the legions which, at first, reluctantly permitted themselves to be led to what they designated *a new world*. Thirty years later, Pliny was acquainted with the *Ebudes*, or western isles of Scotland, and even with the names of several of the group. At length Agricola extended the Roman conquests to the Grampian Hills, and a fleet, by his orders, sailed northwards, to discover how far the land extended in that direction. "This fleet," says Tacitus, "first ascertained that Britain is an island; it discovered also and subjected the *Orcades*, a cluster of islands not known before, and saw *Thule*, hitherto concealed by snow and winter." The Romans regarded Britain as we do New Holland; its remoteness, its immense size, so far exceeding that of any island with which they were distinctly acquainted, and the great ocean which washed its shores, forcibly struck their imaginations. They had, however, a very inaccurate idea of its geographical position. Tacitus, the son-in-law of Agricola, describes it as having Germany on the east, Gaul on the south, and Spain on the west. Ireland is placed, by the same writer, midway between Spain and Britain. Agricola was preparing to invade that island, which some of the natives assured him might be effectually subdued with a single legion, when the jealousy of Domitian arrested his operations, and Ireland was unfortunately rescued from the civilizing yoke of Roman dominion.

When Julius Cæsar first visited Britain, he found the maritime provinces possessed by a people of Germanic race, whom he supposed, and, perhaps, not without reason, to be Belgians. The population was remarkably dense; the dwellings of the people were strewed thickly over the face of the country, and cattle were abundant. Merchants in numbers visited the island; but so great in those days was insular jealousy in Britain, that strangers durst not venture thither who had not evidently the excuse of traffic. The Gauls, it appears, had but little acquaintance with the island; whence it may be concluded that the merchants were chiefly of the Belgian or German race. To the inaccuracy of reports, in the dictation of which the superstition of the Gauls may have had some share, ought, perhaps, to be attributed the error of Cæsar in describing Great Britain as an island of a triangular form. Tacitus remarked the close resemblance that existed between the dialect of the Estiones on the shore of the Baltic and that of the British islanders. The Caledonians also were known to be of German descent, by their great size, their florid complexions, and keen grey eyes. The same vigilant observer remarked, that the inhabitants of the south-western angle of the island (the *Silures*) had dark, adust visages, with curled hair; but instead of concluding that the emigration of a stronger race from the East had forced the prior inhabitants of the island into the recesses of its western mountains, he adopted the weak hypothesis, so often repeated since by modern writers upon Ireland, of a colony direct from Spain.

From Tacitus also we learn that merchants frequented the ports of Ireland, the superiority of which was already known. But with whom did the merchants carry on a trade? Was the Celtic population sufficiently civilized to feel the wants and benefits of commerce? This is hardly credible; but when the historian proceeds to observe that Hibernia differs but little from Britain in soil or population, the inference is natural, that long before his time a colony of the German race had also forced its way into that island. There

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is not, however, any direct evidence to support this conjecture, besides that of the native historians. Ptolemy, it is true, about half a century later, places a Belgian colony (the *Menapii)* in Ireland; but the statement of the geographer affords no means of ascertaining the date of their arrival. Thus much, however, may be affirmed with safety, that so far back as authentic history lends its light, the Germanic race has predominated in the British islands.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1829.

BEGONE, thou dullest of all years!
Let Wordsworth o'er thee shake his ears;
Let Southey, for his pipe of port,
Pay to thy majesty his court;
Let Milman, weary of the Jews,
Fall on his nose to kiss thy shoes;
Let pungent Crabbe, let classic Bowles,
For thee forsake the cure of souls
Leaving in peace his northern hovels,
Let Scott abjure for once his novels;
Let Moore leave Byron to his doze,
And give thy dying hours to prose.
Dramatic Baillie, lofty Campbell,
The host that round Parnassus ramble—
From epic bards to tiniest wits,
In albums who embalm their bits,
Whose sonnets, well entitled *strains*,
Give proof of every thing but brains;—
Old Year, let all around thee weep,
Right glad *we* see thee fast asleep.
Monthly Magazine.

LAW.

LIKE Monsieur Chabert—the whole is a phenomenon; except that to breakfast on prussic acid, and dine on corrosive sublimate, are the most trivial ventures, after the entrance into that furnace, the law; where man is roasted whole, and whose temperature is death to every one, but that profession who are obviously practising for the endurance of heat here and "elsewhere."

THE CLEVER AGE.

To hear the present generation talk, one would imagine that all the arcana of human nature had been just discovered, and made as easy as A, B, C. How Sophocles contrived to affect the feelings, or Shakspeare to get such an odd insight into things, must appear a mystery to the men of this generation, seeing that *their* theories had not yet issued from the womb of time. Every one now a-days, who can write a novel or a poem, that shall set the young misses a weeping, is pronounced to be brimfull of passion and profound reflection. Truly this profundity is that of a slop basin, the bottom of which you cannot see, only because it is so full of dregs. Ah! the good old days of Pope and Dryden are passed away! Depend upon it, could Paradise Lost now issue from Murray's press, it would be pronounced—"Such a work as it is by no means lese-majesté in the court of criticism to pass over. A poem of some merit, certainly—but by no means distinguished by that depth of feeling and intuitive insight into the human heart which distinguish the productions of the present day." Do I exaggerate?
Blackwood's Magazine.

PORT WINE.

THE quantity of (factory) wine stored for the English market may be stated at 53,000 pipes; and 25,000 pipes may be considered as the average quantity exported to England annually. During the last year (1828) the number of pipes sent to England amounted to 28,000; but this unusual exportation probably arose from an apprehension of the intercourse between the two countries being interrupted. The exportation of port wine to *all* other countries does not exceed from 10,000 to 15,000 pipes annually." —*Col. Batty's Views of Oporto.*

AT Surinam, the Iguana, a species of lizard, which lives upon flowers and the blossoms of trees, is eaten in fricassees and in pies. It is said to be very delicate food, and greatly resembling turtle. Its eggs are also delicious.

ÆSOP IN SLAVERY

ÆSOP went with a number of slaves to be sold, and being questioned as to their respective talents, one said he could do this thing, another that, and a third could do every thing. When it came to Æsop's turn, his master asked him what he could do, he answered "Nothing." "How can that possibly be," said his master. "Why," replied Æsop, "as the man before me says he will do every thing, there can be nothing left for me to do."

HUMAN FRAILTY.

IT was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 411.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

Lord Byron.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON, WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE, BY THOMAS MOORE, Vol. i.

[Such is the unassuming title of Mr. Moore's long-expected *Life of Lord Byron*. The very juxtaposition of two such illustrious names in one title-page is calculated to excite no ordinary expectations: the biographer's "Notices," as well as the "Journals and Letters" of the noble deceased, are, perhaps, of equal importance; so that the whole volume is the most satisfactory that can well be conceived, in forming a proper estimate of the genius and character of its lamented subject. Apart from this sterling worth, and the high rank which Mr. Moore's work will obtain in biographical literature, the lighter and more embellished portions are extremely attractive: the style is elegant, and unaffected, and the views of the Noble Poet's successes and misgivings are alike taken in a masterly spirit of talent and impartiality; neither is there any attempt to exalt the glory of the one nor gloss over or unjustly palliate the extent of the other. Anecdote, point, and humour, sparkle in almost every page, except where the reverses of the poet's life throw around other feelings; and even when these prevail, the subdued tone of their melancholy mingles with the brighter scenes—thus forming such an assemblage of lights and shadows, as none but a master-hand could bring together.

The present volume extends but to the year 1816; the last seven years being intended to occupy a similar extent; and the whole is dedicated, in excellent taste, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. We have assembled our Notes and Selections from the portion before us, under distinct heads, so as to illustrate certain points of character with more vigour than, in our opinion, could be done by scattered passages; and with this slight explanation, we commence our very grateful task by a portion of the Preface:]

In presenting these volumes to the public I should have felt, I own, considerable diffidence, from a sincere distrust in my own powers of doing justice to such a task, were I not well convinced that there is in the subject itself, and in the rich variety of materials here brought to illustrate it, a degree of attraction and interest which it would be difficult, even for hands the most unskilful, to extinguish.

* * * *

What has been said of Petrarch, that "his correspondence and verses together afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the poet is always identified with the man," will be found applicable, in a far greater degree, to Lord Byron, in whom the literary and the personal character were so closely interwoven, that to have left his works without the instructive commentary which his Life and Correspondence afford, would have been equally an injustice both to himself and to the world.

BIRTH.

In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

FIRST SCHOOL.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school at

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Aberdeen, taught by Mr. Bowers,* and remained there, with some interruptions, during a twelvemonth, as appears by the following extract from the day-book of the school:—

"George Gordon Byron.
19th November, 1792.
19th November, 1793 — paid one guinea."

The terms of this school for reading were only five shillings a quarter, and it was evidently less with a view to the boy's advance in learning than as a cheap mode of keeping him quiet that his mother had sent him to it. Of the progress of his infantine studies at Aberdeen, as well under Mr. Bowers as under the various other persons that instructed him, we have the following interesting particulars communicated by himself, in a sort of journal which he once began, under the title of "My Dictionary," and which is preserved in one of his manuscript books.

"For several years of my earliest childhood, I was in that city, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent, at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr. Bowers, who was called '*Bodsy* Bowers,' by reason of his dapperness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables ('God made man'—'Let us love him') by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks (*East*, I think.) Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history*, and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's grammar, and continued till I went to the 'Grammar School' (*Scoticè*, 'Schule;' *Aberdonicè*, 'Squeel') where I threaded all the classes to the *fourth*, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city; I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar-school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in England, the fifth, sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters."

EARLY RELIGIOUS HABITS.

His nurse taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds—"Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak, as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796." * * * * *

The most remarkable of his (early) poems is one of a date prior to any I have given, being written in December, 1806, when he was not yet nineteen

* In Long Acre. The present master of this school is Mr. David Grant, the ingenious editor of a collection of "Battles and War-Pieces," and of a work of much utility entitled "Class-Book of Modern Poetry."

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years old. It contains, as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

"THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

"FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear:—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of Æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

"BYRON."

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth, he thus continues;—

'Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heav'n:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's Throne;—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die. 1807."

EARLY POEMS.

[These Germs will be read with peculiar interest:]

—It was about this period (1798) according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows:—An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.—and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

"In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green
As curst an old lady as ever was seen?
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his "first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later; but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to be worth preserving. * * *

It was probably during one of the vacations of this year (1800) that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory

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of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. "My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completelyGreek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve; she rather older—perhaps a year. She died a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one.

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest—; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

* * * * *

From these letters (1806) it will be perceived that Lord Byron was already engaged in preparing a collection of his Poems for the press. The idea of printing them first occurred to him in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visits to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the Poems of Burns, when young Byron said that "he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote those lines, beginning "In thee I fondly hoped to clasp," which were printed in his first unpublished volume, but are not contained in the editions that followed. He also repeated to her the verses I have already referred to, "When in the hall my father's voice," so remarkable for the anticipations of his future fame that glimmer through them.

From this moment, the desire of appearing in print took entire possession of him;—though, for the present, his ambition did not extend its views beyond a small volume for private circulation. The person to whom fell the honour of receiving his first manuscripts was Ridge, the bookseller, at Newark; and while the work was printing, the young author continued to pour fresh materials into his hands, with the same eagerness and rapidity that marked the progress of all his maturer works.

SCHOOL FAVOURITES.

[Of school and college friendships (to whose influence may be traced much of the formation of character) there are many delightful sketches. One of them follows:]

—It will be seen, by the extracts from his memorandum-book which I have given, that Mr. Peel was one of his contemporaries at Harrow; and the following interesting anecdote of an occurrence in which both were concerned, has been related to me by a friend of the latter gentleman, in whose words I shall endeavour, as nearly as possible, to give it.

While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant some few years older, whose name was * * * * * *, claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain: * * * * * * not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave, and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and, although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and

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with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if ****** would be pleased to tell him, "how many stripes he meant to inflict?" "Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?"—"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half!"

There is a mixture of simplicity and magnanimity in this little trait which is truly heroic; and, however we may smile at the friendships of boys, it is but rarely that the friendship of manhood is capable of anything half so generous.

EARLY TASTE FOR THE DRAMA.

[From his lordship's early love of the stage Mr. Moore draws an ingenious inference:]

—We have already seen that, at Harrow, his talent for declamation was the only one by which Lord Byron was particularly distinguished, and in one of his note-books he adverts, with evident satisfaction, both to his school displays and to the share which he took in these representations at Southwell:—

"When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides 'Harrow Speeches' (in which I shone,) I enacted Penruddock, in the 'Wheel of Fortune,' and Tristram Fickle in Allingham's farce of the 'Weathercock,' for three nights (the duration of our compact,) in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience."

It may, perhaps, not be altogether trifling to observe, that, in thus personating with success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects to the world;—the gloom of Penruddock, and the whim of Tristram, being types, as it were of the two extremes, between which his own character, in after-life, so singularly vibrated.

TASTE FOR BOXING.

[Of eccentricity of character here is another illustration:]

—Beattie tells us, of his ideal poet,—

"The exploits of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring."

But far different were the tastes of the real poet, Byron;—and, among the least romantic, perhaps, of the exercises in which he took delight was that of boxing, or sparring. This taste it was that, at a very early period, brought him acquainted with the distinguished professor of that art, Mr. Jackson, for whom he continued through life to entertain the sincerest regard,—one of his latest works containing a most cordial tribute not only to the professional, but social qualities of this sole prop and ornament of pugilism.* During his stay at Brighton this year, Jackson was one of his most constant visiters,—the expense of the professor's chaise thither and back being always defrayed by his noble patron. He also honoured with his notice, at this time, D'Egville, the ballet-master, and Grimaldi, to the latter of whom he sent, as I understand, on one of his benefit-nights, a present of five guineas.

Having been favoured by Mr. Jackson with copies of the few notes and letters, which he has preserved out of the many addressed to him by Lord Byron, I shall here lay before the reader one or two, which bear the date of the present year, and which, though referring to matters of no interest in themselves, give, perhaps, a better notion of the actual life and habits of the young poet, at this time, than could be afforded by the most elaborate and, in other respects, important correspondence. They will show, at least, how very little akin to romance were the early pursuits and associates of the author of Childe Harold, and, combined with what we know of the still less romantic youth of Shakspeare, prove how unhurt the vital principle of genius can preserve itself even in atmospheres apparently the most ungenial and noxious to it.

TO MR. JACKSON.

"*N. A. Notts. Sept.* 18, 1808.

"Dear Jack,—I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40, Sloane-square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

"I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by

* "I refer to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq. Professor of Pugilism, who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour and athletic, as well as mental, accomplishments."—*Note on Don Juan, Canto* 2.

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no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

"Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by ——, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr. Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack, &c."

IN PARLIAMENT.

I AM enabled to add, from his own report in one of his note-books, the particulars of the short conversation which he held with the Lord Chancellor on the occasion of his taking his seat: —

"When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologized to me for the delay, observing 'that these forms were a part of his *duty*.' I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), 'Your lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb' (which was then being acted)—'you did your *duty*, and you did *no more*.'"

* * * * * * *

From his expressions in a letter to Mrs. Byron, that he must "do something in the House soon," as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr. Harness, it would appear that he had, at this time, serious thoughts of at once entering on the high political path, which his station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movements of his ambition in this direction, they were soon relinquished. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, would have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a signal instance of that transmuting process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though, whether luckily for himself may be questioned), the brighter empire of poesy was destined to claim him all its own. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at this period, left destitute, as he was, of all those sanctions and sympathies, by which youth, at its first start, is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where it is chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking an active part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremony of his attendance among them as irksome and mortifying; and, in a few days after his admission to his seat, he withdrew himself in disgust to the seclusion of his own Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the scenes and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

HIS MELANCHOLY.

[THESE passages are from various parts of the work, and exhibit the master-passion in its various stages:]

—While thus prematurely broken into the pains of life, a no less darkening effect was produced upon him by too early an initiation into its pleasures. That charm with which the fancy of youth invests an untried world was, in his case, soon dissipated. His passions had, at the very onset of their career, forestalled the future; and the blank void that followed was by himself considered as one of the causes of that melancholy, which now settled so deeply into his character.

"My passions" (he says, in his "Detached Thoughts,") "were developed very early—so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts,—having anticipated life. My earlier poems are the thoughts of one at least ten years older than the age at which they were written—I don't mean for their solidity, but their experience. The two first Cantos of Childe Harold were completed at twenty-two; and they are written as if by a man older than I shall probably ever be."

Among the causes — if not rather among the results—of that disposition to melancholy, which, after all, perhaps, naturally belonged to his temperament, must not be forgotten those sceptical views of religion, which clouded, as has been shown, his boyish thoughts, and, at the time of which I am speaking, gathered still more darkly over his mind. In general, we find the young too ardently occupied with the enjoyments

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which this life gives or promises to afford either leisure or inclination for much inquiry into the mysteries of the next. But with him it was unluckily otherwise; and to have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but "clouds and darkness" beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

* * * * * *

Of the same date with this melancholy letter (1811) are the following verses, never before printed, which he wrote in answer to some lines received from a friend, exhorting him to be cheerful, and to "banish care." They will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, he reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors, present and to come.

"*Newstead Abbey, October* 11, 1811.

"'Oh' banish care'—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and 'banish care.'
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou would'st hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.
'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
Twould suit Philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain,
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave,—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less
But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore,
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's 'May is in the Sere,'
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom Love nor Pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern Ambition's pride,
Perchance not Blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know*—and, *knowing*, pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause."

The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark "sublime he drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find, in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil.

Again, in a Journal:—

"People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have wondered at my personal gaiety. But I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon her remarking my high spirits,) 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and mis-called melancholy—you must have seen how falsely, frequently?'—'No, Byron,' she answered, 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest.'"

HIS SONG—"MAID OF ATHENS."

In addition to all the magic of its names and scenes, the city of Minerva possessed another sort of attraction for the poet, to which, wherever he went, his heart, or rather his imagination, was but too sensible. His pretty song, "Maid of Athens, ere we part," is said to have been addressed to the eldest daughter of the Greek lady at whose house he lodged: and that the fair Athenian, when he composed these verses, may have been the tenant, for the time being, of his fancy, is highly possible. Theodora Macri, his hostess, was the widow of the late English vice-consul, and derived a livelihood from letting, chiefly to English travellers, the apartments which Lord Byron and his friend now occupied, and of which the latter gentleman gives us the following description:—"Our lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, opening into a courtyard where there were five or six lemon-trees, from which, during our residence in the place, was

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plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf, and other national dishes served up at our frugal table."

HIS LAMENESS.

THE malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, (eight years) a subject on which he showed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, "What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!" Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently and even jestingly of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, "Come and see the twa laddies with twa club feet going up the Broad-street." * * * * * * *

He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her."—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed—"Look there!—it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.

DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

[CONNECTED with this event are several interesting particulars: a few will suffice:]—

To Dr. Pigot.

"*Newport Pagnell, August* 2, 1811.

"My Dear Doctor,

—"My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death.—Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation.—I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, 'That we can only have *one* mother.'—Peace be with her! I have to thank you for your expressions of regard, and as in six weeks I shall be in Lancashire on business, I may extend to Liverpool and Chester—at least I shall endeavour."

It can hardly have escaped the observation of the reader, that the general tone of the noble poet's correspondence with his mother is that of a son, performing, strictly and conscientiously, what he deems to be his duty, without the intermixture of any sentiment of cordiality to sweeten the task. The very title of "Madam," by which he addresses her—and which he but seldom exchanges for the endearing name of "mother." * * * * * *

But, however estranged from her his feelings must be allowed to have been while she lived, her death seems to have restored them into their natural channel. Whether from a return of early fondness and the all-atoning power of the grave, or from the prospect of that void in his future life, which the loss of his only link with the past would leave, it is certain that he felt the death of his mother acutely, if not deeply. On the night after his arrival at Newstead, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the deceased lady lay, heard a sound, as of some one sighing heavily from within; and, on entering the chamber, found, to her surprise, Lord Byron sitting, in the dark, beside the bed. On her representing to him the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!"

While his real thoughts were thus confided to silence and darkness, there was, in other parts of his conduct more open to observation, a degree of eccentricity and indecorum which, with superficial observers, might well bring the sensibility of his nature into question. On the morning of the funeral, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off;—then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He

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was silent and abstracted all the time, and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but, at last—the struggle seeming too much for him—he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room.

LOVE OF SOLITUDE.

UNPROMISING as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection, by which alone the "diamond quarries" of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy, at Harrow, he had shown this disposition strongly—being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard, give himself up, for hours, to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and, had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him, solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all-important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts, which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first "glimpses of his glorious mind." One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his "Memoranda," was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards, on his pages, into those clear, bright pictures, which will endure for ever.

Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang round the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his own power, these openings into a new domain of intellect where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that, even yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow-traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and a burthen on him; and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shore of the little island in the Ægean that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even, when in the company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

The strong interest which—in spite of his assumed philosophy on this subject, in Childe Harold—he took in every thing connected with a life of warfare, found frequent opportunities of gratification, not only on board the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in his occasional intercourse with the soldiers of the country. At Salora, a solitary place on the Gulf of Arta, he once passed two or three days, lodged in a small miserable barrack. Here, he lived the whole time, familiarly, among the soldiers; and a picture of the singular scene which their evenings presented—of those wild, half-bandit warriors, seated round the young poet, and examining, with savage admiration, his fine Manton gun and English sword—might be contrasted, but too touchingly, with another and a later picture of the same poet dying, as a chieftain, on the same land, with Suliotes for his guards and all Greece for his mourners.

MEETING WITH MR. MOORE.

[WE have not space for the circumstances in which his acquaintance with Mr. Moore originated. Towards the close of their explanation occurs the following:]—

—It was, at first, intended by Mr. Rogers that his company at dinner should not extend beyond Lord Byron and myself; but Mr. Thomas Campbell, having called upon our host that morning, was invited to join the party, and consented. Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions; while he, on his side, for the first time, found himself in the society of persons, whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams and to two of whom he looked up with that tributary admiration,

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which youthful genius is ever ready to pay to its precursors.

Among the impressions which this meeting left upon me, what I chiefly remember to have remarked was the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manners, and—what was, naturally, not the least attraction—his marked kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the colour, as well of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, and picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, when he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character, when in repose.

As we had none of us been apprized of his peculiarities with respect to food, the embarrassment of our host was not a little, on discovering that there was nothing upon the table which his noble guest could eat or drink. Neither meat, fish, nor wine would Byron touch; and of biscuits and soda-water, which he asked for, there had been, unluckily, no provision. He professed, however, to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar; and of these meagre materials contrived to make rather a hearty dinner.

HIS EARLY FAME.

[The effect of his first fame as a poet is thus beautifully described by his biographer, and further in one of his letters:]

—Altogether, taking into consideration the various points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted, that never did there exist before, and, it is most probable, never will exist again, a combination of such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with so many other of those advantages and attractions, by which the world is, in general, dazzled and captivated. The effect was, accordingly, electric;—his fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his Memoranda,—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; and, as the echoes of its reputation multiplied on all sides, "Childe Harold" and "Lord Byron" became the theme of every tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of the day presented themselves,—some of them persons whom he had much wronged in his Satire, but who now forgot their resentment in generous admiration. From morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table,—from the grave tributes of the statesman and the philosopher down to, (what flattered him still more) the romantic billet of some *incognita*, or the pressing note of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and, in place of the desert which London had been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of high life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.

LADY BYRON.

[Upon this influential incident of the poet's life, there is much interesting information:]—

—The first mention of Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron, occurs "November 30, 1813."

"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! —without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician—and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.

* * * * * *

In the extracts from his journal, there is a passage that cannot fail to have been remarked, where, in speaking of his admiration of some lady, whose name he has himself left blank, the noble writer says—"a wife would be the salvation of me." It was under this conviction, which not only himself, but some of his friends entertained, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced, about a year before, to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage—at least, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned—and chiefly, I believe, by the advice and intervention of his friend Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand of a relative of that lady, Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal; a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each

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ether, and a correspondence—somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, inasmuch as love was not the subject of it—ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady; but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love either felt or professed.*

In the mean time, new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against their recurrence. There were, indeed, in the interval between Miss Milbanke's refusal and acceptance of him, two or three other young women of rank who, at different times, formed the subject of his matrimonial dreams. In the society of one of these, whose family had long honoured me with their friendship, he and I passed much of our time, during this and the preceding spring; and it will be found that, in a subsequent part of his correspondence, he represents me as having entertained an anxious wish that he should so far cultivate my fair friend's favour as to give a chance, at least, of matrimony being the result.

* * * * * *

[To a certain extent, Mr. Moore acknowledges the justice of this representation.] But (continues he) in taking for granted (as it will appear he did from one of his letters) that I entertained any decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous—but still possible and glorious—achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as, in theory, I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood, risked in the experiment.

* * * * * *

The "circumstance of importance," to which he alludes in a letter (September, 1814), was his second proposal for Miss Milbanke, of which he was now waiting the result. His own account, in his memoranda, of the circumstances that led to this step is, in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, as follows:—A person, who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected—remarking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done;—and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter,—but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter—it is a pity it should not go: I never read a prettier one." "Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate. * * * * *

Next is a letter to Mr. Moore, dated "Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20th, 1814.

> "Here's to her who long
> Hath waked the poet's sigh!
> The girl who gave to song
> What gold could never buy.

"My dear Moore—I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted,* and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be) *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of

* The reader has already seen what Lord Byron himself says, in his Journal, on this subject:—"What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side," &c. &c.

* On the day of the arrival of the lady's answer, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring." It *did* contain a very flattering acceptance of his proposal and a duplicate of the letter had been sent to London, in case this should have missed him.—*Memoranda.*

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all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady; and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and got a blue coat.

"She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not inquire; but I do know that she has talents and excellent qualities, and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

"Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the mean time, I tell you (a *secret*, by the bye—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed, and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow; but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

"If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better. "Ever, &c."

* * * * * *

[In another letter, dated October 18, he says]—

"I hope Hodgson is in a fair way on the same voyage—I saw him and his idol at Hastings. I wish he would be married at the same time. I should like to make a party,—like people electrified in a row, by (or rather through) the same chain, holding one another's hands, and all feeling the shock at once. I have not yet apprized him of this. He makes such a serious matter of all these things, and is so 'melancholy and gentleman-like,' that it is quite overcoming to us choice spirits. * * * * *

"They say one shouldn't be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one—that's flat. I hate it." * *

On his arrival in town, he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2nd of January, 1815, was married.

"I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude: and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him: he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light,—
What business had they there at such a time?"

This touching picture agrees so closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his memoranda, that I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down—he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the by-standers, to find that he was—married.

The same morning the wedded pair left Seaham for Halnaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride—"Miss Milbanke, are you ready?"—a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."

It is right to add, that I quote these slight details from memory, and am alone answerable for any inaccuracy there may be found in them.

THE SEPARATION.

[On the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. we quote a few passages from the noble poet's letter, and Mr. Moore's "Notices."]

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"This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull fellow. Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 contradictory contemplations, though with but one object in view, which will probably end in nothing, as most things we wish do. But never mind—as somebody says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.' I only could be glad if it bent over me where it is a little bluer; like the 'skyish top of blue Olympus,' which, by the way, looked very white when I last saw it.

"Ever, &c."

On reading over the foregoing letter,* I was much struck by the tone of melancholy that pervaded it; and well knowing it to be the habit of the writer's mind to seek relief, when under the pressure of any disquiet or disgust, in that sense of freedom which told him that there were homes for him elsewhere, I could perceive, I thought, in his recollections of the "blue Olympus," some return of this restless and roving spirit, which unhappiness or impatience always called up in his mind. I had, indeed, at the time when he sent me those melancholy verses, "There's not a joy this world can give," &c. felt some vague apprehensions as to the mood into which his spirits were then sinking, and, in acknowledging the receipt of the verses, tried to banter him out of it.

My absence from London during the whole of this year had deprived me of all opportunites of judging for myself how far the appearances of his domestic state gave promise of happiness; nor had any rumours reached me which at all inclined me to think that the course of his married life hitherto exhibited less smoothness than such unions,—on the surface, at least,—generally wear. The strong and affectionate terms in which, soon after the marriage, he had, in some of the letters I have given, declared his own happiness—a declaration which his known frankness left me no room to question—had, in no small degree, tended to still those apprehensions which my first view of the lot he had chosen for himself awakened. I could not, however, but observe that these indications of a contented heart soon ceased. His mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal, and there was observable, I thought, through some of his letters a feeling of unquiet and weariness that brought back all those gloomy anticipations with which I had, from the first, regarded his fate. This last letter of his, in particular, struck me as full of sad omen.

* Ours is but a brief extract; the whole is in a melancholy tone.

It was in a few weeks after this latter communication between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time after to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the last year (there having been no less than eight or nine executions in his house within that period,) had arrived at their utmost; and at a moment when, to use his own strong expressions, he was "standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him," he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness had parted with him—for ever. * * *

As, from the state of their means, his lady and he saw but little society, his only relief from the thoughts which a life of such embarrassment brought with it was in those avocations which his duty, as a member of the Drury-lane Committee, imposed upon him.—And here,—in this most unlucky connexion with the theatre,—one of the fatalities of his short year of trial, as a husband, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the sort of reckless and boyish levity to which—often in very "bitterness of soul"—he gave way, it was not difficult to bring suspicion upon some of those acquaintances which his frequent intercourse with the green-room induced him to form, or even (as, in one instance, was the case) to connect with his name injuriously that of a person to whom he had scarcely ever addressed a single word.

Notwithstanding, however, this ill-starred concurrence of circumstances, which might have palliated any excesses either of temper or conduct into which they drove him, it was, after all, I am persuaded, to no such serious causes that the unfortunate alienation, which so soon ended in disunion, is to be traced. "In all the marriages I have ever seen," says Steele, "most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions;" and to this remark the marriage at pre-

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sent under our consideration would not be found, I think, on inquiry, to furnish much exception. Lord Byron himself, indeed, when at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, seems to have expressed, in a few words, the whole pith of the mystery. An English gentleman with whom he was conversing on the subject of Lady Byron, having ventured to enumerate to him the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all,—"the causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out."

In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation,—the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain, as the world knows, of tenderest eulogy,—are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. It was not till afterwards that, in both bosoms, the repulsive force came into operation,—when, to the party which had taken the first decisive step in the strife, it became naturally a point of pride to persevere in it with dignity, and this unbendingness provoked, as naturally, in the haughty spirit of the other, a strong feeling of resentment which overflowed, at last, in acrimony and scorn. If there be any truth, however, in the principle that "they never pardon who have done the wrong," Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to reconciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of agression. * * * * *

In those memoirs (or, more properly, memoranda) of the noble poet, which it was thought expedient, for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady till his own departure, after the breach, from England. In truth, though the title of "Memoirs," which he himself sometimes gave to that manuscript, conveys the idea of a complete and regular piece of biography, it was to this particular portion of his life that the work was principally devoted; while the anecdotes, having reference to other parts of his career, not only occupied a very disproportionate space in its pages, but were most of them such as are found repeated in the various journals and other MSS. he left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of that narrative, was the melancholy playfulness—melancholy, from the wounded feeling so visible through its pleasantry—with which events unimportant and persons uninteresting, in almost every respect but their connexion with such a man's destiny, were detailed and described in it. Frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it was, to say the least, favourable to him;—though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion, which I have already intimated to be my own, that, neither in kind nor degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages.

HIS BENEVOLENCE.

[From several instances of his benevolence we quote the following:]—

—Notwithstanding the ruinous state of his pecuniary affairs (1816), the resolution which the poet had formed not to avail himself of the profits of his works still continued to be held sacred by him, and the sum thus offered for the copyright of the Siege of Corinth and Parisina was, as we see, refused and left untouched in the publisher's hands. It happened that, at this time, a well-known and eminent writer on political science had been, by some misfortune, reduced to pecuniary embarrassment; and the circumstance having become known to Mr. Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, it occurred to them that a part of the sum thus unappropriated by Lord Byron could not be better bestowed than in relieving the necessities of this gentleman. The suggestion was no sooner conveyed to the noble poet, than he proceeded to act upon it, and the following letter to Mr. Rogers refers to his intentions:—

"*February 20th*, 1816.

"I wrote to you hastily this morning by Murray, to say that I was glad to do as Mackintosh and you suggested about Mr. * *. It occurs to me now, that as I have never seen Mr. * * but once, and consequently have no claim to his acquaintance, that you or Sir J. had better arrange it with him in such a manner as may be least offensive to his feelings, and so as not to have the appearance of officiousness nor obtrusion on my part. I hope you will be able to do this, as I should be very sorry to do any thing by him that may be deemed indelicate. The sum Murray offered and offers was

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and is one thousand and fifty pounds: this I refused before, because I thought it more than the two things were worth to Murray, and from other objections, which are of no consequence. I have, however, closed with M., in consequence of Sir J.'s and your suggestion, and propose the sum of six hundred pounds to be transferred to Mr. * *, in such manner as may seem best to your friend: the remainder I think of for other purposes.

"As Murray has offered the money down for the copyrights, it may be done directly. I am ready to sign and seal immediately, and perhaps it had better not be delayed. I shall feel very glad if it can be of any use to * *: only don't let him be plagued, nor think himself obliged, and all that, which makes people hate one another.

"Yours, very truly, "B."

In his mention here of other "purposes," he refers to an intention which he had of dividing the residue of the sum between two other gentlemen of literary celebrity, equally in want of such aid, Mr. Maturin and Mr. * *. The whole design, however, though entered into with the utmost sincerity on the part of the noble poet, ultimately failed.

SHERIDAN.

[A few anecdotical notices* of this master-spirit are occasionally introduced. Thus, in one of his journals, Lord Byron says:—]

"Sheridan's liking for me (whether he was not mistifying me, I do not know, but Lady Caroline Lamb and others told me that he said the same both before and after he knew me) was founded upon 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' He told me that he did not care about poetry (or about mine—at least, any but *that* poem of mine), but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, I should make an orator, If, I would but take to speaking, and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr. Drury, had the same notion when I was a *boy;* but it was never my turn of inclination to try." * * * * *

"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when *he* talked, and *we* listened, without one yawn, from six till one in the morning.

"*March* 10*th*, *Thor's Day.*

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Horne Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when *I*, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's,—where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stock-jobbing hoaxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has *yet* a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the redhot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the *old* ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchanceté.*"

The following is also related in one of his Journals.

"When the bailiff (for I have seen most kinds of life) came upon me in 1815 to seize my chattels (being a peer of parliament, my person was beyond him,) being curious (as is my habit,) I first asked him 'what extents elsewhere he had for government?' upon which he showed me one upon *one house only* for *seventy thousand pounds!* Next I asked him if he had nothing for Sheridan? 'Oh—Sheridan!' said he; 'ay, I have this' (pulling out a pocket book, &c.;) 'but, my lord, I have been in Sheridan's house a twelvemonth at a time—a civil gentleman—knows how to deal with *us*,' &c. &c. &c. Our own business was then discussed, which was none of the easiest for me at that time. But the man was civil, and (what I valued more) communicative. I had met many of his brethren, years before, in affairs of my friends (commoners, that is,) but this was the first (or second) on my own account.—A civil man; fee'd accordingly: probably he anticipated as much."

* Part of these are from Journals and others from Letters to Mr. Moore.

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[We have wept and smiled on reading the following :—]

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently: he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least to my face, and he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poet's also; I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down) of good fame and ability.

"The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Elliot's, where he was as quick as ever—no, it was not the last time; the last time was at Douglas Kinnaird's.

"I have met him in all places and parties—at Whitehall, with the Melbournes, at the Marquess of Tavistock's, at Robins's the auctioneer's, at Sir Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Rogers's—in short, in most kinds of company, and always found him very convivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times. It may be that he was maudlin; but this only renders it more impressive, for who would see

'From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expire a driveller and a show?'

Once I saw him cry at Robins's the auctioneer's, after a splendid dinner, full of great names and high spirits. I had the honour of sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whigs in resisting office and keeping to their principles. Sheridan turned round:—'Sir, it is easy for my Lord G., or Earl G., or Marquess B., or Lord H., with thousands upon thousands a year, some of it either *presently* derived, or *inherited* in sinecure or acquisitions from the public money, to boast of their patriotism, and keep aloof from temptation; but they do not know from what temptation those have kept aloof who had equal pride, at least equal talents, and not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not, in the course of their lives what it was to have a shilling of their own.' And in saying this he wept.

"I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contrived to extract a good many of other people's.

In 1815, I had occasion to visit my lawyer, in Chancery-lane: he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c., Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring *that* of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine merchant, my client.'—'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?'—'Nothing at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have us proceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation.

"Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the laws, and some justice, on his side), out of the window, had he come in at the moment.

"Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.

"One day I saw him take up his own 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted upon the Dedication to the Dowager Lady * *. On seeing it, he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a d—d canting,' &c. &c. &c. and so went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous.

"He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his School for Scandal, he was knocked down and put into the watch-house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

The Volume concludes as follows:—On a scrap of paper, in his handwriting, dated April 14th, 1816, I find the following list of his attendants, with an annexed outline of his projected tour: "*Servants*, — Berger, a Swiss, William Fletcher, and Robert Rushton.——John William Polidori, M.D.——Swisserland, Flanders, Italy, and (perhaps) France." The two English servants, it will be observed, were the same "yeoman" and "page" who had set out with him on his youthful travels in 1809; and now—for the second and last time taking leave of his country—on the 25th of April he sailed for Ostend.

END OF VOL. I.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 412.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1830. [Price 2d.

Hougomont, on the Field of Waterloo.

A CORRESPONDENT has furnished us with the original of the above Engraving. It is a spirited pencil sketch, and deserves perpetuating in a less perishable form, as a memento of one of the most splendid triumphs of modern warfare. Lord Byron, on visiting this spot, remained "silent, pensive, and in a musing mood;" and another master-mind of the age "seemed greatly delighted with the Farm of Goumont, where he loitered a couple of hours:" in thanking our Correspondent for his sketch, we must compliment, therefore, his good taste on attaching importance and interest to the spot.

It will not be necessary to go through the details of the battle of Waterloo, to illustrate our Engraving. Sir Walter Scott* mentions it as an "old-fashioned Flemish villa, called Goumont, or Hougomont, in the midst of the valley, surrounded with gardens, offices, and a wood, about two acres in extent, of tall beech trees." Its relative position must be remembered by every one who has read (and who has not read?) a description of the ever-memorable battle, so that we only subjoin our Correspondent's brief accompaniment to the sketch:—

"The above is from a sketch (taken in 1827) of Hougomont, celebrated as being the post so strenuously contended for by the opposing armies at Waterloo. It consisted of a farm-house, with numerous offices, an old tower, a chapel, and a garden, partly enclosed by a strong brick wall. Napoleon attached so much importance to this position, that it was here he commenced the engagement, by a vigorous attack with a force of 30,000 men, but was driven back with great loss. During the whole of the day it was furiously and incessantly assailed by large and reinforced bodies of the enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended to the last by the British. Guns were brought to a height on the right of the position, which enfiladed it, and caused great loss; but although they succeeded in setting fire to part of the buildings, they did not obtain any advantage. On one occasion only, in a most determined attack, an officer, with a few men, gained admittance to the farm-yard, by the gate represented, when they were immediately cut to pieces."

It is a remarkable circumstance that the pigeon-house, shewn in the left side of the sketch, did not receive a single shot.

* Life of Napoleon, vol. viii.

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THE VILLAGE CHATTERTON:

A PROVINCIAL PORTRAIT:

WITH VIGNETTES OF THE LOCALITY.

(For the Mirror.)

Frankland.—The youth you land,
I always thought a sullen, silent boy,
Whose bootless vanity did ill consort
With village breeding.
Old Severity.—It was his genius you mistook for pride.
I saw, but could not curb, his bent at school:
Commercial science had no lure for him;
But, spite of chastisement, his hours he spent
In idly sketching ruin'd windows, walls,
And to his playmates pertly would he prate
Of *Leland's* progress, and of *Camden's* rise;
Feeding his fancy with old, musty books.
The Schoolmaster.

HAD I the crayonic powers of the American Irving, to blend, felicitously, the humorous with the pathetic, and give to each little characteristic, each prominent peculiarity, its "own particular hue;" or could I catch a portion of that spirit which animated the satirical Fielding, or emulate the fancy of the pictorial Goldsmith; or were I engifted with the Promethean art of that Michael Angelo of literature, Sir Walter Scott, then should this picture of my romantic and incomparable friend, and his "delightful home," exist for ever — its colouring should *never* fade, but bloom immortal, as the hues of Guido, and the tints of Titian. But, as it is, I have dared too much; and the reader must take a meagre etching as an apology for a finished painting: its imperfections partly resulting from a long and constrained absence from the scenes referred to; and that fancy which was wont to walk amidst a heaven of antiquity, being involved in the pursuits of the city—

"Which naught of nature hath but the blue sky,
And the throng'd river, sweeping to the main."

Young Mardyn is one of those characters which we often find in the obscurity of a village: whose genius, if happily fostered and directed, would have been pre-eminent in the annals of learning and science; but who, after living a life of heartless and uncongenial solitude, leave only their "memento mori" in the biographical essay of a country newspaper, descanting on "what they might have been," had fortune been less severe in shaping out their course.

Versatile as are the talents of the Village Chatterton, his pursuits are no less eminently so: historian, antiquary, and horticulturist: he can boast of an efficiency seldom surpassed in each of these departments. Possessing an address which, cameleon-like, changes instinctively — accommodating its tones, and gestures and language, to all classes, he is equally successful in eliciting favour: whether by presenting "the finest cucumber of the season" to some wealthy old maid—transmitting to the squire for inspection a newly-discovered lachrymatory, with copious description—or slyly bartering with some simple "Strap" for the purchase of a Saxon coin. A secluded boyhood, passed in the most rich and romantic part of that county which Lady Morgan has denominated "the old feudal territory of Yorkshire," gave an early prominency to his passion for the antique. His precocious imagination was fostered and matured by the combined situations and circumstances in which he was placed. His father was master of the only respectable academy in the town; and under him young Mardyn imbibed that knowledge which materially facilitated the flight of his genius. The ancient school-room, the scene of his father's duties, formed part of the noble church of St. Mary's—an edifice which kindled his infant idolatry, and led him to investigate its every accessible part, from the florid exterior of its crowned turrets, to the grotesque carving of its oaken roof; and many a discovery, or would-be discovery, was made by the Village Chatterton relative to this building. A small, and perhaps casual aperture, in a wall which bounded the flight of steps leading from the chancel to the school, he described to be a niche where the penance-performing monk deposited his lamp, when descending to the cold

* The composition of this paper, founded on actual incident, was suggested by the perusal of Mr. Cobbett's comments on the Shakspeare forgery, by Young Ireland, as they appeared in a recent No. of "Advice to Young Men." We would beg leave to remind Mr. Cobbett, that the task he has essayed to accomplish is one of no ordinary difficulty; and that in asserting that Shakspeare did nothing but what may be achieved by any young man of perseverance and industry, he is only furnishing an hypothesis for those coxcombs of literature who are ever on the alert to discover "some new thing." Mr. Ireland's imitations in the character of the *mocking-bird* to "the sweet swan of Avon," no more prove the want of genius in the original melodist, than the unacknowledged citation of Mr. Cobbett's opinions by a member of the upper house prove him to be destitute of the capacity for invention. We would also suggest, that a politician turning round on poetry, bears no unapt simile to the constructor of the complex machinery of a steam-engine, dallying away his time in the more ignoble pursuit of dissecting birds and butterflies. Heaping calumnies on the memory of Shakspeare is little calculated to enhance a fame already established. We have somewhere read of the passion for notoriety being so strongly predominant in the breast of a courtier of one of the Cæsars, that on one occasion he was tempted, when in the topmost gallery of the Coliseum, with his imperial master, to dash him down headlong; and thus secure a place in history. But Mr. Cobbett needs no such immortality; his own great natural talents will "discourse of him to the world," without being coupled with the deprecation of those of another.

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and silent cell to inflict his self-tortures. Even the edifice itself, by his industry and research, was discovered to have been, originally, a chantry, to which was superadded a splendid and lofty nave—transforming the original into a north aisle, where, subsequently, masses were sung for the soul of its departed founder. His heraldic gleanings threw considerable light upon the history of the patrons of this church: their crusading zeal he demonstrated by the blazoning of solitary shields, with *cross moline* and escallop shells, rudely chiselled on the wasting buttresses, or indefinitely traced on perishing glass, seared by the breath of time. In sooth, there was nothing, however hidden, of which his investigation did not take cognizance, which could at all account for the appearances of the present by affording reference to the annals of the past, as they stood in connexion with the destinies of his native valley; and here we may as well glance at the interesting objects and localities so profusely scattered around him.

Within from ten to thirty miles of his home, are the ruins of Fountains, Rievaulx, Byland, Mountgrace, Jervans, and Hode abbeys; the remains and sites of the castles of Upsal, anciently the patrimony of the Scroops; Thirsk, the inheritance of the Norman and extinct family of the Mowbrays; Topcliffe, once the residence of the Percys, distinguished by its beautiful pleasure-grounds, and as the scene of the sixth Earl's murder (who commanded for Richard III., at Bosworth Fields), in the reign of Henry VII. This castle was situated on "the ripe of the Swale," says Camden, a river held sacred by the Saxons, from the circumstance of the Roman missionary, Paulinus, having there baptised ten thousand men in one day, from which event this river received the appellation of "the Jordan of England;" Helmsley, belonging to the Roos, eminent in monastic history; Sheriff Hutton, noted for its incarceration of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VII.; Northallerton, where was fought the sanguinary battle of the Standard, described by Camden and others; Knaresborough, whose mossy walls survived even the later broils of civil contest, situate in a neighbourhood of no less interest than that excited by the crime of Eugene Aram—where St. Robert's Cave, the Dropping Well, and the scenery of the placid Nidd, attract so many visiters; and Mount St. John, where was a preceptory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, founded by William Percy, in the reign of Henry I. Nearly every village in this delightful district possesses its Saxon or Gothic church, abounding with tombs and statues of crusading knights, crosses, antique fonts, piscinæ, stained glass, and monastic bells, abstracted from the spoils of the English Henry, and transferred, by their pious preservers, to these village sanctuaries. Another source of antiquarian enjoyment presented itself in the numerous halls and mansions of the surrounding squirearchy, replete with all the indications of the Elizabethan age—as oaken ceilings, tapestry, and pictures. Besides these vernacular antiquities, so promiscuously adorning the suburbs of young Mardyn's retreat, may be enumerated the Roman roads, intersecting those of modern date, and giving names to adjacent villages: York, the *Eboracum* of the Romans, and the burial-place of some of their Emperors, studded with towers, mounds, gateways, walls, and ramparts—the residue of warlike dwellings, or important fortifications. Nor were the several localities less famous in literary and historical importance. In the neighbourhood flourished the monkish writers Aelred, third abbot of Rievaulx, chronologist and biographer; and William of Newburgh, the celebrated historian, and canon of the priory of Newburgh; to the latter of whom the indefatigable Camden applies the epithets of "learned and diligent," and of whom Rapin says, that "he wrote better Latin than Matthew Paris, and fully equal to Eadmer and Malmsbury."—At Kirkby-Wiske was born the quaint and plodding preceptor of Queen Elizabeth, Roger Ascham, noted for his attachment to gaming and cock-fighting, and at whose death that calculating queen declared that she "would rather have lost a thousand pounds."—Coxwold, once the curacy and occasional retreat of Laurence Sterne, where, in one of his letters, he says, he spent his time in "writing 'Tristram Shandy', fidgetting, shooting, and sermonizing."—Skelton Castle, the dwelling of the witty Duke of Wharton, and the domicile where his nervous dread of the north-east wind was exemplified: a weakness so ridiculed by "the English Rousseau," that in addressing Wharton from Paris, he commences, "Eugenius, I am writing a crazy chapter, with my face turned towards thy turret."—Kirkby-Moorside, where still stands the house in which George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, expired, the description of which Pope miserably mutilates in his "Dunciad" *

* It *was not* "the worst inn's worst room" (as Pope has it) in which the wretched Villiers

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and from whence the Earl of Arran's letter, descriptive of that event, was dated: a document whose quaintness and originality entirely refutes the pretended letter from the Duke to Dr. Barrow, and proves it to be a shallow forgery.—Topcliffe, where Charles I. was delivered up to the Parliament, by the mercenary Scots—(hence it may be called "the only market in England for the sale of kings")—and where James VI. stopped a night, with his retinue, on coming to take possession of the English crown.

Whilst these vestiges and their various associations were furnishing matter for the pens of provincial authors, young Mardyn discovered that Mowbray's Vale, the scene of his hopes and happiness, and the *nucleus* of all this antiquarian interest, was without its historian. But the difficulties which beset the path of our young enthusiast were comprised in the fact of so much vagueness encompassing the meagre records which related to the monastic and baronial history of the vale of Mowbray. The principal castle, that of the Mowbrays, had totally disappeared; and little of it was known, save Camden's notice of it, in his time, "when there was naught left but the rampire:" and the quaint registries of "The Domes-day Book" were inadequate to the required definitions: which, with its barbarous Norman phraseology, was ill subservient to the views of an ardent panegyrist of antiquity. The castle of the Mowbrays was so considerable a building, as to be a guide to all the surrounding abbeys; but now the only ostensible remembrances of its magnitude and importance were the evening echoes of the curfew-bell, as they died away in faint and fitful sounds along the buried cells of its mounded site. What course was young Mardyn to take, in attempting a delineation of the form and fortunes of his favourite castle? One alternative suggested itself—*forgery!* The success of the wilful Chatterton, and the applause which attended young Ireland's "Shaksperean hoax," spurred him on to his attempt at literary imposition. The task of procuring paper of requisite texture and colour, and of manufacturing a peculiar ink, he considered too complex and hazardous, and he therefore decided on the *non-production* of his authority for pretended documents—simply, yet boldly, playing the professed copyist. He might, to be sure, have laid the scene of his documentary discovery at Byland Abbey, and have sworn the deposition of the MSS. to have been in the granite coffin of the "illustrious" Roger de Mowbray, whose relics were there disinterred after a six hundred years' oblivion; or, emulous of Chatterton, instead of palming the records on the public as those of a monk of St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol, he might have referred their concealment to St. Mary's, Thirsk, Yorkshire: for there was no oaken chest, panel, ceiling, or crevice, which that church contained with which he was unacquainted. But, adopting none of these plausibilities, he constructed a history of the castle in his own style: imitating, nevertheless, those writers of the cloistered school who sprang up within the fostering walls of lettered monasteries. With the seeming minuteness of actual survey he described the interior of the wassailing halls of Mowbray Castle; the banners, devices, and arms, which decorated their lofty walls; the immense winding staircases, the dungeoned keep, the spacious courtyard, and the disposition of its towers; adding to each description the extent of feet, which he had obtained by measurement of the well-marked site. He even carried his disquisitions so far as to describe the face of the country, woods, and buildings, which were perceptible from the high turrets of the castle. He defined the number of Mowbray's retainers; the movements and plans of the forces of Henry II.; the determination on the part of Mowbray to revolt; his speech to his vassals; the compassing of the castle by the royal beleagurers; and, lastly, Mowbray's discomfiture and capture. In all these several divisions of his subject, he preserved an especial appearance of monkish originality; and, unlike the paintings of the Minerva Press, the prevailing characteristic of his depictments was *probability*. Varying his manner and style, the interlocutory comments which he introduced were finely contrasted with the quaintness of the forgeries. If he quoted from Ossian, it was to produce effect by way of comparison. Referring to the warlike carousals of Mowbray and his vassals, the Gaelic bard was cited to heighten the imagery: "Night passed away in song; morning returned in joy: a thousand chiefs leaned forward from their seats to hear the voice of the bard."

It were useless to prolong this detail of young Mardyn's ingenuity. The work was printed on his responsibility.

breathed his last; the place having never been other than a *respectable farm-house*, occupied by one of the duke's tenants. With all reverence for the poetical charter, we think Pope ought to have been more correct in his satirical delineations

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of editorship, and published under the auspices of an antiquary of acknowledged capacity, a new and casual resident in the town, whose honoured name we might here repeat, were it not for the pensive recollection that time ("which hath an art," as Sir Thomas Browne says, "to make dust of all things") hath seen its venerable "chronicler" immured in the "narrow house." The book was published, and reviewed. The talented critic of the "N—— Magazine," not perceiving the hoax, quoted the history of the castle entire in his eulogistic review, dwelling particularly on the interest and value of the documents, and commending the work to provincial patronage! Every tongue wagged with expressions of congratulation at the discovery of such a repertory of facts relating to the Mowbrays and their domination; and young Mardyn secretly exulted "in glory and in joy" at his proud success.

The misjudgings and caprice of reviewers, however, is no novel subject. From the time of Milton to that of Montgomery, we might form a chronnoloical compendium of the blunderings of those of "the ungentle craft." These are on record the snarlings of a Voltaire, in reference to our Shakspeare —animadversions which have found an echo in that sensible writer William Cobbett. Yet has he mistaken his *forte* (how much let the public decide) when, advocating Buffon's axiom, he asserts that genius is but another name for industry: a doctrine in attempting to establish which he

> "Deigns to spit on Shakspeare's head,
> And say the world is wrong."

* * H.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT JEWELLERY.

(Concluded from page 37.)

Bracelets.

In the most ancient period of history, the Bracelet was an ensign of royalty. In later times, it has been used in the East as a badge of power. The bracelet of Rebecca (mentioned in Genesis) weighed ten shekels, or about five ounces — a weight which some have thought to be very extraordinary; but Sir John Chardin assures us, that ornaments as heavy, and even heavier, were worn by women of the East when he was there. He says, with reference to the ornaments of Rebecca, that "the women wear rings and bracelets of as great a weight through all Asia, and such as are much heavier: they are rather manacles than bracelets; there are some as large as the finger; the women wear several of them, one above the other, in such a manner as sometimes to have the arm covered with them from the wrist to the elbow. Poor people wear as many of glass, or horn. They hardly ever take them off: they are their riches."

Among the ancient Romans, the men, as well as the women, wore bracelets; but the latter never wore them till they were betrothed. Bracelets were at first properly military ornaments, or rewards, frequently conferred among the ancients, by generals and princes, on those who behaved gallantly in fight. Kennett says, "The armillæ was a kind of bracelet, given upon account of some eminent services, only to such as were born Romans." They became afterwards arbitrary decorations, assumed at pleasure, and are sometimes said to have been worn for health as well as ornament; and particularly as amulets, to break the force of charms and fascinations.

"The emblems," says Fosbroke, "of supreme authority among the British Kings, were golden bands worn round the neck, arms, and knees. Ornamented bracelets of brass have been found round the arms of skeletons in British barrows."

The northern people used to swear on their bracelets to render contracts more inviolable. Bracelets are still used by the savages of Africa and America, made of metal, glass beads, and the like.

In England they are manufactured with exquisite taste, and form a conspicuous decoration of the British Fair.—Query: Do they need any decoration?

P. T. W.

MARCH OF INTELLECT IN ANCIENT DAYS.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1738, vol. 40, p. 393, it is asserted that "Procopius, in his *Historia Arcana*, says the Emperor Justinus, not being able to write his name, had a thin smooth piece of board, through which were cut holes in form of the four letters J. V. S. T., which laid on the paper, served to direct the point of his pen—his hand was guided by another. Possibly, this way likewise has given the hint to the first of our card-makers, who paint their cards in the same manner, by plates of pewter or copper, or only

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paste-boards, with slits in them in form of the figures that are to be painted on the cards."

Kings formerly marked their coins with their monograms. Of this we have instances in Charlemagne's coins: that prince also used the monogram for his signature. Eginhard gives us this reason for it, viz.—that Charlemagne could not write; and that, having attempted in vain to learn in his grown age, he was reduced to the necessity of signing with a monogram. P. T. W.

Spirit of Discovery.

Camomile and Coffee.

Probably many of our London friends may not be aware of some of the properties of camomile "tea." Its emetic property, taken in a tepid state, is well known. The country people, in certain parts of England, as about Wootton, in Oxfordshire especially, frequently use a strong infusion of camomile as a purgative, taking it at bed time, as hot as it can be swallowed; when it produces copious perspiration, and the following morning it acts as a gentle but effectual purgative. It is also there considered as one of the best remedies in indigestions, colic, pains and obstructions of the bowels, especially when arising from cold; which, says Dr. Hancock, we know to be the more common existing causes of those disorders. The Doctor adds, that "*a cup of coffee*, taken hot on an empty stomach," will often produce an effect analagous to the camomile; but, in respect to time, the coffee operates much more speedily.

Force of Running Water.

During the great storm and flood in various parts of Scotland, in August last, the river Don forced a mass of 400 or 500 tons of stones, many of 200 or 300 pounds weight, up an inclined plane, rising six feet in eight or ten yards. A stone of three or four tons has been likewise moved out of a deep pool of the river, one hundred yards from its place.

Night Telegraph.

M. Kervengar has invented a night telegraph, which, from its novelty, cheapness, and applicability, both by day and night, attracts much attention in France. The inventer has gradually improved it, until he can obtain 24,945 signs by its means.

Chinese Canal.

In the year 1825, there was opened in Cochin-China, a canal twenty-three miles long, eighty feet wide, and twelve feet deep. It was begun and finished in six weeks, although carried through large forests, and over extensive marshes.—Twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night; and it is said that seven thousand died of fatigue.

To remove fixed Glass Stoppers.

Pass a piece of woollen list once round the neck of the bottle, and let the two ends be taken by two different persons; then, the bottle being held firm, if the persons draw the list alternately towards them, the friction upon the neck of the bottle will soon warm it so much as to enlarge the glass, and allow the ready removal of the stopper. Others recommend the old process of warming the neck, either by a hot coal or a flame. Or, if the stopper of the bottle is broken off, so that no hold of it can be taken, the bottle should, after being warmed, be enveloped in a cloth, so as to have the neck free, and then be struck upon the bottom (by the hand.) Generally, the first blow will make the stopper fly out; but sometimes several successive blows are required.

Use of Muriatic Acid in Cleaning Monuments.

Some of the public buildings in Paris have been cleaned by the following process: First, washing with a brush and water; then with water acidified with muriatic acid; and, finally, by water alone. It would, perhaps, take a great quantity of acid to cleanse St. Paul's Cathedral, but we wish it could be done.

Economical Chinese process for imitating Silver Paper.

Take two scruples of gelatine, or Flanders glue, made of ox hide; one scruple of alum, and a pint of water. Place the whole over a slow fire, until the water is almost entirely evaporated; spread sheets of paper on a table, and, with a brush, lay on two or three coats of this glue; then take a powder, made of talc boiled, and one-third of the same quantity of alum. Again, having well pounded these substances, sift them, then boil them again in water, then dry them in the sun, and pound them again. The powder, which is then very fine, is to be passed through a very fine sieve upon the sheets of prepared paper. The talc powder is glued fast; it is then to be dried in the shade; after which remove the superfluous powder with a piece of cotton.—*From the French.*

What a labour of patience and in-

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genuity is this process, compared with the canal in Cochin-China, which we have just described!

New Spirit.

The berries of the *sorbus aucuparia* are now used in the north of France for the production of a spirit, said to be equal to the purest distillation from grapes for brandy. The berries, when perfectly ripe, are first exposed to the cold in the open air, then put into a wooden vessel, bruised, and boiling water poured on them, the whole being stirred till it has sunk in temperature to 82 deg. Fahrenheit. Yeast is then added; the whole is covered up, and left to ferment. When the fermentation is over, the liquor is to be put into the still, and drawn off in the usual way. The first running is weak and disagreeable in flavour; but being distilled from off very fresh finely powdered charcoal, in the proportion of nine pounds to forty gallons of weak spirit, a very fine product is obtained. The charcoal should remain in the liquid two or three days before the second distillation.

Water Cresses.

A dangerous plant grows, mixed with water-cresses, in springs and streams: when not in flower, it so much resembles the latter as not easily to be distinguished, except by a botanist. Water-cresses are of a deeper green, and sometimes spotted with brown, and the extremities of the leaves are more brown, and especially the last leaves, which are in pairs larger than the others, and undulated at their edges. The dangerous plant, or water-parsnip, as it is called, is of an uniform green, the ends of its leaves are longer and narrower, conical at the extremities, and toothed at the edges. The best method of knowing them well, is to examine them in July, when the flowers are expanded, and when they may be thoroughly distinguished.

The Sketch-Book.

GASPARONI THE BANDIT.

(Concluded from page 39.)

In the month of September, 1822, a wedding took place, in a village called Valle Corsa, situated, as its name implies, in the beautiful vale of Corsa, between an amiable and industrious young couple, somewhat above the lower class, who had that day taken possession of a small farm, purchased by their hard-earned savings and the assistance of their parents. Whilst the guests were amusing themselves with dancing, at an early hour in the evening, Gasparoni made his appearance in the room, with a few comrades, and inquired if nothing good had been left from the wedding dinner. Being answered that very little had remained, from the concourse of visiters having been greater than they had anticipated, he commenced a search of the house, and, unfortunately for the young couple, discovered a rather plentiful, though homely supper, which had been prepared for the guests. The countenance of the bandit immediately changed. "What!" demanded he in a surly tone, "are Gasparoni and his companions to be denied their supper at a wedding, when there are sufficient provisions in the house? Enough! the bride shall go with me!" Then turning himself to the youthful husband, he said—"If you are in want of your partner, send me the day after to-morrow, at latest, six hundred scudi, or you will never see her more." Resistance was vain; the guests were horror-struck, and the unfortunate girl was dragged from the arms of her distracted husband, and carried to the mountains. On the second day, as the bandit had intimated, the unhappy husband had contrived, with the assistance of his friends, to collect the sum named for ransom, which he immediately sent by one of his labourers, who consigned it into the hands of Gasparoni. Hereupon the villain took the man to a grotto, where he found the poor girl tied to a tree, with her hands behind her. "You are come," said the bandit, "to take your master's young bride home; I will keep my word, you shall take her." With that he drew his bloody knife, and stabbed the innocent virgin to the heart. Such was the strength and dexterity with which he used the diabolical instrument, that the point came out at her back. "Return now," said he, "to your master: tell him from me to enjoy her, and that I hope he will be more hospitable to his friends at his next nuptials." The affrighted countryman took the corpse of the murdered girl on his shoulders, and bore it to the anxious and expectant lover. The scene which followed may be more easily imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that in the moment of phrenzy he snatched the lifeless body of his wife from the bearer, and rushing into the house, shot himself through the head, and expired on the corpse. The police were now in hot pursuit after him; and the Government, amongst other edicts, offered

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a premium of four thousand scudi for his head, and a free pardon, besides this large sum of money, to any one of his comrades who should succeed in destroying him. The knowledge of this edict, and his having discovered among his accomplices many daring individuals, who had entered his band with the connivance of the Government, and even assisted him in his robberies with the desperate resolution of gaining the golden prize by his destruction, irritated him extremely, and obliged him to dismiss a great number of his followers, and retire with a chosen few, on whom he could rely, to the neighbourhood of Terracina. Here, instead of concealing himself, his daring spirit conceived and executed the plan of carrying to his retreat, in a forest two miles only from Terracina (a garrisoned town), a colonel of the Austrian troop. He demanded as his ransom, ten thousand scudi (about 2,000*l.*) In this, however, he was frustrated, by the general-in-chief of the Austrian army sending him word, that if the slightest insult was offered to the colonel, he would fire the whole village of Cicciaria, and revenge himself on Gasparoni's parents. This spirited answer alarmed him for the safety of his mother, to whom he was always much attached; and he immediately gave the colonel his liberty. Gasparoni attributes his many miraculous escapes (from his own associates and the police) to the affections of a boy, to whom he had stood *compare*, or godfather. This lad, who partook of the ferocity of his preceptor, but excelled him in his cunning, and joined him when only seven or eight years of age, would never leave his side, and always watched whilst the bandit slept, standing or sitting as sentinel at his head; and for the five years they were together, was never known to be off his guard. Every effort was made by the Government to tempt this boy, but ineffectually: he was faithful to his trust, and at last died in the defence of his inhuman master. The circumstance of this little hero's death was as follows: In October, 1824, Gasparoni having information that the police were informed of his retreat, and that he was to be surrounded in the night, fled to a hut some miles distant, which had been indicated to him, taking with him only the boy, where he fancied himself in perfect security. He was, however, deceived; the information given him was a deep-laid scheme, in which some of his followers were implicated, to entice him to this spot, and if possible to take him alive, that a summary example might have been made of him. The boy, hearing a noise, waked his master, by whom he was immediately urged to fly, Gasparoni trusting to his own wit and courage to get clear himself. The police, who were nearer than they imagined, and could see their motions through a loop-hole cut in the hut for the purpose, and fearful of losing their prize, fired instantly amongst them, and the first ball passed through the conical hat of the bandit. The intrepid boy sprung forward with his pistols, and was in the act of firing, when a second shot brought him to the ground. The police had by this time forced the fragile door of the hut; but knowing the ferocious and now desperate courage of him they were to take, stood hesitating to enter, when Gasparoni took a cool and deliberate aim with his blunderbuss, killed the first, a brigadier of the gendarmerie, and wounded two others. Taking advantage of the shock his pursuers had received from his fire, and assisted by the darkness of the night, he rushed past them with an agility almost incredible, and succeeded in escaping.

He laments the poor unfortunate boy to this day; and, could one believe in the assertion of this execrable wretch, he would willingly have died for him. The reward this ill-fated lad received for his attachment and fidelity to his fiendish master, was condemnation to death, and his body to be quartered and hung in the most conspicuous places. His head, the only part now remaining, is to be seen over the Porta Angelica of Rome (a gate leading to Ponte Molla, on the Florence road), in an iron cage.

The condemnation to death after a man is actually dead, must sound strange to the English reader, but such is the case in the Roman, as well as in the Tuscan tribunals: by the latter of which, the son of a wealthy merchant of Leghorn (with whom the writer is acquainted), being accused of a crime a few years since, was, notwithstanding his death by assassination, tried nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, and sentenced, by this strange law, to the galleys for life. Every effort has been made, and immense sums spent by the father, to quash this ridiculous sentence, but uselessly, and the stain still remains on the family.—*Foreign Literary Gazette.*

Notes of a Reader.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

Our forefathers paid more attention to the periodical occurrences of Nature, as

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guides for direction in their domestic and rural occupations, than perhaps we of the present day are accustomed to do. They seem to have referred to the book of Nature more frequently and regularly than to the almanac. Whether it were, that the one, being always open before them, was ready for reference, and not the other, certain it is that they attended to the *signs of the seasons*, and appear to have regarded certain natural occurrences as indicating and reminding them of the proper season for com mencing a variety of affairs in common life. The time was, perhaps it is not yet gone by, when no good housewife would think of brewing when the beans were in blossom. The bursting of the alder buds, it was believed, announced the period at which eels begin to stir out of their winter quarters, and therefore marked the season for the miller or fisherman to put down his leaps, to catch them at the wears and floodgates. The angler considered the season at which tench bite most freely to be indicated by the blooming of the wheat; and when the mulberry tree came into leaf, the most cautious gardener judged that he might safely commit his tender exotics to the open air, without apprehension of injury from frosts and cold. Then there was a variety of old sayings or proverbs in vogue, of a corresponding character, such as,

"When the sloe tree is white as a sheet,
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet."

"When elder is white, brew and bake a peck,
When elder is black, brew and bake a sack."

"You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree," &c.

People talked of "the cuckoo having picked up the dirt," alluding to the clean state of the country at the time of the arrival of the cuckoo; and of "blackthorn winds," meaning the bleak north-east winds, so commonly prevalent in the spring, about the time of the blowing of the blackthorn. Virgil, in the recipe he gives in the fourth Georgic for the production of a stock of bees, states that the process is commenced (translated)

"Before the meadows blush with recent flowers,
And prattling swallows hang their nests on high;"

and Shakspeare, in his *Winter's Tale* speaks of

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Rev. W. T. Brees—in Mag. Nat. Hist.

A FACT.

I AM an old gentleman,—I glory in the title. Many a person at my age, and with my (I must say) rather youthful look, would call himself a middle-aged man—perhaps even a man in the prime of life; but I scorn such half measures. I have passed my grand climacteric, and therefore am an old gentleman. Does not my candour deserve that I should claim all the privileges of one? I have no notion of being virtuous for nothing. The great privilege, then, which I claim in all companies and under all circumstances, is that of speaking my mind. Now, old as I am, and possessing, too, (I must say,) a great deal of observation, I never yet found that things which were loudly praised from the very first by the many-headed multitude did ever truly possess intrinsic merit.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DARTMOOR.

IN journeying through the south of Devon, especially that luxuriant portion of which Dawlish forms the commencement, and Torquay, with its romantic air-hung terraces, the termination, the admirer of the picturesque must have often marked with astonishment, not unmingled with awe, the forbidding aspect of a gloomy, barren range of hills—rising in some places to the dignity of mountains — which abruptly bound the inland horizon. From whatever point of view beheld, whether from the still and lofty lanes of Bighopsteignton, the bluff cliffs of Teignmouth, or the *unique* villa-studded Babicombe, this range wears the same inhospitable character; tracing its bold outline on the sky, not gracefully, like the sylvan perspectives of Claude, but in the fixed, massive, gigantic spirit of Michael Angelo. While every other part of the landscape glows with varied magic, Dartmoor — for it is of this vast deserted region I am speaking — stands sternly out in her desolation. The very sunbeams that light up in beauty the meadows which repose at her feet, that deck the hedges with the varied embroidery of the seasons, and bid a thousand hill-born streamlets roll in liquid silver along their channels, tend only to enhance her gloom. In the serenest hour of the serenest day in summer, she wears ever a frown on her brow, and, like Satan in Eden, seems to envy the happiness she cannot share. Though she be the fruitful mother of half the rivers that roll laughing through the vales of Devon, she yet feels no joy in her maternity, but hurries them, one after another, from her presence. Silence and Solitude stand sentinel on her borders, and within sits Ruin, throned

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on some mighty Tor, coeval with the birth of time. Vast morasses, over which, unseen of man, the shy raven sweeps like an ill-boding fiend; rough somore crags, within which the wild fox nestles; stunted heath-broom, glooming in long and apparently endless succession on the sight; patches of scanty verdure whereon the lizard glides, and the red snake trails its length; streams, sluggish or active, either creeping along the plains, or rushing headlong from the heights, here lonely and unsheltered, there fringed with dense forests of rushes, which give out a sullen tone, as the fierce hurricane passes over them; these varied objects complete a scene of desolation, barrenness, and sublimity, such as no other spot in England can parallel.—*Monthly Magazine.*

EATABLE SNAILS.

THE Romans took great pains in rearing these snails. They kept them in sties called *cochlearia*, which were generally constructed under rocks or eminences moistened by a passing stream. If, however, the sty was not sufficiently humid, a water-pipe, bored full of holes, like a watering-pot, was introduced, by which means it was continually sprinkled and kept in a favourable state. Here the snails required little attendance or food, supplying themselves as they crawled about the sides or floor of their prison; but, when it was wished to fatten them, they were fed with bran and sodden wine; and, on this generous fare, they grew occasionally to such a size that, according to Varro, the shell would hold full ten quarts!

These snails are still eaten in great numbers on the continent of Europe, particularly during Lent. In Switzerland, where there are gardens in which they are fed in many thousands together, a considerable trade is carried on in them about that season; and at Vienna, a few years ago, seven of them were charged at an inn the same as a plate of veal or beef. The usual modes of preparing them for the table are, either boiling, frying them in butter, or sometimes stuffing them with farce-meat; but in what manner soever they are dressed, it is said, their sliminess always, in a great measure, remains. These edible snails were introduced into England about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Charles Howard, of the Arundel family, and afterwards by the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby, either as being a favourite foreign delicacy, or in order to cure his beautiful wife of a consumptive disease. The fashion seems to have taken, for the great master-cook, Robert May, has left several receipts for dressing snails among the secrets of his fifty years' experience; but, like other fashions, it soon passed away, for the English have no relish of such "liquorish viands." In proof of this is a story from the pen of Sir Walter Scott:—

"The chemical philosophers, Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton, were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of matter and manner. The geologist was the very reverse of this; his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said.

"It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? They are well known to be nutritious and wholesome, even sanative in some cases. The epicures of olden times enumerated, among the richest and raciest delicacies, the snails which were fed in the marble quarries of Lucca; the Italians still hold them in esteem. In short, it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers; who had either invited no guest to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them; but philosophers are but men, after all; and the stomachs of both the doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black, at length, 'showed the white feather,' but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. 'Doctor,' he said, in his precise and quiet manner, 'Doctor,—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?' 'D—d green, d—d green, indeed—tak'

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them awa, tak' them awa',' vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. And so ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine;* and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea than honour can set a broken limb."—*Quarterly Review.*

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE parents of the children who form the group, now so well known, through the engraving of Mr. Doo, and entitled "Nature," applied to him to take their portraits. Sir Thomas declined painting them; he had not time, and could not undertake the commission. He was urged to come and look at them. To this he was prevailed on; and when he saw them, he sighed, and said, "Ah! I must paint them." They were so beautiful that he could not resist the temptation.

At the funeral of the late Mr. Dawe, R. A., during the performance of the service over the grave, in the vaults of St. Paul's, Sir Thomas Lawrence was observed to look wistfully about him, as if contemplating the place as that to which he himself would some day be borne; and when the service was concluded, it was remarked, that he stopped to look at the inscription on the stone which covers the body of his predecessor, West. Three months will not have elapsed from that period, when his presumed anticipation will be realized—he will be the next to whom those vaults are opened. —*Athenæum.*

LORD BYRON.

In Mr. Moore's "*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life,*" we find the following anecdotes of the noble poet's superstition. As we could not do justice to Mr. Moore's valuable work, and sufficiently consult the interest of our readers, in the present number of *the Mirror*, we have attached a SUPPLEMENT to this sheet.

"In addition to the natural tendency to superstition which is usually found connected with the poetical temperament, Lord Byron had also the example and influence of his mother, acting upon him from infancy, to give his mind this tinge. Her implicit belief in the wonders of second sight, and the strange tales she told of this mysterious faculty, used to astonish not a little her sober English friends; and it will be seen, that, at so late a period as the death of his friend, Shelley, the idea of fetches and forewarnings, impressed upon him by his mother, had not wholly lost possession of the poet's mind. As an instance of a more playful sort of superstition, I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me of him by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead, with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow, and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. 'Then give it to me,' he cried eagerly, 'for that's just the thing I want.' The young lady refused; but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said, she never should see her amulet again. * * *

"When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as *it* flourished so should *he*. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated a poem, which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:—

"Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds, that surround thee, can hide.

I left thee, my oak, and since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire," &c. &c.

Of Captain Kidd, with whom Lord Byron sailed to Lisbon, in 1809, he used to mention a strange story:

"This officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured

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to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BRING ME WINE!

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

By T. W. Kelly, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

Go scatter flowers, and bring me wine,
That while I drink, their incense sweet
May charm my soul with dreams divine
Of her my fancy joys to meet.

But ah! her absence brings a pain,
Which ne'er can be in wine forgot;
Then take, oh, take the cup again—
Wine has no charms where she is not.

Oh, that I were her robe, I'd cling
Her fair form tenderly around;
Or, were I that bright jewelled ring
About her well-turned ankle bound.

Or, one of those pure bells of gold
Which, hanging, decks her radiant zone,
More than my tongue has ever told
Should breathe in its impassioned tone.

Or, the fair rose set in the maze,
The fragrant maze of her dark hair;
Delighted on her brow I'd gaze,
And still her unmatched charms declare.

But ere those charms I could reveal,
The jealous gale would, vexed to see
Me honoured thus, untimely steal
My breath, my bliss, my ecstasy.

Then would I were the leaf which dyes
Her snowy feet with ruby hue!
How dearly would her lover prize
A kiss so odorous and so true.

But more than worlds I'd deem obtained,
Were I the white Symar which, blest,
Enshrines her heart, that mine has chained,
And made a fugitive from rest.

Monthly Magazine.

MISS O'NEILL'S JULIET AND MRS. HALLER.*

By an old Bachelor.

It may be safely asserted that Miss O'Neill has never been excelled in her own peculiar characters. Where a part precisely seems to fit the powers, the appearance, the very look and gesture of a performer, the ideal personage and the real become thenceforward identified, as it were, in the imagination. This is the case with Kean in Shylock—this was the case with Miss O'Neill in Juliet. When she first made her appearance, with her hair so simply knotted up, she looked scarce fifteen—sorrow seemed never to have come near her. She waited upon her mother's eye with the dutiful innocence of a child. Her laugh came from the heart—her step was buoyant. After she had beheld the arbiter of her destiny, and pronounced the fatal words, "My grave is like to be my marriage bed," you saw the infusion of a new principle into her character. She thenceforth displayed the thoughtfulness of a devoted being. The bliss of loving and of being loved, was ever present with her; but she knew that she was playing a deep and desperate game. She had seen death from afar, and the shadow of his coming form visibly deepened around her spirit, even until the dark power himself enfolded her in his mantle. I have mentioned the fine touch of nature with which Miss O'Neill completed the masquerade scene; I have, therefore, only to add, that during its progress her performance was delightful. Her manner of receiving the guests, as they entered, was not that of an actress, playing the graceful, but of a noble and high-bred girl, moving in her accustomed sphere. It may seem to be small and trivial praise to say, that she was exquisitely lady-like; but, if the word *Lady* be taken in its old chivalric sense, undebased by modern associations, surely the praise is neither small nor trivial. In the balcony scene, she accomplished the difficult task of making Juliet's love—the growth of an hour—appear natural, probable, and withal modest. There was an innate sense of delicacy gleaming through the fervour of her words, like the tender pearly tint beneath the radiant colours of the opal. One did not feel that she "should have been more strange." The deep enthusiasm of her general manner was relieved and lightened by an occasional sportiveness. When she called

* Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, (just published) relates the following anecdote of the noble poet, in connexion with Miss O'Neill—"To such lengths did he (Lord Byron,) at this time, (1814) carry his enthusiasm for Kean, that when Miss O'Neill soon after appeared, and, by her matchless representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes and hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation as interfering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her act. I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, at least, one of her performances: but his answer was (punning upon Shakspeare's word, 'unannealed,') 'No. I'm resolved to continue *un-O'Neilled*.'"—*For a sheet of Anecdotical Extracts*, from Mr. Moore's work, "in point of vigour, variety, and liveliness," hardly paralleled, see THE SUPPLEMENT *published with this number.*

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back Romeo, after having dismissed him, nothing could be more sweetly conscious, more smilingly delicate, than the manner in which she pronounced the words—

"I had forgot why I did call thee back."

It was one of those felicities which take the ear and heart by surprise—inimitable—almost unrememberable. It was one of those wonderful effects in which the human voice triumphs—for what instrument could rival its soul-speaking inflections? Nothing but the feeling of the moment could have produced a tone and manner so perfectly consonant to the situation and the scene. It could never have been rehearsed. But what a vision rises before my inward eye of the timid, thoughtful, blushing, yet still dignified bride, whose passion, about to be hallowed by sacred rites, has trembled into a more intense, a deeper holiness!—Never has the cell of Friar Lawrence, even though angels may have looked down upon his orisons, been radiated by a light so lovely.

"That eye of most transparent light,
Would almost make a dungeon bright."

The vision passes like a dream. Juliet has heard that Romeo is banished—she has parted from him; and though the wedded lovers, after tearing themselves away, have returned yet again, and rushed into another and yet another embrace, still the irrevocable hour has divided them. I can see her now, determined to encounter all the nameless horrors of the vault, bidding good-night, it may be for the last time, to her unconscious mother. How solemnly, how prophetically, how drearily, falls that sad good-night upon the ear! How different from the good-night which it was bliss to repeat again and again, and hear repeated from a lover's lips!

"Farewell!—God knows if we shall meet again."

This is the dirge to which that plaintive voice now wakes such melancholy music. But I am not going to rehearse a tragedy, and I neither want to weep myself, nor to make my reader weep. I shall therefore leave Juliet to swallow the potion, to wake in the tomb, and to consign herself to it for ever.

* * * * *

There can be no doubt but that Miss O'Neill wept real tears. I have her own authority for it. Professor L——, my very dear friend, and old schoolfellow, at Cambridge, told me that when Miss O'Neill visited that university, and acted at the Barnwell theatre, he asked her whether it was true that she really shed tears during the performance of affecting parts? She acknowledged that she did. "But you must not think," she continued, "that such tears are painful: they are rendered pleasing by the consciousness of fiction: they are such as one would shed in reading a pathetic story. Moreover, the strong state of excitement naturally brought on by performing—the applause—the tears of those around me—all conspire to elevate me, and to draw such tears from my eyes as all great emotions are calculated to produce. Were they such tears as guilt or agony really shed, I must have been dead long ago." Now I ask you, did not this explanation shew at once genius and good sense—genius to feel, good sense to disclaim more feeling than was natural, or indeed possible? Rousseau wept thus over the sorrows of his own Heloise. We more often hear of, than see heroines, whose beauty is improved by crying, and instead of saying with Tommy Moore,

"You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you shed them still,"

I should be disposed to address my mistress, were she much given to the melting mood, in the following distich—

"You look so frightful in your tears,
That I must beg you'll take a pill;"

videlicet, to get rid of the blue devils. But Miss O'Neill really *did* look lovely in her tears. In the character of Mrs. Haller, she reminded me (I hope it is not spoken irreverently) of that beautiful exclamation in Holy Writ—"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!" To use an old simile, she looked like a lily bent beneath a thunder shower. Tears were her rest, her food, her luxury—she was steeped in tears. Yet she did not, after the old tragedy custom, brandish her pocket-handkerchief in the face of the audience: she did not get it ready as if she were pumping up her tears by some nice hydraulic calculation; but, with a trembling, and sometimes a hurried hand, she felt for it, and drew it forth, and seemed to strive rather to hide than to display her gushing grief. The scene in which she restores the jewels to her husband, was almost too heart-rending to be contemplated: if pressed upon the senses with the conviction of reality. Her Mrs. Haller, in particular, and, indeed, all her characters, in general, possessed the rare merit of an unbroken unity of design. As, in a perfect picture, every accessory is harmonized by the master's hand so as to produce one great result—as every part tends towards the effect of the whole, so, in Miss

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O'Neill's acting every ray of genius was but a component part of one refulgent orb. She did not strain after insulated graces, or surprising exhibitions of momentary power—neither was any portion of her part hurried over, nor even carelessly touched, as if it were insignificant. She did not appear to be husbanding her strength for one rending speech, or a few starts and screams. From the beginning to the end she *was* the being she represented. Not sometimes only, but continually, she was agitated by the same fears, awakened by the same hopes, impelled by the same motives of action—as might be supposed to influence the character which she delineated. This continuity of feeling was marvellously evident in the expression of her countenance.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

TO M. W.

There's something in thy lightest mirth
That's like an angel's sadness,
A dim soft pathos overflows
Thy wildest voice of gladness.

I, with a poet's insight, see
How feelings true enhance
The finer impulses that stir
Thy leaf-like elegance.

And, Marg'ret, when I look on thee,
Are swept away the fears,
Which whisper beauty is a thing
Of peril and of tears.
For, like a sainted virtue, Thou
Art lifted o'er the day;
God's shadow on thy face is laid
In sanctity for aye.

Mix with the vulgar and the vain,
There's nothing to condemn;
A charm is hung around thee—Thou
Canst ne'er be one of them.

Then go—nor fear to move amidst
Our earth's most tainted air,
Go, like a sea-bird in the gloom,
As fearless and as fair! *Ibid.*

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

BOTANICAL PRODUCTIONS, &c., OF THE SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

(Concluded from page 36.)

"WHILST attending to a boat on the river, during the time the party were dragging the cutter over the mud, I distinctly heard the bellowing of some huge animal, similar to that of an ox, from an extensive marsh further up the river. Immediately afterwards, I was visited by three natives, armed: they made signs for me to depart, but offered no violence. On hearing the voices of the party, they retired into the woods.

"One mile up the river from the last Point, is a small creek of fresh water, issuing from an extensive lagoon, covered with arborescent *Metrosideros*, and of great beauty; the banks are ornamented with the most beautiful plants, amongst which I observed two species of *Calytrix*, a species of *Acacia* with scolopenderous stem, and several papilionaceous plants: the *Angophora* on the flats are gigantic. These flats are formed of tolerable loam, of great depth, and are capable of producing average crops.

"The *Zamia*, seen on the islands, here attained the height of thirty feet. *Xanthorrhœa Arborea* was seen of equal height, and, associated with the splendid *Banksia*, imparted to the forest a character perfectly tropical.

"I was astonished in observing the facility with which water was obtained in this apparently sterile tract; for on digging three feet deep, it was found in abundance, and of the best quality.

"Proceeding up the river from Claude's Creek, the country assumes an entirely different appearance from what it does below: on the left is a salt-marsh, of considerable extent, bordered by thickets of *Casuarina*. This marsh is surrounded by an extensive flat of the richest description, rivalling in soil that of Hawksbury. Here I first observed the *Bromo*, or kangaroo grass of New South Wales, in great luxuriance (with the exception of some seen on the banks of Point Fraser). *Bastaro* and real blue gum are seen here in considerable quantities, and of great size.

"From the above Point, the country resembles, in its features, that which borders all the rivers in New South Wales, varying alternately on each bank into hilly points and extensive flats. The hills are covered with magnificent *Angophora*, *Zamia*, and *Xanthorrhœa*. The soil is a rich red loam, of very great depth, throwing up a luxuriant herbage.

"The flats are composed of the richest brown loam, and equal to any on the East Coast; they are thinly studded with gigantic blue *Gums*, and occasional stripes of *suffrutescent Acacias* and *papilionaceous shrubs*, which flourish here as much as the *Green Wattle* does in New South Wales.

"It is worthy of remark, that in New South Wales the presence of *Banksia*, *Zamia*, and *Xanthorrhœa*, are considered sure criterions of bad soil; such being the impression on my mind, I pronounced all the land on which they were seen to grow to be sterile, until I examined

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where they grew in the greatest luxuriance, when, to my astonishment, I found the soil to be a red earth, of great depth, producing the richest *Brome* grass.

"As the river is ascended, the flats increase in breadth and luxuriance, each being backed by a terrace of forest land of the finest description, extending some miles from the river, and resembling, in their character, those seen on the banks of the Macquarrie River, west of Wellington Valley.

"On further observation, towards the source of the river, these flats were seen to extend to the base of the mountains, interspersed with stripes of good forest land, on which I observed a considerable quantity of stringy bark. The variety of plants seen in this tract is great.

"The base of the mountains is covered with fragments of quartz and chalcedony; the soil is a red sandy loam. Here I saw a species of *Hakea*, with holly-shaped leaves, and a splendid species of *Melaleuca*; and further up, *Schist* in considerable beds. The soil is here improved to a light brown loam, but, from its rocky nature, is incapable of cultivation.

"The summit of the mountain is studded with magnificent *Angophoras*.

"At the source of the river I observed thickets of an arborescent species of *Acacia*, and gigantic thistles eleven feet in height. Here I also saw a magnificent species of *Hibiscus*, with brilliant sky-blue flowers, and a species of *Euphorbia*.

"The ridges on the banks of the river are perforated with immense numbers of deep pits, the original cause of which we could not at first ascertain: they proved, however, to have been made by the natives for the purpose of catching land-tortoise, with which these ridges abound.

"The Island of Buache is formed principally of low ridges of light sandy loam, traversing the island from * to *, and terminating on the * shore in high banks of sand; the highest parts of which are thickly studded with cypress, the surface towards the beach being interrupted by limestone rocks.

"The soil, although light, appears to me, from the immense thickets of *Solanum (laciniatum var)* which it produces, and which, on the ridges, is seen to attain the height of ten feet, to be capable of producing any description of light garden crops.

"The interior of these ranges is singularly divided by transverse banks or dykes, forming deep pits or hollows, which receive all the water collected or falling from the ranges, the banks preventing its escape otherwise than by absorption. The surface of these hollows is covered with gigantic *Solanums* and a beautiful species of *Brownonia*. Fresh water may be had in each of them by digging two feet deep.

"The coast towards Port Success is thickly covered with *Cypress*, the beautiful green of which imparts to the scene an agreeable and elegant appearance. The soil here is very sandy, and in my opinion incapable of producing (without artificial means) any description of crops. Here, by digging a few feet, we found abundance of fresh water, not only on the beach, but in the cypress thickets beyond the influence of the sea.

"My observations did not extend beyond Port Success, but from the appearance of the country, I doubt not its being of the same character as that already described.

"On proceeding along the coast of Geographe Bay, the appearance of the country is particularly interesting; the shores are richly clothed with timber, the foliage is of the finest green, consisting principally of *Eucalyptus*. No walls of *Banksia* were seen.

"From the shore the country is seen to rise gradually into gentle undulating hills, separated apparently by extensive valleys, the whole terminated by a bold range of mountains of considerable elevation, thickly clothed with large timber, and extending inland as far as the eye can reach.

"On approaching Cape Naturaliste, the shores become bold, presenting immense masses of granite, projecting in many instances a considerable distance into the sea. The hills are bold, and only partially covered with stunted *Eucalypti*; they are divided by beautiful meandering valleys, formed of the richest soil imaginable. These valleys are of considerable magnitude. As a proof of their fertility, I need only instance the astonishing luxuriance of the thistles and ferns, some of which measure eleven feet and a half. Each valley is furnished with a small stream. The hills, although stony, are covered with rich soil to their summits: they are clothed with *Banksia grandis* and a new species of *Xylomelum*. The rocks on the summit are limestone.

"There appears no visible change in the soil or character of the valleys as far as Cape Naturaliste; but in the construc-

* These blanks are left in the MS., and we have no means of filling them up correctly.—ED.

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tion and composition of the rocks a great difference appears. There they are seen to present immense cliffs, overhanging the beach in awful grandeur.

"The northern extreme of the Cape is formed of majestic cliffs of limestone two hundred feet in height, presenting two magnificent ranges of caverns. Two of the lower range are superb, the roofs and sides being covered with beautiful stalactites of great magnitude, and exceedingly brilliant. In one of them were found stalagmites, of extraordinary size, adhering to modules of granite, with which the base is covered. The outer or great cavern is about fifty feet wide, and forty-five to fifty feet in height; its extreme length about one hundred feet.

"The sides, roofs, and stalactites, present an extraordinary assemblage of colours, from the immense variety of liverwort and minute fungi with which they are covered. Some of the stalactites were found to measure fifteen feet.

"The sea makes a breach into each of the lower range over blocks of granite; the scene is then truly grand. The upper range we could not inspect, from the perpendicular nature of the cliffs; but from their exterior appearance, no doubt remains of their grandeur.

"It is worthy of remark, that the whole coast of this Bay is a perfect source of active springs, discharging themselves on the beach in rapid rills of considerable extent every six or seven yards."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ODDITIES.

(From a Correspondent.)

To a Cigar.

The Indian leaf doth briefly burn—
So doth man's strength to weakness turn:
The fire of youth extinguished quite,
Comes age—like embers dry and white.
Think of this as you smoke tobacco.

A celebrated cosmographer once betrayed a shameful ignorance of geography. He lost his way on a common!

Limerick gloves are made in Dublin! This must be told in a whisper.

Puzzling Question.—Pray, Doctor, had your mother a son? Let me see! she had two daughters; but whether she ever had a son, I- I really cannot recollect!

The galvanic battery is very different from that used by the military. The latter destroys the living; but the former, directed by an adept, may be brought to raise the dead.

To be sold, on the coldest day in January, at the North Pole, a quantity of nankeen, the property of a gentleman, who was afraid of being very hot in the East Indies, which he expected to have reached some months ago by the North-west Passage.

The county gaol of the city of H—— is to be rebuilt out of the materials of the old one; and the prisoners are to be confined in the old one till the new gaol is built.

At Iron Bridge, Colebrooke Dale, the following notice appears in a window:—

"LecHez Skept herE."

Which being interpreted, signifies—Leeches kept here.

In a little village near Shrewsbury is the following notice, exhibited in a huxter's window:—

"T, Cawfe, Candlz, Chuger, and Sope."

N.B. Intellect has not yet got far on its march.

A New Order.—Some weeks since, a gentleman passing one of the new stucco and plaster erections at the west end of the town, was struck with its eccentricity. He inquired of a workman engaged on the edifice, to what style of architecture it belonged. The man replied that he did not know, but that it was his master's Positive Order!

Label on a bottle of Cough Mixture.—Two table-spoons, or four tea-spoons, to be taken when the cough is troublesome.

Original Register.—The ChilD Entred in to the Charite Scool in feBavey, 1823. BaBtised Jenevy 5.

(A true copy.) T. H. O.

"LIVING always in the world," says Horace Walpole, "makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it."

THREE landlords of the Antelope Inn, Salisbury, were successively named Good, Toogood, and Best.

WHEN the first volume of the "Divine Legation," by Warburton, was shewn to Dr. Bentley, he looked it over, and then observed of the author, "This man has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 413.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1830. [PRICE 2*d*.

Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find when we come a fishing here.
RALEIGH'S POEMS.

THE rustic scene of the above Engraving is entitled to some celebrity as the birthplace of that distinguished warrior, statesman, and writer, Sir WALTER RALEIGH.—It is a well-conditioned farm-house, called *Hayes*, in the parish of East Budleigh, near Exmouth, in Devonshire. Here Raleigh was born, in the year 1552. His family was ancient and respectable; and though not wealthy, sent him to Oriel College, Oxford, where he was soon distinguished for the vivacity of his genius, and the variety of his attainments.

With the leading events of Raleigh's life our readers must be familiar; inasmuch as he is one of the great men of history, and perhaps one of the most attractive figures on the historical canvass of his time. At present we, therefore, leave the splendour of his courtly life, and all the glorious pomp and circumstance of his deeds, to the biographer: but our recollections of the literary life of Sir Walter Raleigh lead us into a train of reflection, which is more congenial with the rural repose of his birthplace. The production of his principal work, "The History of the World," is cited by the ingenious Editor of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*,* as a remarkable instance of "Devotion to Knowledge in Imprisonment." The whole passage relating to Raleigh in the above work is, indeed, so well told, that we have great pleasure in extracting it:

"A name which naturally suggests itself to us under this head, is that of our celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Raleigh, whose 'History of the World' is perhaps the greatest literary work ever accomplished under the circumstances we are now considering. He was one of those rare and wonderful men who, supereminently endowed both with the reflective and active powers, seem equally qualified to distinguish themselves in studious solitude and on

* "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." Part II. just published.

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the theatre of affairs. His life was a busy one from his earliest years, having been passed chiefly in the camp and on ship-board, amid the toils and agitations of war, and every other variety of daring and hazardous adventure. Yet thus occupied, it was his custom to spend four hours every day in reading and study, only five being given to sleep. The duties of his situation, and the exercises he underwent to improve himself in his profession, employed the rest of his time. The first part of his 'History of the World' appeared when its illustrious author was sixty-two years of age, having been written in the Tower, to which he had been consigned more than ten years before, after a trial on a charge of high treason, which violated all the customary forms of legal procedure, as well as the rules of natural justice. All the time during which he was employed in composing the work, he was lying under that sentence of death which, a few years after his book was finished, was carried into execution by a singularly barbarous perversion of law. He had in the interim, as is well known, been not only liberated from confinement, but restored to public employment, and thus, by implication at least, pardoned, when advantage was taken of his condemnation fifteen years before to destroy him for his commission of certain other alleged offences, for which he was never brought to trial. Yet, although at last the victim of an iniquitous conspiracy, it was his own immoderate ambition that led this great man to his ruin. But for this "infirmity of noble minds," he was one of the very chief glories of an age crowded with towering spirits. His History is very precious as one of the classical works of our language: exhibiting in its style one of the most perfect models we possess of that easy, but vigorous and graphic eloquence, which testifies both the learning of the scholar, and a mind fertilized by converse with the living world. It was the largest, but not the only literary performance, with which he occupied the hours of his long imprisonment of twelve years—a period of his life during which he may be said, through these labours, to have earned his best and most enduring renown."

Mr. Britton, in his very interesting *Memoirs of the Tower*, also recently published, thus speaks of this period:

"The disgrace of Somerset, and consequent elevation of Villiers, gave Sir Walter Raleigh, who still remained a prisoner in the Tower, and had shortly before published his 'History of the World,' written in that fortress, an opportunity of recovering his freedom, by bribing the new favourite. This was effected in March, 1616; and when Sir Walter gained his liberty, he is reported to have said, that 'the whole history of the world had not the like precedent, of a king's prisoner to purchase freedom, and his bosom favourite to have the halter, except in scripture, in the case of Mordecai and Haman.' To this the king is said to have replied, 'Raleigh might die in that deceit!'—an observation which in the sequel was fully verified."

Raleigh's *Poetical Works* abound with many passages of "linked sweetness." His love of the country was enthusiastic. Thus he says—

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow;
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Again, in a more playful vein—

Shall I like a hermit dwell,
In a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.
* * * * * *
No: she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too,
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
That if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.

Who can forget the pleasant quaintness of his—

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation:
My gown of glory (hope's true gage,)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

An epitome of the Age of Man, to be found in his Poems, though somewhat over-tinged with laconism, has much interest for certain readers—

Man's life's a tragedy; his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is his tiring-room;
This spacious earth the theatre, and the stage
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,
Folly and Vice, are actors: the first cry
The Prologue to th' ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows;
The second, he to more perfection grows;
I' the third he is a man, and doth begin
To mature vice, and act the deeds of sin:
I' the fourth declines: i' th' fifth diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his Epilogue.

His *Counsels to his Son* contain wisdom and world-knowledge for all gene-

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nations; but the calm and virtuous state of mind of Sir Walter Raleigh was perhaps never more beautifully displayed than in the following, written the night before his death—

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust!

A finer epitaph, perhaps, never yet shone on fair marble: the vanity of life, and the divine consolation of hope, invest these few lines with a never-fading, an undying interest.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In your description of the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, in the *Mirror* (No. 404), I perceive you have availed yourself of an account which is rather imperfect for the present day. I will, therefore, with your leave, briefly state the additions and improvements recently made in that building.

In the first place, adjoining the transit-room eastward, is the circle-room, containing two mural circles, each three feet radius. The one facing the east, and made by Troughton, is divided on *platina*, and is furnished with six microscopes, attached to the stone pier, for reading off the observations to the tenth part of a second of space; and a fine achromatic telescope, six feet focal length, and furnished with a micrometer, is fixed to the circle. The other circle, which faces the west, and is constructed in every respect like the former, is divided on gold, by T. Jones, of Charing-cross, and is likewise furnished with a six-feet telescope and six microscopes.

These two instruments require two observers, as they are always used simultaneously—together with a third, who presides at the transit-instrument.—There is also a noble telescope, ten feet focal length, and five inches aperture, made by Troughton; the object-glass by Dolland. The clock employed for the right ascensions, is one of Hardy's, of unrivalled workmanship, and cost 200*l*.

The old eight-feet transit is now suspended upon the wall, by the side of Flamsteed's.

Beyond the circle-room is the library, containing a large collection of valuable books, connected with astronomy and mathematics; and the chronometer-room, wherein are deposited the marine time-keepers, belonging to the Admiralty, and the *trial* chronometers, which are placed there, pursuant to the directions of the late Board of Longitude—the best going watch being entitled, after *a year's* rate, to a reward of 300*l*., and the second best 200*l*.

In the quadrant-room, besides the two quadrants, hangs the large zenith sector, by which Dr. Bradley discovered the aberration of light. It must be stated, however, that the accuracy of the mural circles has superseded the use of the quadrants and the zenith sector.

In the eastern dome, the old equatorial sector, by Sissor, has long since been removed, and a fine instrument (equatorial), by Ramsden, substituted. This invaluable instrument was presented to the Observatory in the year 1811, by Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn, Bart.

The instruments in the great octagon-room consist chiefly of telescopes; a ten feet reflector, and seven-feet reflector, both by Herschell; together with clocks, pendulums, theodolites, and a variety of smaller instruments, &c.

The observations are now published every quarter, and are made under the direction of the Astronomer Royal, who superintends *the whole*. There are likewise six assistants, on regular salaries, appointed, to take the observations, and make the computations necessary, for the final results. They relieve each other in their respective duties, that no interruption may take place, in fine clear evenings and nights, during the observations.

J. H.

Assistant at the Royal Observatory.
Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

EVENING SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALES OF THE BROCKEN.

(For the Mirror.)

"We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path, the moon above us, blending with the evening lights; and every now and then a Nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or other commonly answered, and said, as we supposed, '*It is yet somewhat too early*,' for the song was not continued."—*Journey over the Brocken*, vide *Amulet*, 1829.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S CALL.

Every leaflet on each bough
Hangs, dispos'd for slumber now;
Shadows dim the woodland sheen,
Glow-worms glint among the green,
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce the ling'ring sun hath set,
Somewhat 'tis too early yet.

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CALL.

Ruby tints and golden dyes,
Long have faded from the skies;
By the pale and dreamy moon,
Lovers will be wand'ring soon;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce with dew the turf is wet,
It is all too early yet.

CALL.

Axes through the wood no more
Rend our bowers, toil is o'er,
Wearied man hath sunk to rest,
Eden-dreams the sad have blest;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

Scarce the watch of folds is set,
Somewhat 'tis too early yet.

CALL.

Long hath ceas'd the wether-bell,
And each bird-voic'd pipe as well.
Whilst the moon-aw'd watch-dog's bay
Seems to wail departed day;
Hark, I sing, companions dear,
Answer ye, afar or near.

ANSWER.

We will sing, when fays are met,
It is all too early yet.

M. L. B.

IMPROMPTU TO THE MEMORY OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

Just is the tribute of poetic praise,
To those called hence in life's meridian blaze;
To him whose "beauty-breathing" touch hath giv'n
To mortal semblances, the look of Heav'n!
Imperishably writ will be thy name
Lawrence! few mightier in the lists of fame;
Not e'en a Titian's, nor a Raphael's mind,
For all their wond'rous powers in thee combined,
Whether in infant innocence displayed,
Or painting manhood's brow of deeper shade,
Or woman's love—for then thy genius fired,
Broke forth in soft luxuriant tints attired;
Warm from the canvass all thy beauties start,
To charm the eye, and captivate the heart.

C. H.

The Novelist.

GRANAWAILE.

An Amazonian Record.

(For the Mirror.)

The romance of *real* life frequently exceeds in an extraordinary degree, the studied novelties of fiction.

The voice of revelry was heard within the walls of Howth Castle—a fortress, the site of which is yet distinguishable on the coast of the harbour of Howth, amidst the various alterations and interpolations to which it has been subjected. It was, in the sixteenth century, a very strong place, and deemed, on account of its ditches, ramparts, flanking towers, and bastions, almost impregnable;—besides which, the tried valour of Lord Howth's retainers, who garrisoned it, and their devotion to his cause, was well known. Revelry reigned now within the baronial hall of Howth Castle, and a deafening storm wildly raged without; but little recked the heroes of pike, long-bow, and arquebuss, &c., for the angry yelling of the winds, and the furious dashing of the frothy waves, whilst they enjoyed the free circulation of the black-jack, the tale, and the song. A fierce and piercing blast, however, from the warder's horn, and several weighty blows falling rapidly upon the massy nail-studded outer portal of the Castle, aroused the attention of the wassailers; and one of them, dispatched by the Earl to inquire who intruded upon the privacy of the Castle dinner-hour, returned with a message to this purport:

"Granawaile of Ireland, Queen of the Western Isles, having, upon her departure from the Court of Elizabeth of England, been driven by stress of weather into the harbour and port of Howth, demanded of the Lord of the Manor, as a leal knight, succour and hospitality."

The Earl, enraged at the lack of etiquette and deference towards himself, which he fancied, or rather was willing to fancy, observable in the message of Granawaile, and little heeding the consequences which might ensue from exasperating the formidable Queen of the West, bade his henchman return this answer to the envoy of her Majesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath a law, from which he cannot depart: therefore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, could he not open the gates of his fortalice whilst he dines. Queen Granawaile is welcome to his hospitality if she will condescend to wait for it."

The reception which this answer to her request met with from the high-spirited Semiramis of Erin may easily be surmised; and vowing that the insolent Earl should drink the last drop of her blood, ere she ate a morsel of his bread, she ordered the driving vessels, if possible, to be moored, resolving, should the sea spare herself and little fleet, to reconnoitre Castle Howth on the morrow, and plan its effectual destruction. Great as was the danger of being run a-ground on a lee shore, Granawaile's men, fired at the insult offered to their celebrated and beloved Queen, succeeded in performing her commands, and

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trusted that close reefing and stout cables would enable them to weather the blast, should its violence not increase, during the night. Providentially, the storm ere morning had not only considerably abated, but the wind had veered round to a quarter extremely favourable for the Queen's return. Granawaile was not, however, to be deterred from her stern purpose, even by the precarious nature of a fair wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrepid heroine, accompanied by a naval and military officer, surveying, with scientific eye, the exterior of that massy fortification, of which the interior had been so rudely denied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder situation for the arquebussiers would be terrible to us. The height and steepness of that scarp, and the depth of the ditch, is almost inconceivable: a sharp fire from such ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off the waters. But let us land our troops here; give us the advantage of this hill on our right, that woody ravine on our left, and the chapel and village in our rear, and the castle must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered around the walls and outworks of the almost impregnable fortress; and feeling that, though she was formidable on the seas, her martial genius was little able to compete on land with that of those who raised such tremendous fortifications, and knew well how most advantageously to use them, she said, with a sigh, to the admiral of her fleet, "No, Rimbauld, it will never do; we must draw the insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps you will teach him, at a trifling expense, better manners; but to attack the bravo in such a strong hold is impossible!"

"How now, my little fellow!" continued she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively countenance and brilliant eyes shone a sense and spirit above his years, "What! at play so early!—why you have well filled your cap with stones, shells, and sea-weed, whilst the eyes of many are not yet open."

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child, "I ought not to go by myself further than the angle of yon bastion, but have stolen out of bounds this morning, to look at those strange ships which were beat about so in the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships, then?"

"Oh, yes—love them!"

"And were you ever in one, my little man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine place, which is to be mine, would go to my cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage; and, after a little cajolery on the part of herself and the officers, persuaded the young heir of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the finest of those ships," which he was so anxious to see; but no sooner had he stepped on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the signal to weigh anchor was given; and the vessels, slipped from their moorings, sailed "homeward bound" from the harbour in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of her bold abduction of the heir of Howth, was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl, of whose advancing armament she had, some months afterwards, a full view from the turrets of her favourite castle, which commanded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast expanse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around Clare Island, at such intervals as were permitted by the nature of the coast, in order to oppose Lord Howth's landing, should he attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet to proceed to the scene of action and form for the engagement. She had now the satisfaction of observing the Earl's squadron considerably a-head of Achill Isle, and making for the Bay, where, with her principal maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared for his reception. Granawaile then slipped the cables of some of her favourite vessels, which were always coiled round the posts of her own bed when in harbour; and her naval officers, who had been previously instructed, commenced at this signal their preparations for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily collected, was not deficient either in strength or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin rendering the equipment of a tolerable fleet no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay, an envoy was dispatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demanding the restoration of his son, "by her unlawfully abducted and detained, &c.; in default of which restoration, accorded in peace and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth, held himself in readiness to give battle," &c. &c.

To which defiance Granawaile replied in her own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath a law, from which she cannot depart: therefore could she not restore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, his son, unless he complied with her own conditions"

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"Oh, never!" cried the impetuous Earl, "never will I—can I—bend me to a woman's will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signifying his determination, his fleet immediately formed in line of battle, and was imitated by that of the Princess—so that the rival armaments now stood opposed to each other, and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl appeared that of Granawaile, distinguished from the rest by its gala array: and—oh! sight of unutterable anguish to a father's heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth lashed to the main-mast of *The Queen's Carmack!*

In a state bordering upon desperation, the Earl dispatched to Granawaile a flag of truce; and, requiring the meaning of so cowardly an act, entreated the removal of his son ere the commencement of the engagement.

The wily heroine replied that "she was guilty of no cowardly act; but, being Queen in her own dominions, would indubitably dispose of her prisoners as she thought proper; and that it was optional with the Earl of Howth to become the murderer of his own child, or to reclaim him without the effusion of blood, by acceding to her terms, which were these:—"That the gates of Howth Castle should stand open now, and for ever, at the hours of meals; and that its lords should never refuse hospitality to the stranger who sought it there." Granawaile added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen minutes after the reception of this message to consider of it; but that, should he then refuse to come to terms, she would fire the first shot herself, follow it by a broadside, and expect him to have the spirit and gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deliberate; in a few minutes the colours of his lordly fleet were lowered to those of Granawaile, the Amazon of the Western Isles: who, with all the generosity and tenderness of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to save life far more heroic than the expenditure of a thousand volleys to destroy it! And in a short space, the darling son, whose account of Granawaile's kindness to him during his captivity ensured for her the Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was locked in the arms of his anxious and idolizing father.* M. L. B.

* The leading incidents of this tale are strictly historical, though not, we have understood, generally known to English readers.

The Anecdote Gallery.

LORD BYRON.

[We have scrapped "here a little and there a little" from Mr. Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*. Our selections are so many epigrammatic anecdotes, and remind us of Addison's comparison—"An anecdote bears the same relation to history and biography, that an epigram bears to an epic poem, or a proverb to a moral discourse."]

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to *reside* for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of H**, who, after hating me for two years, because I 'wore a *white hat* and a *gray* coat, and rode a *gray* horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces, because I had written some poetry.

"One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out of the way places. Somebody popped upon him—in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his '*hat*-house,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge, for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening—

"'Ah me! What perils do environ
The man who meddles with *hot Hiron*.'"

He was also of that band of profane scoffers, who, under the auspices of ****, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort*—good *Lort*, deliver us!'—(Lort was his christian name.)

"You don't know D——s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but failed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned. Lord forgive me for using such a word!—but the pit, sir, you know, the pit—they will do those things, in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury-lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident

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Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D—— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now, was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it.—Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth 300,000*l.*, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

Of Grattan, Lord Byron says—"I have heard that when Grattan made his first speech in the English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and 'thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance,' in a way irresistibly ludicrous."

"M * * (of indifferent memory) was dining out the other day, and complaining of the P—e's coldness to his old wassailers. D' * * (a learned Jew) bored him with questions—why this? and why that?—'Why did the P—e act thus?'—'Why, sir, on account of Lord * *, who ought to be ashamed of himself.' 'And why ought Lord * * to be ashamed of himself?'—'Because the P—e, sir, * * * * * * * *.' 'And why, sir, did the P—e cut *you?*'—'Because, —— d—mme, sir, I stuck to my principles.' 'And *why* did you stick to your principles?'

"There is an American life of G. F. Cooke, *Scurra* deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since Drunken Barnaby's Journal, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous—first, that a man should live so long drunk; and next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless; but the pints he swallowed and the parts he performed are too regularly registered.

"Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea, who followed the Arab keeper like a dog, the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione!—There was a 'hippopotamus,' like Lord L——l in the face; and the 'Ursine Sloth' hath the very voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—*trunked* a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here*: the sight of the *camel* made me pine again for Asia Minor. 'Oh quando te aspiciam?' * * *

"Murray has had a letter from his brother Bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says 'he is lucky in having such a *poet*'—something as if one was a pack-horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his:' or, like Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, 'Laws, sir, we keeps a Poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript, 'The *Harold* and *Cookery* are much wanted.' Such is fame, and, after all, quite as good as any other 'life in other's breath.' 'Tis much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More.

"Some editor of some Magazine has *announced* to Murray his intention of abusing the thing '*without reading it.*' So much the better; if he redde it first, he would abuse it more."

"The scenes I had to go through!—the authors and the authoresses, and the milliners, and the wild Irishmen,—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in upon me! to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. * * * *'s father, an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, called upon me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better),—Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or production,—Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a

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pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cachinnation."

"Yesterday (Oct. 30, 1815) I dined out with a largish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of C. G., and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Ds. Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a —— corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

"Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation. Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman, who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air,' called reason, * * * * * *. He, the watchman, found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible. 'Who are *you*, sir?'—no answer. 'What's your name?'—a hiccup. 'What's your name?'—Answer, in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone—'Wilberforce!!!' Is not that Sherry all over?—and, to my mind, excellent. Poor fellow, *his* very dregs are better than the 'first sprightly runnings' of others.

"When dying, he was requested to undergo 'an operation'. He replied, that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's lifetime.' Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture!'

"When I met H * * L * *, the jailer, at Lord Holland's, before he sailed for St. Helena, the discourse turned on the battle of Waterloo. I asked him whether the dispositions of Napoleon were those of a great general?' He answered, disparagingly, 'that they were very *simple*.' I had always thought that a degree of simplicity was an ingredient of greatness.

"Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination!—there never was any thing like it that ever I saw or heard of. His *published* life—his published speeches, give you *no* idea of the man—none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said that Piron was an epigrammatic machine."

In his Memoranda there were equally enthusiastic praises of Curran. "The riches," said he, "of his Irish imagination, were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written—though I saw him seldom and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madame de Staël, at Mackintosh's;—it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone; and they were both so —— ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences. * * * *

In another part, however, he was somewhat more fair to Madame de Staël's personal appearance:—"Her figure was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul, and so forth. She would have made a great man."

"* * * (commonly called *long* * * *, a very clever man, but odd) complained to our friend Scrope B. Davies, in riding, that he had a *stitch* in his side. 'I don't wonder at it,' said Scrope, 'for you ride *like a tailor*.' Whoever had seen * * * on horseback, with his very tall figure on a small nag, would not deny the justice of the repartee.

"When B * * was obliged (by that affair of poor M * *, who thence acquired the name of 'Dick the Dandy-killer'—it was about money, and debt, and all that) to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French, he responded, 'that Brummell had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *Elements*.'

"I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery,' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."

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The Janua Wall, Leicester.

THIS ruin is a curious and valuable specimen of building practised by the Romans; but the uses for which it was designed will most probably ever elude research. It is supposed that it was a temple of the Roman *Janus*; or the *Janua*, a great gateway of the Roman town. The latter seems chiefly supported by the assertion of the learned Leman, that the line of the *Fosse*, having joined the *Via Devana*, ran through this spot; but, by examining the arches, no reason can be assigned why a city, not larger than *Ratæ*, should have a gateway with so many openings; nor does any satisfactory answer occur to the *query*, why a gate should be placed in what seems to have been the central part of the ancient city;—and, perhaps, all the evidence of the other opinion rests upon the dark sooty coat that encrusts the interior of the arches—an appearance which the smoke of the town would easily produce in one century. Indeed, little can be concluded from the present outside of the work; for, as we cannot conceive that the Romans would have erected so rough an edifice, it must be supposed that the present remains were originally coated over with workmanship more worthy of such polished builders. If, however, we may indulge a conjecture, we shall be led to imagine, from the slight remain of ornament, that this wall was either part of a *Roman temple* or *bath*. However, such an opinion rests, and must rest, on conjecture, since the remains are too scanty to afford sufficient data for a settled opinion.

A *cloaca*, or *Roman sewer*, was discovered in 1793, at an equal distance between this ruin and the river, in a direct line towards the latter, which contained many curious fragments of pottery, some of them impressed with the *Macrini*, *Albinus*, &c.

Leicester, the capital of Leicestershire, is situated nearly in the centre of that county, and is watered by the river *Soar*, formerly *Loir*. What may have been the name of this place before the establishment of the Romans cannot be ascertained. *King Leir*, and whatever surmises may have been founded on the similarity between his name and the present name of the place, may safely be left to those who are more fond of the flights of conjecture than the solid arguments of truth.

After the establishment of the Romans, Leicester became one of their most important stations: it was known by the name of *Ratæ*, and was a colony composed of the soldiers from the legions, having magistrates, customs, and language, the same as Rome itself. Under the Saxon dynasty it obtained the name of Leicester—compounded of *castrum*, or *cesta*, from its having been a Roman military station; and *leag*, or *lea*, a pasture surrounded by woods, for such was anciently the site of the town. This is most probably the true etymology of the name of this place.

A *milliare*, or Roman mile stone, was discovered by some labourers, about two miles from Leicester, in 1771: antiquarians allow it to be the oldest now extant, in Britain—it is about three feet long, and six in circumference. The Raw Dike, just without the town eastwardly, is esteemed by some antiquarians as another Roman labour, and by others a British *cursus*.

In the reign of the Saxon king Athelstan, stood an establishment which, as it related to a privilege exclusively royal, that of *coining money*, has ever been thought to confer honour on the place

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where it was allowed to be exercised. It is proved, from the series of coins collected, that money was coined at the *Mint* at *Leicester*, in regular succession, from Athelstan to Henry II.

Very little is to be seen of the Abbey, and not a vestige of that noble church supposed to have been built by Petronilla, the wife of Robert Blanchmains, and adorned with the pious donation of a braid of her hair, to suspend the lamp in the great choir. Nor has the diligence of the inquiring antiquary been more successful in the discovery of any traces of the tomb of Cardinal Wolsey.

The Castle is a square oblong, seventy-eight feet long, fifty-three broad, and twenty-five high, and was most probably built by the first of the Bellomonts, though the modern front conceals all outward traces of antiquity. This was the hall in which the Dukes of Lancaster held their courts, when they ascended the throne. Leicester, though frequently honoured by their presence, received no permanent benefit; though several parliaments were held there in the reign of Henry VI. The Castle was so dilapidated in the time of Richard III., that that monarch chose rather to sleep at an inn, a few evenings before his fall, than occupy the royal apartments.

SAMUEL MATTHEWS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A FEW OPINIONS FOR 1830.

All mortal things must change, as years decay,
And earth scarce knows herself from day to day.
Her nations take such carnival disguises,
The general mother's bother'd with surprizes.
The cossack'd Englishman this lesson teaches,
And so do Mussulmen in tight short breeches.

Filling the realm . . . . .
. . . . . with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove dangerous."
Shakspeare's Henry VIII.

"TIME," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator;" had he lived in our days, he would have probably written "jacobin." Our annual functions, as the reporters of Time's vagaries, are not of ancient date; yet in this "brief and petty space," the chances and changes, which it has been our duty to set down, are not few. Every following year has exhibited its little revolution, in which public opinion has been as varied and incongruous as a sick man's dream; and if thinking in many different ways be evidence of much thought, the English are, without a sneer, the most thinking people in the universe. "They that too much reverence old times," continues the philosopher of Verulam, (as if with a prophetic eye to the coming on of one of his latest successors on the woolsack), "are but a scorn of the new;" but he neglected to add such a definition of his terms as would make the axiom available to practice; and there is even yet wanted a Cicero to fix the boundaries between old and new, and by so doing, to fill up a deplorable hiatus in the science of good and evil. In this 1830, the admiration of yesterday is the contempt of to-day: the orthodoxy of the morning, by noon, cools down to indifference; by dinner-time, it sinks to scepticism; and by the time it has been slept upon, degenerates into rank heresy. There is something electric and stormy in the political atmosphere; and opinions, like meat, become tainted and unpalatable at the end of a few hours. The cameleon hues of thought are scarcely "booked," before they "make themselves air, into which they vanish;" so that, to do justice to the subject, our articles, instead of annual, should be monthly, or might, on some special occasions, even require a column in the daily papers. But the daily papers are themselves their own historians, and they exhibit, in their sheets, a series of changes as fitful and evanescent as the lights and shades of an April morn. The fact is, we are living in a general *débâcle* of the human intellect. The frost of fourteen hundred years' duration is broken up; and the fragments of floating ice jostle each other in the current of opinion, and are dashed to pieces in "most admired confusion."

One great certainty at which the public have arrived (and it relieves us from a world of difficulty) concerns the possibility of crossing the Balkan, and the scrape into which friend Nicholas was thought to have involved himself. This time twelvemonths, books were written to prove the Turks the very raw-head and bloody-bones of combatants, pig-headed creatures, whom neither bullets nor bayonets could convince. Plague, pestilence, and famine, it was said, had turned Mahommedan, and had entered into an holy alliance to preserve the crescent on St. Sophia's, if not to plant it on the church of our Lady of Cazan. At present, all these questions are completely at rest; the only thing that puzzles us is to guess at the use which Nicholas will make of the victory; and here again the old friends of the duke have left him in the lurch. It is by no means orthodox to believe in Russian modera-

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tion; and there is a sympathy between the High Church party and the Mollahs of Constantinople, that developes an uncommon anxiety for the welfare of the Moslems. The kind-hearted souls would have been delighted to get the Premier into a war for the better sewing-up of ladies in sacks, and for preserving inviolate the privileges of the bow-string, the right and left arms of legitimacy, no matter whose the money would come from or who paid the interest of the loans. Unluckily, however, for such speculations, John Bull is greatly cooled on the subject of war, and is not so easily persuaded to draw forth his Andrew Ferrara, as in olden times. National honour has retreated into the breeches-pocket, and frightened at the void it finds there, has a heart "with the fear of Mars before it."

Another undoubted point, upon which opinion is still nearly unshaken, is the perfection of our judicial institutions. Committees of inquiry are indeed held for the form sake, and a few changes may be made, to prove the excellence of what is untouched; but none but a Radical and a Benthamite would say that special-pleading is special lying and special robbery, or would aver that the Chancery is slow in its motions? Does not the proverb (and there is no authority like a proverb) say "slow and sure?" If, therefore, there is nothing so uncertain as a chancery suit, it is clear as crystal that the process, instead of being slow, is even yet by far too rapid. Besides, a decision must always come too soon for a loser; so that one half of the suitors, at least, must prefer things as they are; and the contentment of one half of the world is a good deal, to be vouched in behalf of any system. Then, as for expense, there is no reason why gambling in Lincoln's Inn should be cheaper than at Crockford's, or why an affidavit should not be taxed as heavily as the ace of spades. All people who are in want of money opine that the national circulation is deficient; and the paper manufacturers incline to the same way of thinking. Rowland Stephenson is forgotten by all, except his creditors, who would stake their life upon it that he has left the kingdom, though they are not equally positive respecting the magnitude of his dividend. The gallows is still the shortest road to Heaven, and there is nothing so interesting as an atrocious murder, which puts us in mind that Don Miguel is looking up, and Donna Maria della Gloria in a glorious minority. The Emperor of Austria has put a brother king's* poems in his Index, because "they show something too liberal," and it is thought that Charles X. will put his *charte* into rhyme, in the hopes of a similar distinction. Some people believe that the knowing ones in the City are speculating on a purchase of the kingdom of Jerusalem; and the orange girls in Leadenhall-street, and the small traders in the Minories are packing up "their duds" to be off to the East. The saints will subscribe freely, for the better fulfilment of the prophecies. But the best-informed in the Alley have discovered that the king of the Israelites does not think this a *few*-dicious scheme, and "he sees no profits in it:" the gathering together of the Hebrews would bring on the end of the world, and that, he says, will knock down the stocks. It may, therefore, be safely hazarded for the present, that the kingdom of the Jews is "no go."

No theatre has absolutely fallen on the heads of the performers since our last; but a good many of them are, it is believed, in a tottering condition. The opinion gains ground that the translation of French tragedy into English comedy is not a thriving speculation; and there are those who hold that a more liberal payment and more modest treatment of authors for the stage might raise a biped actor to the level of a horse, and draw more than the elephant. There is a notion that instead of Apollo and the Muses, the Metropolitan theatres should be ornamented with statues of charity children and the blind beggar of Bethnal Green. Have no hesitation in believing that music is very bad for the morals—of common people; probably because alehouse fiddlers do not stop in tune, and because vice is a derangement of the universal harmony of things. For the future, there is a bar put upon the publican's minstrelsy, and no minstrelsy must be heard in the publican's bar. Informers are to take notes of pianos, and not even a jews-harp will be permitted in a Christian's tap. "*Fronti nulla* fides" is the new law of signs; and to sell beer under the invocation of the Cat and Fiddle will be deemed a forfeiture of license. Why should the mob be amused at all? and what right have vulgar fellows to give themselves *airs*? Quere, is it lawful for tea-kettles to sing in a coffee-house? and what would be the consequence of a magistrate *smoking* the pandean pipes

* The King of Bavaria. Some of our papers have considered this royal poet a "sign of the times." Geometrically speaking, he must be only the *versed sign*.

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at the Crown and Anchor? At Brighton the general belief is, that the King does not get his health well at Windsor: but the Merry Wives of Windsor are equally sure that sea air is not good for his constitution. Mr. Wyatville, however, (there is a rumour of his being knighted, we believe,—if so, Sir Geoffry), *builds* upon a change of residence, no matter where; and holds nothing so insalubrious as a continued habitation of the same house. A report prevails that Captain Garth is to "lead to the hymeneal altar" Pandora. But it is doubtful whether Hope is at the bottom of his box, now that the rest of its contents are oozing out. Secrets that were to cost £10,000, and £8,000 per annum, "must be secrets worth knowing." Why the dickens did the Admiralty prosecute Captain Dickinson? It may be credited that his having proved that he rode upon springs in the action, made some folks sit upon thorns. It is believed that Mr. C——, of the Admiralty, has fallen into the Royal Literary Institution and been smothered; that gentleman having been missing for some time. Mr. W. Horton, and the Emigration Committee, have, it is supposed, emigrated to Canada. It is thought a bad augury for Mr. Peel's new police, that since its establishment whole parishes have lost their watches. Steam-coaches are looking up, and there is no longer fear of their ending in smoke There is some difference of opinion on the merits of the several systems to be adopted in their service. The horses, in the meanwhile, are down in the mouth, and expect shortly to be left without a bit. Whipcord also is at a considerable discount; and it is thought that hay will no longer be made while the sun shines. One thing, however, may be safely asserted, that the landlords will bring in a bill to compel the people to eat oats in the place of the coach-horses, and to force the coach-masters to heat their furnaces with the best wheat.

These are a few of the current opinions at this present writing; and it is to be hoped that the reader will not lay the matter to our door, should they change before this paper sees the light.

"Rede me and be not wrothe,
For I say nothing but the trothe."

New Monthly Magazine.

NATURE.

How grand is nature
In the great work, tho' not an atom rests,
Order prevails. Creation

Notes of a Reader.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1830.

As we have already done the "Annual" state some service by way of announcement, and have hitherto remained quiet respecting our own pretensions, we shall be excused the egotism of introducing the *Arcana of Science and Art for* 1830. As the character and interest of "our" Annual are not of an ephemeral, though certainly of inventive and imaginative description, we do not strive, like our gayer compeers, to appear before the close of the year; but to include all its most important facts. Indeed, to borrow part of our sub-title, the "instruction and amusement" promised by the plan, gained us an extensive inquiry for the first volume for 1828, which has continued to the present moment, when the work is just at press for the third time. The sale of the volume for 1829, of which more ample provision was made, has been still greater; and this encourages us to anticipate an increased demand for the forthcoming volume for 1830.

The printing is nearly completed, and upwards of Thirty Engravings are finished. The Mechanical and Chemical divisions are as copious as last year; but the Natural History Collections, as well the Rural Economy and Geographical divisions exceed those of the volume for 1829. Zoology, especially, will form the most delightful as well as prominent portion of the new volume, and we may safely say that such an assemblage of interesting facts and illustrious names will hardly be found in any other "Annual." As in our first preface we hoped to "follow the example of time," so we have since noted all the most popular occurrences in every department of Science and Art. Utility and happiness, as well as entertainment, are the cubits that we strive to add to the world's experience, and really our pursuit of knowledge for this little work, is a very pleasant alternation with our more playful caterings for the present pages. To call our *Arcana* the Annual *toy-book* of Science would be hardly fair; but its very amusing character almost justifies the name, while its pretensions to practice and the business of life are of a much higher order; and the continued sale of the volumes for 1828 and 1829 will bear us out in this observation.

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CHINESE CRUELTY.

We copy the following from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 83, *(just published)*:

In 1821, an Italian sailor, on board a vessel of the United States, accused of murdering a Chinese woman, was delivered up to the government and strangled, though perfectly innocent of the crime imputed to him.* The American captains and agents, whose commercial proceedings were put a stop to until satisfaction should be made to the government, persuaded this poor *Italian*, by name Terranova, that he would certainly be acquitted, and shortly restored to his ship! No sooner, however, was he in the hands of the Chinese, than a mock trial was instituted, at which not a single American was present. A body of the captains and officers of the East India Company's ships repaired to the Consoo or Court-house, but were refused admittance, on the plea that, as the prisoner was an American it was no affair of theirs. It was afterwards learned, from some of the Chinese who were present, that after some questions put to the poor man, and the pretended examination of two witnesses, they produced a paper, which they advised him to sign, by imprinting the mark of his open hand upon it in red ink. They represented to him that this was merely a statement of the trial, which must be sent to Peking for inspection, and that on the return of an answer he would most likely be immediately acquitted. The unfortunate man, surrounded by strangers, and put off his guard by the fair promises of a principal security merchant, imprinted his hand on the paper. All further proceedings were instantly stopped—it was a confession of his guilt. Poor Terranova, still ignorant of his fate, was taken to prison, and, according to Chinese custom in condemned cases, his irons were taken off, and he had plenty to eat and drink. On the fourth or fifth day after, the security merchants who attended his trial visited him, and told him that a reply had been received from Peking (distant 1,200 miles), and that it was necessary he should go into the city, and hear the result. The wretched man, in high hopes of a speedy liberation, cheerfully obeyed; he was taken into the city, and the first intimation he had of his cruel fate was, the executioner and implements of death before him, with the heads of decapitated Chinese, hung round an open space crowded with native spectators. He uttered a cry of despair, and was understood to protest his innocence, and to implore the sight of a European or American. The executioner paid no attention to his outcries, but immediately proceeded to strangle him, according to the horrid Chinese mode, by the gradual tightening of ropes from the lower extremities upwards. His bones were all broken, and the mangled remains of the victim delivered up to the American consul! This officer, a man of honour and feeling, as we have before observed in reference to the same case, disgusted at the conduct of his interested and disunited countrymen, threw up his commission instantly; and even the lower orders of the Chinese expressed contempt at the willing blindness and credulity of the employers of the miserable Italian, who, to secure their own individual profits, persuaded the ignorant man to trust himself to a Chinese tribunal, divested, as they must have well known from the past, of all justice and mercy towards white strangers.

* The Chinese government has pretended that "foreigners shall be tried and sentenced according to the established laws," but due experience has too plainly shown that they are *not* so tried or punished,—but seized only to be strangled, after a mock trial. Every legal safeguard given to the native is withheld from the stranger. After being capitally condemned, every native prisoner (except in aggravated cases of treason, &c.) is allowed the benefit of the delay arising from an appeal to the emperor himself, by whose warrant alone he can be executed. This benefit, by a most infamous enactment, passed in 1753, at the *recommendation* of the local government of Canton, was expressly taken away from foreigners!

BRINGING DOWN THE BIRD.†

This diversion, or exercise, of firing at a mark with a rifle is much followed in Switzerland, the valleys of the Tyrol, and Piedmont. He that makes the best hit carries away the prize; and, on almost every occasion, popular dances are twin sisters to this amusement. But there is probably no spot where they were attended with such festivity, and embellished with such bland and joyous customs, as under the sky of Chambery. Its company of noble knights-riflemen, or of marksmen, is of very ancient date. In the earliest times they handled the bow; to this succeeded the cross-bow, and to the latter the rifle. The knights assemble with great parade, and their first act is to attend divine service; then they adjourn to a cheerful repast; and, that dispatched, the lists are opened. The mark consists of a bird, either carved in wood, or painted on card.

† The Popinjay of our own country, not much more than a century old.—Ed. *Foreign Literary Gazette*.—For a description of this ceremony, see *The Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 212.

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The contest is decided by striking a spot distinctly traced upon its breast. Every marksman fires in his regular turn; and when all have discharged their pieces, the band begins *de novo*.—As soon as a bullet has hit the mark, the party on the watch throws his cloak over the wounded bird; the judges examine the hit; and after ascertaining it to be decisive, proclaim the successful knight king of the festival. The first act of this regal dignity is to choose to himself a consort; and for this purpose he is presented with the rose *(rosa)*, from which he must make his exclusive election. The name of so lovely a flower as this has been very pertinently bestowed upon a galaxy of six maidens, whom the cognoscenti select every year from amongst the most lovely flowerets of the environs. The bringing down of the bird is, in fact, but the opening or foretaste of the festivities. The band of knights, after the victor is proclaimed, march in procession through the streets of the town, amidst hurras, bursts of applause, and merry-makings. The whole country is in motion, and presents one general scene of mirth and frolic. Thence follow serenades; and balls, where joyousness presides; and suppers, whence care and boisterous presumption are banished as intruders.—But I have forgotten the peculiar zest of this festal scene. In the composition of the rose, three maidens are of patrician and three of plebeian birth. If the king be of noble extraction, he is bound to select a citizen's daughter for his queen; and if of ignoble parentage, a noble scion must become his bride. The same rule obtains in the processions: every burgher has a noble lady on his arm, and every dame of civic rank a patrician partner. This law was instituted with a view to attemper the animosity at all times existing in a society where privilege has given birth to so marked an inequality of conditions as once disgraced the soil of Savoy.

The queen presented her spouse with a favour of ribands, and the king greeted his consort with a bunch of flowers: they led off the dance, and were treated with all due honours and courtesies. The last celebration of this custom took place in 1788.

COURTSHIP.

In some of the more recluse hamlets of Savoy, a custom of wooing obtains, which appears to be of Celtic origin. The accepted lover presents himself first beneath the window, and afterwards on the threshold of the cottage. At length the maiden introduces him stealthily, during the night, into her chamber: she then lies down, and her inamorato sits on the edge of the bed. Love, which has power to move the rudest souls, presides over their tender, but innocent colloquies. This is the way in which the ties of matrimony are contracted; and it is alleged, that no instance has occurred where modesty has been compelled to throw a veil over her brow during these nocturnal meetings: evidently from the simple-heartedness of primitive manners. They term it "*courir la trosse.*"*

PARIS REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

It was stated some time ago that a subscription was being raised in Paris for an institution to do away with mendicity in that capital. We are glad to find, by a recent letter, that the subscription filled rapidly, and that a large building is now ready for the reception of beggars, of both sexes, after an examination by a commissary of police, to ascertain that they are unable to obtain work, or too infirm to perform it. Immediately after their admission they are required to bathe, and are then decently clothed; their old clothes, if not entirely worn out, being sent to be cleaned. They are well fed on bread, soup made from the gelatine of bones, and the quality of which is said to be excellent; and each person has an iron bedstead, paillasse, a woollen mattress, a bolster, two blankets, and a pair of sheets. There are now two hundred beds of this description, and the building is capable of containing four hundred. The men and the women are kept separate; and every one who is capable of labour has work to do, according to his or her profession—the surplus of earnings, after deducting the expenditure, which is on the lowest possible scale, serving as an accumulating fund for individual benefit. The daily food of each consists of a pound and a half of bread, soup, and vegetables; and on Sundays there is the addition of meat, with little indulgences, according to the state of health of the inmates. This benevolent institution, which is calculated to provide for four hundred persons, who had no other means of subsistence than begging, has been erected with a subscription amounting to less than 16,000*l.* sterling.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

* This very much resembles the ancient Gaelic custom still preserved in Wales, under the common name of *bundling!*—ED. *Foreign Lit. Gaz.*

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MOUSE SAUCE.

M. CAILLIE, in his "Travels in Timbuctoo," says—"As I had not yet breakfasted, I went to a Bambara woman, who was pounding boiled yams; I bought some of her for a few glass beads; and she gave me separately, in a small pot, some gombo sauce. On dipping my yams into this sauce, I discovered, to my great mortification, some little paws, and immediately ascertained that the sauce was made of mice. However, I was hungry, and I continued my meal, though, I must confess, not without some feelings of disgust. The negroes, when they take their yams without sauce, never mash them; those which I bought from the negress were ready prepared. In the evening I saw many women chopping mice to make sauce for their suppers. I observed that they gut the animals, and without taking the trouble of skinning them, merely draw them across the fire, to singe off the hair. Thus prepared, they lay them in a corner of the hut; and it is not unusual to keep them there for seven or eight days before they are cooked. The mice which make their way into the jars of millet, are caught by the women and children, without the aid of traps.

TALLEYRAND.

ON a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth—the latter none at all. "If Madame S—," said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day entrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant; and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer: he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

Spirit of Discovery.

FIRE-PROOF DRESS.

THE Chevalier and philanthropist, Aldini, of Milan, has lately gathered round him the scientific circles of the metropolis. At the Royal Society he exhibited his anti-caloric apparatus; some experiments also were gone through, which appeared to satisfy as well as to surprise. It was at the Royal Institution, however, where the Chevalier's plans were fully and fairly developed; the first night of the session (Jan. 22,) having been devoted to a lecture, by Professor Faraday, on this important and not less interesting subject. Mr. Faraday informed his auditors that the Chevalier had succeeded in spinning and weaving the asbestos into a species of cloth, a beautiful specimen of which covered a table in front of the lecturer. This piece, said Mr. Faraday, is the largest that has been manufactured since the days of the ancient Romans, and probably larger than any among them. The body is covered with this material, over which a dress composed of metallic tissue is placed; the latter, or outer covering, intercepts flame, and is nothing more than the wire gauze of Sir Humphry Davy. With an asbestos glove on his hand, we saw Mr. Faraday—though, as he said, he was a young fireman—grasp red-hot iron for a considerable time; nay, even a heavy piece of that material, somewhat resembling a brick in size, also red-hot, he carried, on the palm of his hand, for several minutes, without experiencing more than a slight degree of heat. But the most surprising feat was left for an Italian fireman, nephew of the Chevalier, we are told. This young man, equipped in an asbestos mask and a helmet of tissue, kept his head, and especially his face, completely enveloped in a stream of flaming gas for six or eight minutes; on taking off his wire helmet and mask, he (cooly) wiped his face, as if he had breathed incense for so many minutes. We never heard applause greater in any scientific assembly than attended this experiment. From what we have said, it will appear that the Chevalier's plan is to clothe firemen, or others, so that they may be able to enter burning habitations and save human life or valuable property. Half-a-dozen suits, we are told, have been constructed of this material, and are deposited with the municipal authorities of Paris. The Chevalier disclaims all eye to profit; and when we inform our readers that he

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is now upwards of eighty years of age, and that the best part of this long life has been spent in attempts to disarm fire of its terrors, for the greater safety of his fellow-creatures, we think that the term philanthropist is not misapplied. We perceive he is a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

"ORDINARY" JOKES.

DINING one day at an ordinary, in a country town, I was much amused with the following incident. At the upper end of the table sat a farmer, with a gentleman of the same occupation on his right, and a lawyer on his left. There being a couple of fowls before him, he civilly took one on his own plate to carve for the company, and in civility to himself, he popped a tit-bit into his own mouth; the farmer on his right likewise followed the example, by taking the other fowl in the like manner; the lawyer being somewhat witty, probably had a mind for a joke, for turning to the premier farmer, he asked him "if he knew the game of Draughts?" "Why," said the other, "I understand a little about it." "Well, then," returned the lawyer (putting his own fork into the fowl on the farmer's plate) "I shall huff you for not taking two when they were before you." Another circumstance, equally curious, happened in a similar situation. A gentleman sitting opposite a quarter of lamb, undertook to carve it, and cutting off the shoulder, put salt, pepper, and lemon as usual, without asking the rest of the company if they were agreeable. A gentleman on his right hand immediately took out his snuff-box, and deliberately strewed some on the meat; the carver much surprised, asked him what he meant by his impertinence? "Sir," said the gentleman, "what! don't you like snuff?" "Certainly not," said the carver, "Nor do I like pepper," replied the other.

W. C. MONTGOMORIE.

TO GRAZE THE SKIN—WHENCE THE TERM.

GRASS hearth, the grasing or turning up the earth with a plough, whence the customary service of the inferior tenants of the manor of Amersden, in Oxfordshire, to bring their ploughs and do one day's work for their lord, was called *grass hearth*, or *grass hurt*, and we still say the skin is grazed, or slightly hurt; and a bullet *grazes* any place when it gently turns up the surface of what it strikes upon.

C. K. W.

MOTTO TO THE SALAMANDRINES AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WOULD not the following old quaint motto be worthy a place over the fireplaces in the Rotunda, at the Bank of England?

"Stand aside, 'tis every one's desire,
As well as yours, to see and feel the fire."

P. T. W.

MR. BROUGHAM

Now and then relapses into a Bar recollection. The following is his best, and as such, his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court:—

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

EPIGRAMS.

CLOE has merit some allow,
Merit she has, indeed, 'tis true,
But Cloe's words and Cloe's brow,
Declare that Cloe thinks so too.

MISS CRESSY'S claims are numberless;
'Twere vain, quite vain, to count them o'er;
But did she strive at pleasing, less,
I'll lay my life, she'd please us more.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 414.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1830. [PRICE 2*d*.

Cliefden, Bucks.

CLIEFDEN is one of the most delightful estates on the banks of the Thames. It is situated about two miles north east from Maidenhead, and for picturesque scenery, and the combined charms of wood and water, is almost unrivalled. Its celebrity, or rather its notoriety, is, however, of a much less admirable description; both the original proprietor and the place being "damned to everlasting fame" in the powerful satires of Pope.

The mansion, which was of the most magnificent description, was erected by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II., and came by marriage to the late Earl of Orkney. Villiers, it will be recollected, served in the royal army under Prince Rupert; was with Charles II. in Scotland, and at Worcester; followed that prince abroad; served as volunteer in the French army in Flanders; and repaired the ruin of his fortune in the royal cause by marrying the daughter of Lord Fairfax. At the Restoration he was made Master of the Horse, and became one of the confidential "Cabal." His character is a tissue of licentiousness, unprincipled levity, and imprudence. He engaged in a conspiracy against the government in 1666, but the King, probably from his esteem of him as a pleasant fellow, readmitted him to his favour, and Buckingham again and again abused it. The profligacy of his private life was even notorious in these corrupt times. He seduced the Countess of Shrewsbury, and killed her husband in a duel; and was suspected of instigating Blood to the outrage on the Duke of Ormond. In 1676, he was committed to the Tower for contempt, by order of the House of Lords, but soon released; and, at length, after becoming the object of contempt to all parties, he died neglected and unregretted at Kirkby Moorside,* in Yorkshire, in 1688.

We often speak of him as "the witty

* Pope has commemorated this place, in the celebrated lines in which he records the wretched end of its founder:—

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

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author of 'the Rehearsal,' since he was doubtless a man of great literary abilities. At Cliefden, Buckingham kept his voluptuous court of wits and wayward sons of waste; which Pope alludes to, as—

> Cliefden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

The estate afterwards fell into better hands, the mansion being greatly improved by Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of his late Majesty, who resided many years on this delightful spot. On May 20, 1795, the residence was almost wholly destroyed by fire, together with all the furniture and paintings, and the fine tapestry hangings, representing the victory of the great Duke of Marlborough, in which the Earl of Orkney had a conspicuous share. The wings of the mansion were the only part that escaped the flames.

The date of our Engraving is the year 1740. George III. passed some of his early years at Cliefden, where his unspotted reputation presented a strong contrast with the headlong license of one of the former possessors.

The estate originally comprised nearly 430 contiguous acres, in the three parishes of Taplow, Hedsor, and Hitcham; but it was divided into seven lots, and sold in June, 1819. The principal lots included the site of the ancient mansion, with the remaining wings, (which had been connected by a subterranean passage, and formed into a comfortable residence); a noble terrace, which occupies the brow of the very lofty eminence on which the house was situated, and is said to be higher than that at Windsor, whose castle and contiguous buildings constitute the prominent objects of the view; 186 acres of land; and various ornamental buildings.

The home scenery of Cliefden is very picturesque; and the grounds, though originally disposed and planted in the formal style of the seventeenth century, are so finely wooded, and possess so much diversity of surface, that the views assume a grandeur of character but seldom seen. The declivity towards the Thames is finely hung with natural woods, whence "Cliefden's hanging woods" of the poet; and the prospect of the meandering river, with the fertile meadows enriched by its waters, are extremely fine.

Near the bottom of Cliefden Wood rises a small spring, which falling over a rugged ledge, forms a beautiful cascade. "Poetry," says a late writer, "would consider it as the crystal tribute of the Dryads of the woods paid to the Naiads of the stream."

Great Villiers lies. Alas! how chang'd from him;
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands, ends!

One of our correspondents, who appears to us well acquainted with the district, denies this statement of Pope. (*See Mirror*, present vol. page 67. Note.)

The murder of the first Duke of Buckingham, by Felton, and some interesting particulars of the assassin, from Britton's *Memoirs of the Tower*, will be found at page 67.

ETERNITY.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLDEN POETS.

(For the Mirror.)

Long seems the life that we enjoy,
And many wiles do we employ,
And many pleasures there are sought,
To shorten that which of itself is naught.

How long our few past years have been,
How long our misspent days I ween;
But how much longer since the world began,
Turn back thine eye, and all its wonders scan.

Tho' huge and pregnant—time is but a speck,
Its honours, glories, triumphs but a wreck;
Lost in eternity! The past is but a name,
Ten thousand years to come Eternity's the same.

LEAR.

RETROSPECTION.

(For the Mirror.)

Bright recollections of the glorious past,
Come like the shadows of the saluted dead,
Whom once we knew—forth from their mortal graves.

They tell of happy days—of blighted hopes,
Good ever in prospective cheer'd us on;
And still we follow where the phantom flies,
Till bears'd in death, th' illusive spectre dies.
Beyond which, tho' prospective all our hopes,
We never look'd! CYMBELINE.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(For the Mirror.)

Do lovely visions charm thee now of the turf on which we play'd,
Of the music of the summer rill, of the violet, haunted glade?
Oh, let the spell of memory still be unto thee entwin'd,
And the sweet dreams of our early days shall sanctify thy mind.

I remember how we wander'd out beneath the gentle sky,
And thou didst say the vesper-star was brilliant as mine eye,
With the hills around—the flow'rs beneath—and the heavenly lights above—
Oh, did not such an evening fill our solitude with love!

R. AUGUSTINE.

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The Cosmopolite.

THE LIFE OF A MARTYR TO TRUTH.

(From the German of Rabner.)

BY FLOWING ALMAWNY.

Nothing is more common in company than for one person to entertain another with perpetual accounts of himself, his properties and endowments. We are nearest to ourselves, and as it is our duty to speak all the good we can of our neighbour, we think ourselves under a natural obligation to praise ourselves. I shall not now inquire into the real causes of this foolish instance of self-love, as I am not disposed to make myself enemies after my death. I only mention it as a sort of apology for my present design. If thou affordest so much patience in hearkening to others who praise themselves while alive in the flesh; grant me thy attention when I tell thee after my death who I was. In common with all others, I wish my name to be immortal, though my body must be a prey to corruption. But wilt thou refuse to let me relate the course of my life? then I shall be more unfortunate than many, whose merits are remembered, at least as long as their heirs are dividing their inheritance.

The love of truth placed me in such scanty circumstances, that scarce any one has heard of my death except the curate who buried me. Had I been the owner of a comfortable estate, my weeping heirs would have published to the whole town, that their dear kinsman had piously departed to a better world, or I might on my death-bed have feed some worthy orator to prove to his Christian audience the eternal truth, that of all terrors, death is the most terrible; and that my virtuous soul had taken its departure much too prematurely from the earthly tabernacle in which it had dwelt for three and sixty years. But my poverty would not allow me to make so pompous a departure from the world. I died a martyr to truth, that is poor and unlamented; and if posterity is to learn any thing about me, I am reduced to the necessity of delivering it myself. That I was born on the 17th of September, in the year of our Lord, 1674, at Millberg, a little town on the river Elbe, may seem a matter of no very great consequence; but it is not my fault that the town is no bigger, any more than that my father was not a nobleman, nor a prelate, nor even a knight, but only, if I may venture to believe my mother, Master Lollinger, citizen, and tailor to the corporation. I brought two teeth with me into the world, was able to speak in my very first year, and had artifice enough in my second, to impose upon my father and mother whenever I pleased. My parents took this for a fortunate presage, that in time I should become a great lawyer. But they were mistaken, and the consequence has shown that it was an unhappy indication of my attachment to truth. I began very early to make it appear. Scarcely had I completed my fourth year, when I perceived that my father was not too scrupulously conscientious in his vocation; I pointed it out to him in a childish, but very forcible manner, and because I repeatedly did so, whenever occasion offered, he once for all gave me a sound flogging, as a taste of the first-fruits of the love of truth. However, I was not deterred by this. My father died and left my mother a young widow, and me an uneducated boy. My mother took on lamentably at his death; she howled and screamed—she hid her face with a deep veil—she wished she had dropped into the grave with her husband, and abjured all commerce with the world. I thought in my childish simplicity she had been in earnest, and I remained twelve whole weeks in error; but then it was quite removed: she cracked her jokes—she laughed—she visited her neighbours; and at home I saw several young men come and go, without her being angry at it. In short, she had forgotten her husband, and all desire of lying beside him in the grave had vanished away. I asked her why she had so much deceived me and others? A couple of boxes on the ear was all the answer I got. One day she looked in the glass, and asked me if she was not handsome? I said no; and this ruined me at once in her maternal affection. She could no longer endure me about her; and it was resolved to put me to school. I was accordingly sent to a place where for some years I continued to learn the elements of language. It was thought fit to place me at another school; I willingly obeyed; and at first my masters were well satisfied with me; but this lasted not long. Some of my schoolfellows were lazy. I rebuked them for their laziness; some of them were pursuing, with great eagerness, the study of sciences, which to me seemed insipid and of no real utility; others were ever giving themselves airs, only because they could tell, in Latin and Greek, who made them. To these I declared that I could not look at them

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without laughing, yet none of them thanked me for my frankness; all, on the contrary became my enemies. The wrath of one of my tutors, of whom I affirmed, without sufficient grounds, that he had more strength in his fist than in literature; the wrath of this man was so emphatical that I was obliged to leave the school, and be glad, by publicly begging pardon, to get quit of far greater disgrace. * * *

In the first agitation of my mind, I vowed never more to speak truth. But it fared with me as with those poets who abjure the making of verses. I went to the university, of which I had formed very high ideas, but by which I had betrayed my ignorance. People who made it their sole concern how best they should discharge their duty to their country, how come up to the expectations of their parents, and how worthily requite them for their unremitted cares and great expense; people who earnestly devoted themselves to those sciences of which they boasted; such I thought to find. I was mistaken. The very first evening I was frightened by a company of drunken persons, who were running to their chambers roaring and swearing all the way. At first I imagined it to be an insurrection, or at least that some dreadful fire had broken out. I looked out at the window, and just at that moment their ringleader had fallen into the mud, and I could hear from the speeches of the rest, that they were helping a professor of philosophy to get upon his legs. This event excited my attention; I watched more narrowly the morals of my fellow-students. I became acquainted with one, a great stickler for orthodoxy, who bragged that he had got gloriously tipsy, as he termed it, twice that week in a tavern. A countryman of mine was determined to stand for a professorship of both laws, because he was inwardly persuaded that he was fit for nothing. A man of twelve dollars made him an author and a respondent; and for his grenter security I translated disputations for him into his mother tongue: he promised to reward me with a more considerable present; but losing at cards that very evening all he had, he put me off till after his marriage, which was soon to take place with a girl of great fortune. My next neighbour was studying physic; but he had more to do with fleshy bodies than with loathsome skeletons, and daily bestowed ten thousand curses on his dull pedantic tutor, for tormenting him with so many hard Greek words. These and a hundred other examples, equally foolish, were continually presenting themselves before me, and I must look on in silence! and I must not speak the truth! I did all kinds of violence to my spirit, in order not to break my oath; and many a one who has a fine thought, or a pretty conceit which he cannot find a proper occasion for bringing forth, does not feel half the gnawings at heart, half the pains and uneasiness that I felt at that time. At last, nature got the better of all restraint. I boldly declared that the behaviour of the greater part of my fellow students was highly improper, and not to be defended. On all occasions I represented to them, either seriously or jocosely, the folly of their conduct. At different times I composed satirical verses, in which I depicted not only the vices, but the persons addicted to them; and in doing this I preserved myself a twofold pleasure. But my honesty, my zeal for truth, my rational views were badly repaid. My company was shunned; I was derided and hated; and I learnt that some persons had sworn to affront me in public, and they would certainly have put their threats into execution if I had not taken the timely precaution of removing to another place for completing the studies I had here begun.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON ANOMALIES.

BY HUDIBRAS, JUNIOR.

Oh! London's a comical place,
In which comical people do dwell;
Where comical streets you may trace,
And comical things the folks sell:
And what is more comical still,
Although it seems nearly a fiction,
Each street with its name chimes so ill,
That the whole is a plump contradiction.

First *Cheapside* is known to be *dear!*
Wood-street is all *stones, bricks,* and *mortar*
In *Milk*-street the people drink *beer;*
In *Beer*-lane they've nothing but *water;*
In the *Poultry* no *fowls* you will see,
You need not go there for conviction;
In *Love*-lane the folks *disagree;*—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.

On *Saffron*-hill every thing's *brown;*
In *Cow* cross you seldom see *cattle;*
In *Water*-lane no one can *drown;*
In *Angel*-court, Lord, what a *prattle;*
In *Honey*-lane there's not a *bee,*
Although Drones there may meet no restriction
In *Orchard*-street grows not a *tree;*
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Fleet*-street the coaches go *slow;*
Racket-court is quite *peaceful* and *quiet;*
You'll find not an *arrow* at *Bow,*
And *Paradise*-street is all *riot;*
Still-alley is pestered with *noise,*
Which the neighbours all find an affliction;
In *Lad*-lane are very few *boys;*—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

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The New River *head* is its *tail*;
Mount *Pleasant* with mud is *offensive*;
In *New*-street they sell things quite *stale*;
Little Britain is very *extensive*;
That the *New* Road is *old* is quite true,
In *Truth*-street live dealers in fiction;
While *Old*-street is looking quite *new*;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

Mount-street as a pancake is *flat*,
And *Hill*-street is all on a *level*;
While *Green*-street's as *black* as your hat,
And *Down*-street's as *rough* as the devil;
In *Golden*-lane some keep a *pig*,
In spite of Mic. Taylor's restriction;
In *Bush*-lane you can't see a *twig*;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Wych*-street folks live any *how*,
In *Idle*-lane all by their *labour*;
In *Field*-lane there ne'er was a *plough*;
In *Friendly*-court none *knows* his neighbour;
In *St. James's* lives many a true *Greek*,
For young opulent boobies' affliction;
In *Greek*-street but broad *Scotch* they speak:—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Rider*-street all people walk;
In *Walker's*-court some keep their *trotters*;
In *Dumb*-alley all the folks talk;
In *King*-street there are *treason* and *plotters*.
Then, ye Streets, Lanes, and Alleys, adieu!
Like your dwellers, you're all but a fiction
For search London life through and through,
Tis all but a plump contradiction!

Monthly Magazine.

CHILDHOOD.

"Oh Life! how pleasant is thy morning!"
ROGERS.

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn-laws, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl upon all fours.

It is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Buonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech, or Satan's address to the Sun, but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors. The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogress; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they

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have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen, to avoid the Funds or the Catholic Question, free trade, or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told, satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

> "There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
> The joy can scarcely reach the heart;"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. These occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious; those animated voices and bright faces assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are my favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

> "Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind—"

But to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling,

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and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

"That man was never born whose secret soul,
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever open'd to another's scan."

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasing cast, will now learn for the first time, that "every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of La Belle Assemblée, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed, fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe—he is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "l'erreur a son mérite;" he now reads history till he doubts every thing, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the

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care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion; he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

New Monthly Magazine.

TEA TRADE.

It has been said that the East India Company has annually taxed the public to the amount of £3,000,000 for their tea, when the parliamentary returns show that, for the last eighteen years, the *gross amount* of their sales has only averaged £3,500,000.; out of which the prime cost in China has been nearly £2,000,000., without making any allowance for agency, freight, and other charges. The extraordinary amount of the king's duty, which at once raises a pound of Bohea, sold by the Company at 1*s.* 6*d.*, to 3*s.*, and the tricks and intermixtures of the retail dealer, who contrives to charge at least five-and-twenty per cent. on this last sum, (considering himself entitled to a profit on the duty which he advances,) are industriously kept out of sight; while the Company, compelled by law to put up every lot at a limited advance above the invoice cost, is most nefariously reproached with the high price which the consumer is obliged to pay. The following is a matter-of-fact history of a pound of hyson, sold by many a "genuine tea-warehouse" at 11*s.*; and any man of common sense, who knows what his butcher and his tailor make him pay, would as soon lay *their* sins at the door of the grazier and the clothier, as he would charge the whole blame of high-priced teas on the Company—the only party, in fact, who lie under a positive legal restriction:—

	s.	*d.*
Cost of 1 lb. of hyson at the Company's sales.....	4	4
King's duty.....	4	4
	8	8
Retailer's profit, brokerage, &c.	2	4
	11	0

In the year 1783, just previous to the commencement of the Commutation Act, the Company's importation of teas was 4,138,295 lbs. The immediate effect of this act was, to double and treble the importation; and it has ever since been steadily increasing, until it has reached the enormous annual amount of 30,000.000 lbs., which vastly exceeds the consumption of the *whole world besides*, China herself excepted!

Quarterly Review.

TEA FRAUDS.

A few years since it was discovered, that the teas were frequently mixed, by the Chinese, with iron dust, or an earthy detritus strongly impregnated with iron, which made the article weigh heavier, but was no improvement to the contents of the tea-pot. The test contrived for the detection of this was a powerful magnet, which being stirred about among the leaves, came out incrusted with the detritus in question.

Ibid.

DUTY ON SPIRITS.

In 1824, the amount of duty raised on home and foreign spirits, as exactly as we can collect from the perplexing manner in which they are entered in the public accounts, amounted to 5,305,776*l.* 9*s.* 2¾*d.* In 1825, notwithstanding the reduction of the rate of duty, it rose to 5,786,333*l.* 1*s.* 5½*d.*; in 1826, it was 5,474,632*l.* 10*s.* 4¾*d.*; — in 1827, 7,492,221*l.* 7*s.* 0¼*d.*; and in 1828, the revenue arising from spirits alone amounted to very little short of eight millions, and formed almost a seventh part of the whole annual revenue of the nation. *Ibid.*

The Naturalist.

RICE PLANT.

Rice is an Ethiopian plant, upon the seed of which many of the inhabitants of the East almost entirely subsist. Its growth is very similar to that of the grasses, differing only in the number of stamens. In cultivation, like most dry plants, it requires a large portion of water; it is threshed, beaten, or scalded, to clean it from the husk, before it is brought into this country. It has been observed that, in a scarcity of corn, rice may be in part substituted for it in the making of bread; but the scarcity must be very great, to make that an economical expedient in this country, where the rice sells so high. It is said to have been successfully cultivated in Scotland; and could it be

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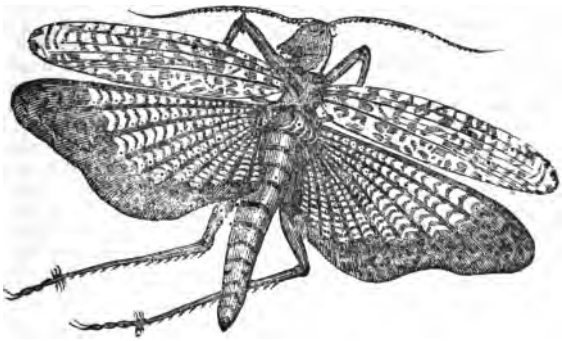
naturalized to this country, so as to be raised in the fenny lands, which cannot be made to produce corn, it might, perhaps, be cheap enough to become a real blessing to the labouring classes, for it is undoubtedly very nutritious; but, at present, it is rather an article of luxury than of economy for them. In the East, a strong intoxicating spirit is obtained from this grain, there called *paddy;* whence the name of paddy-bird given to a beautiful little Javanese bird that feeds upon it.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

LOCUST OF SCRIPTURE.



This species of locust is remarkable from its connexion with holy writ.

"It is well known that different interpretations have been given of the passage in the sacred writings, in which John the Baptist is said to have fed on locusts and wild honey. Some have supposed it to mean the young shoots of vegetables rather than locusts; but since the fact is established, that these insects are still eaten by the inhabitants of the East, there seems not the least reason for admitting any other interpretation than the usually received one. Why should we wonder that the abstemious prophet, during his solitary seclusion from the commerce of the world, should support himself by a repast, which is to be numbered, not indeed amongst the luxuries of life, but merely to be regarded as a substitute for food of a more agreeable nature. We may also adduce, in support of this idea, the testimony of Hasselquist, who thus expresses himself on this very subject:

Those who deny insects to have been the food of this holy man, urge, that this insect is an unaccustomary and unnatural food; but they would soon be convinced to the contrary, if they would travel either to Egypt, Arabia, or Syria, and take a meal with the Arabs. Roasted locusts are at this time eaten by the Arabs, at the proper season, when they can procure them; so that in all probability, this dish was used in the time of St. John. Ancient customs are not here subject to many changes, and the victuals of St. John are not believed unnatural here; and I was assured by a judicious Greek priest, that their church had never taken the word in any other sense: he even laughed at the idea of its being a bird or a plant. All the Arabians, whether living in their native country, or in Persia, Syria, and Africa, are accustomed to eat locusts; the Turks, on the contrary, have an aversion to this sort of food. If the Europeans express any thing of the same aversion, the Arabians remind us of our fondness for oysters, crabs, and lobsters. A German, who had long resided in Barbary, states, that the flesh of this insect tasted like the small sardine of the Baltic Sea, which is dried in some towns in Holstein. Locusts are caught, and put into bags, or on strings, to be dried, in several parts of Arabia. In Barbary they are boiled, and then dried upon the roofs of the houses. They are fried in oil or butter, and sold in the markets of Turin and other places. The Bedouins of Egypt roast them alive, and devour them with the utmost voracity. There does not appear any instance of unwholesomeness in this article of food. The Jews in Arabia are convinced that the fowls, of which the Israelites eat so heartily in the deserts, were only clouds of locusts; and laugh at our translators, who have sup-

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posed that they found quails, where quails never were."*

Mr. Forbes, the Oriental traveller, also says, "I am surprised that commentators on the Scriptures have perplexed themselves about the food of John the Baptist, in the wilderness; which we are informed consisted of *locusts and wild honey;* and for which the cassia-fistula, or locust-tree, and many other substitutes have been mentioned; but it is well known that locusts are an article of food in Persia and Arabia, at the present day: they are fried until their wings and legs fall off, and in that state are eaten with rice and dates, sometimes flavoured with salt and spice; and the *wild honey* is found in the clefts of the rocks in Judæa, as abundantly as in the caves of Hindustan."

The devastations of locusts are among the wonders of Natural History, yet are corroborated by all writers on Entomology.

The locust before us has a bright crimson trunk, head, and legs, striped with black; and the wings are nearly transparent green, and edged and variegated with that colour and brown.

* Gill's Repository, vol. iv. page 202.

OYSTER FISHERIES.

Oysters abound on various parts of the British coast, and are consumed, under one form or another, in such numbers, as to have become a valuable article of commerce. To give some idea of its extent, and of the number of hands to which it gives employment, it may be sufficient to mention the oyster-fisheries of Essex alone. In the rivers of this county, more particularly in the Crouch, the Blackwater, and Colne, a great variety of excellent oysters are bred. The boats employed in dredging them are from 14 to 30 or 40 tons; the fitting out one of 20 tons will require £150. Of these vessels there are upwards of 200 now employed, and above 500 men and boys. The quantity of oysters taken in a season is supposed to be above 20,000 bushels, which are chiefly disposed of in London; but they are also sent to Hamburgh, Bremen, Holland, France, and Flanders. So important, indeed, are the oyster-fisheries of Britain, that they have long been an object of attention to the legislature; and they are regulated by a Court of Admiralty. In the month of May, the fishermen are allowed to take the oysters, in order to separate the spawn from the *cultch*,* the latter of which is thrown back, to preserve the bed for the future. After this month it is felony to carry away the cultch, and punishable to take any oyster, unless, when closed, a shilling will rattle between its valves.† The spawn is then deposited in beds or layers formed for the purpose, and furnished with sluices, through which, at the spring tides, the water is suffered to flow. This water, being stagnant, soon becomes green in warm weather; and, in a short time, the oysters acquire the same tinge, which renders them of greater value in the market. Three years, at least, are required to bring them to a marketable state; and the longer they remain, the more fat and delicate they become. Artificial beds, as Pliny informs us, were invented by one Sergius Arata, and first established on the Lucrine Lake, A. U. 660; and, from some circumstances mentioned by the naturalist, we may infer that the said Sergius was no loser by the speculation. In Scotland they have none of them, but eat oysters just as they are brought from their native rocks and though certainly inferior to the genuine "Pyefleet," yet they are no despicable dainties.

The oyster is a *bivalve* shell, and there are many others of this kind which are edible. Indeed, none of them, so far as we know, are positively hurtful; though some, as the Spondyli, are harsh and disagreeable, others occasionally act as poison at particular seasons or to peculiar constitutions, and many are so small or so rare as never to have been used. The *Pecten* maximus, for example, is a much esteemed species; and the clam (*Pecten* operularis) is very commonly eaten in Scotland. The Anomia undulata, at Bourdeaux, is considered a delicacy; while, on some parts of the shores of the Mediterranean, the rocks are broken with large hammers, in order to procure the Pholas dactylus, which abounds there, and is admired even at the tables of the luxurious. The razor-fish common on our sandy shores, is an article of food in many places; and when they go to its capture, the Irish are said to have a song appropriate to the occasion, whence we may infer that it is a favourite with

* By this term are meant the stones, gravel, old shells, &c., to which the spawn adheres; and the reason for punishing its destruction is, that, when taken away, the ooze increases, and muscles and cockles breed on the bed, and destroy the oysters, gradually occupying all the places on which the spawn should be cast.

† See *Arcana of Science* for 1829, p. 130.

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them. On a dish made of the animal of the *Mya truncata*, and named *smurslis*, the natives of Orkney and Zetland delight to sup.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Killing Insects, for preservation in Cabinets.

Inclose the insect in a paper or thin wooden box (a pill-box, for instance), and expose it one or two seconds to heat near the fire. The heat immediately kills insects the most tenacious of life. This process does not alter the most delicate colours; but if the heat be continued too long, the wings and other parts of the body begin to wrinkle.

Brandy an Antidote to Beer.

Brandy has lately been found to be a perfect antidote to drunkenness from beer. A man, upon whom the experiment was inadvertently made in the south of France, described himself after the intoxication had left him, as "awakened from a long and painful dream." This curious remedy has since been tried, and always with success, and a French physician has verified it. The subject is not, however, mentioned in any work upon medicine.

Patents.

The number of patents obtained in England, France, and Austria, in the last six years, is as follows:—England, 914; France, 1091; Austria, 1099.—The average in England from 1818 to 1826, is 138.

Lincoln.

The Common Council Bell of the Guildhall, Lincoln, has lately been discovered to bear a Latin inscription, in very ancient characters, which, translated, runs thus:—"When a good citizen hears this bell, let him take out his gown, and when it sounds again, know that the court is open." From this circumstance it is thought that the Guildhall was built in the early part of Henry VII.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MEMOIRS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This is one of the most popular and amusing books of antiquarianism that even Mr. Britton has yet produced; and it is but due praise to say that he has done more to render popular the study of antiquities than any other writer of his time. The volume abounds with historical anecdote; which our readers will readily believe to be of the most attractive and entertaining character, if they but for a moment consider the many important events of our history which have taken place within the Tower of London. Even a calendar of the names of its prisoners would carry us through the most stormy periods; but we are rather disposed to quote an extract as a specimen.

"In 1627, the fortress became the abode of one who had gained a place in the pages of history, by a deed to which modern times afford but a single parallel; namely, John Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham. The particulars of the duke's assassination are too generally known to need repetition; but the following particulars relative to Felton, from Ellis's "Original Letters," may not be deemed uninteresting. A letter dated 13th of September, 1628, states that "Felton was on Friday night brought to the Tower by water, where multitudes of people being gathered to see him, he desired them all the way as he came to pray for him, who with a general voice, cried 'Lord comfort thee,' 'the Lord be merciful unto thee,' or such like words." A subsequent correspondent says—"As Felton, the last week, passed through Kingston upon Thames, an old woman bestowed this salutation upon him: 'Now God blesse thee, little David,' quoth she; meaning he had killed Goliath. He had hitherto been fairly used in the Tower, being put into the same lodging where Sir John Elliot lay, and allowed two dishes of meat every meal. He denies what Savage* said, that he had offered him eighty pounds to kill the duke, forty pounds whereof in hand; and thought indeed that Savage will prove a man distraught of his wits." By the following extract of a letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, we learn, that "On Monday, September 22, two grave and learned divines were sent to Felton by order from his Majesty, to try if by working upon his conscience, they could get out of him who were his complices and confederates. They found the man exceeding penitent for the blood he had shed, and no way arrogating to himself the good that might come of that act, but taking all the evil to himself, and ascribing the

* A gentleman who was lodged in the Tower, for speaking words importing as though he knew of Felton's purpose before he committed the murder.

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good to God Almighty. And withal he protested upon his salvation that no living creature was ever made acquainted with his intent. That he took his first resolution on Monday the 18th of August, but six days before he acted it; and that his only confederate and setter on, was the Remonstrance of the Parliament, which he verily thought, in his soul and conscience, to be a sufficient warrant for what he did upon the duke's person. Now he makes two suites to his Majesty; the one is, that he may receive the communion before he suffer death; and the other that, until then, he may be permitted to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes upon his head, and to carry a halter about his neck in testimony of repentance, for shedding the blood of a man, and that so suddenly as he had no time given him to repent. That his own blood is ready for the satisfaction of the law; and he is confident that the blood of Christ shall wash away this and all his other sins."

"Another friend told me that on Tuesday morning, some of the lords being with him, my Lord of Dorsett told him, 'Mr. Felton, it is the King's pleasure you should be put to torture, to make you confesse your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack.' To whom Felton replied, 'I do not believe my lord that it is the King's pleasure; for he is a just and a gracious Prince, and will not have his subjects to be tortured against law. I do again affirm upon my salvation, that my purpose was known to no man living; and more than I have said before, I cannot. But if it be his Majestie's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatsoever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself.' So they left him then without bringing him to the rack, and it is thought he shall not be racked at all. He was said to have spoken much after the same manner once before unto my Lord Conway."

"In the following December, Felton was conducted from the Tower to Westminster for trial, when the judge without impanelling the jury, or examining witnesses, demanded of him, why sentence of death should not be pronounced. He answered, "I am sorry both that I have shed the blood of a man who is the image of God, and taken away the life of so near a subject to the King;" and, lifting up his arm, added, 'This is the instrument, which did the fact, which I desire may be first cut off, and the rest of my carcase I willingly yield to this Court, to be disposed of as you and his Majesty shall please.' The punishment of death was therefore awarded.

"The day before Felton's execution he received the sacrament, and in the afternoon was visited by the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Matravers their son, to whom he was related. They brought him money to give away, and a winding sheet; the latter, however, proved useless, as, after he had been hanged at Tyburn, the body was placed in chains on a gibbet at Portsmouth, where the assassination had been committed."

The work is handsomely printed, and embellished with well-executed wood-engravings of some of the most memorable events.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH ARTISTS.

By Allan Cunningham.

In the early pages of the last volume of *The Mirror*, we noticed the first portion of the present work at some length. Indeed, the anecdotes of Hogarth, (whose life the volume includes) pressed so far into our columns, that we were compelled to notice the biographies of Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough but by name, and promise of returning to them. But "Time travels at divers paces," and before we had completed our attentions to this volume, the second appears with such a variety of anecdote as we cannot resist. Open the volume where we may, and dip where we may, there is something to amuse as well as to instruct every one who loves to watch the strange workings of genius in great minds. We have therefore selected an anecdote or two from each life. We begin with

WEST AT ROME.

When it was known that a young American had come to study Raphael and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibiter of this Lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham: he invited West to dinner, and afterwards carried him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Amongst the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. "I have the honour," said Lord Grantham, "to present a young American, who has a letter for you

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Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts." The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived a young American must needs be a savage. "Is he black or white?" said the aged virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching at least this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled, and said, "he is fair—very fair." "What! as fair as I am?" exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together the company smiled. "As fair as the Cardinal," became for awhile proverbial.

Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage; and, accordingly, were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael would have upon him, and "thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe," says Galt, "conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God—a young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West perceiving the unfavourable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

WEST INTRODUCED TO GEORGE III.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honour which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich, and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject. The artist went home, it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colours, requested that the full size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all—that munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested with the story, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please." The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her ladyship to the house of the artist—refused to disclose either her name or condition, acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the King, and retired. She was not well away till a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with the picture of Agrippina. "His Majesty," said the messenger, "is a young man of great simplicity and candour; sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private friendships, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue." Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the

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Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. "There is another noble Roman subject," observed his Majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions are very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio.

(To be continued.)

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF BUTTER.

(For the Mirror.)

BUTTER, (says Beckmann,) though commonly used at present in the greater part of Europe, was not known, or known very imperfectly to the ancients. The oldest mention of butter, though it is indeed dubious and obscure, is in the account given of the Scythians, by Herodotus. "These people," says he, "pour the milk of their mares into wooden vessels, cause it to be violently stirred or shaken by their blind slaves, and separate the part that arises to the surface, as they consider it more valuable and more delicious than that which is collected below it."

The author here certainly speaks of the richest part of the milk being separated from the rest by shaking; and it appears that we have every reason to suppose that he alludes to butter, especially as Hippocrates, who was almost contemporary, mentions the same thing, and in a much clearer manner. The poet, Anaxandrides, who lived soon after Hippocrates, describing the wedding of Iphicrates, who married the daughter of Cotys, King of Thrace, and the Thracian entertainment given on that occasion, says, that the Thracians ate butter, which the Greeks at that time considered as a wonderful kind of food.

We are told by Plutarch, that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of Dijotanus, and that one smelled so much of ointment, and the other of butter, that neither of them could endure the other. Was it customary, therefore, (says Beckmann) at that period, for people to perfume themselves with butter?

Dioscorides says, "that good butter was prepared from the fattest milk, such as that of sheep, or goats, by shaking it in a vessel till the fat was separated." He also adds, that he is the first writer who makes the observation, that fresh butter might be melted and poured over pulse and vegetables instead of oil, and that it might be used in pastry in the room of other fat substances. Galen, who distinguishes and confirms in a more accurate manner, the healing virtues of butter, expressly remarks that cow's milk produces the fattest butter; that butter made from sheep's or goat's milk is less rich; and that asses milk yields the poorest. He expresses his astonishment, therefore, that Dioscorides should say that butter was made from the milk of sheep and goats. He assures us that he had seen it made from cow's milk, and that he believes it had thence acquired its name. After further observations and remarks by Beckmann, too numerous for the compass of a *Mirror*; he says, "I have now laid before the reader, in chronological order, every thing that I found in the works of the ancients respecting butter, and it is certain from what has been said, that it is not a Grecian, and much less a Roman invention; but that the Greeks were made acquainted with it by the Scythians, the Thracians, and the Phrygians, and the Romans by the Grecians.

It appears also, that when they had learned the art of making it, they employed it only as an ointment in their baths, and particularly in medicine; Pliny recommends it mixed with honey to be rubbed over children's gums, in order to ease the pain of teething, and also for ulcers in the mouth."

The Romans anointed the bodies of their children with butter, to render them pliable. Some of the ancients burnt it in their lamps instead of oil. It is certain that it was used neither by the Greeks, nor the Romans, in cookery or the preparation of food, nor was it brought to their tables by way of dessert. We never find it mentioned by Galen and others, as a food, though they have spoken of it as applicable to other purposes. P. T. W.

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DERRY-DOWN.

(For the Mirror.)

The general burden to almost all our old English ballads is well known to be "Derry down, derry down, hey derry down," these words formerly constituted (with little alteration in pronunciation or orthography,) the chorus to the Druidical hymns; the literal signification is, "Let us dance round the oak," and we may therefore reasonably conclude, that dancing formed a necessary part of the religion of the ancient Britons. QUÆSITOR.

POET LAUREATE.

(For the Mirror.)

Of this office in the king's household, Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musie*, observes, "that there are no records which ascertain the origin of the institution in this kingdom, but many that recognise it." There was a court poet as early as the reign of Henry III. *Chaucer*, on his return from abroad, first assumed the title of poet laureate, and in the twelfth year of Richard II., obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine: James I., in 1615, granted to his laureate a yearly pension of 100 marks; and in 1630, this stipend was augmented by letters patent of Charles I., to £100. per annum, with an additional grant of one tierce of Canary wine, to be taken out of the king's store yearly. W. C. R. R.

HOUNDSDITCH.

(For the Mirror.)

The name of Houndsditch, though now confined to a single street in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate, appears formerly to have been the appellation of different parts of the moat or moats by which the walls of London were surrounded. From a chartulary of St. Giles's Hospital, made as long ago as the beginning of the fifteenth century, *Houndesdic* and *Houndesdich* are the appellations of a part of the town-ditch, in the parish of *St. Sepulchre*. From Howell's *Londinopolis*, it appears that another part of the fosse between Ludgate and Newgate had the same denomination; and a third by Barbican. According to Stow, it seems the ditch nigh Bishopsgate was arched over and paved in 1502; within a century after the houses that arose upon its site became remarkable as the resort of brokers, as appears from one of the satires in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Veine*, London. 1611:—

> Oh Sir, why that's as true as you are heere:
> With one example I will make it cleere;
> And far to fetch the same I will not goe,
> But unto *Houndesditch*, to the *Brokers*-row
> Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
> Whether at Holbourne Condait, or Long-lane.

W. C. R. R.

CHIMES.

At what period was the use of *chimes* in churches introduced into England? In Flanders and Holland they are more common than in this country. It is certain they are not an English invention. In several large towns of the Netherlands, there are a species of *chimes* called *carillons*, which have frequently three octaves of bells. These are not played by clock-work, but by means of ropes fastened to the clappers of the bells, which communicate to *keys* like those of a harpsichord or organ, on which the *carilloneur* (or *carillon-player*,) plays.

W. C. R. R.

In connexion with "Chimes," we quote the following portion of a very graceful paper, *On a Sun-Dial*, by Mr. Hazlitt, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xx.

"The chimes in Holland are a nuisance. They dance in the hours and the quarters. They leave no respite to the imagination. Before one set has done ringing in your ears, another begins. You do not know whether the hours move or stand still, go backwards or forwards, so fantastical and perplexing are their accompaniments. Time is a more staid personage, and not so full of gambols. It puts you in mind of a tune with variations, or of an embroidered dress. Surely nothing is more simple than time. His march is straight forward; but we should have leisure allowed us to look back upon the distance we have come, and not to be counting his steps every moment. Time in Holland is a foolish old fellow with all the antics of a youth, who "goes to church in a coranto, and lights his pipe in a cinque-pace." The chimes with us, on the contrary, as they come in every three or four hours, are like stages in the journey of the day. They give a fillip to the lazy, creeping hours, and relieve the lassitude of country-places. At noon, their desultory, trivial song is diffused through the hamlet with the odour of rashers of bacon; at the close of day they send the toil-worn sleepers to their beds. Their discontinuance would be a great loss to the thinking or unthinking public. Mr. Wordsworth

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has painted their effect on the mind when he makes his friend Matthew, in a fit of inspired dotage,

"Sing those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock
And the bewilder'd chimes"*

* The greater part of this paper was marked long since for *The Mirror*, but inadvertently omitted.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

GREAT COAT, ALIAS SURTOUT—VERSUS THE BAVAROY, OR CLOAK.

THE young men of the present day seem to shiver in their bavaroys or cloaks, whilst the old men of sixty trip lightly along within their close surtouts. Cloaks were condemned by the poet, Gay, who poetically recommends the surtout thus:—

"Nor should it prove thy less importan care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And show'rs soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn;
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town, the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roqu'laure's clasp thy hands are pent—
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace;
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By various names in various countries known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone:
Be thine of Kersey firm, tho' small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost."

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BECK.

ACCORDING to Verstegan, the original word is *beke*, which probably imports a small stream of water issuing from some bourn or spring. Hence *hell-beck*, little brooks so called, on account of their ghastliness and depth, or rather from their being covered or much concealed. *Beck* is chiefly used among us in the composition of names of places originally situated on rivulets, hence Welbeck, Bournbeck, &c. The Germans use *beck* in the same manner.

P. T. W.

FROSTY WEATHER.

A SHREWD observer once said, that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.—*Franklin.*

Removing orange peel, peas, or tobacco pipe from the pavement, we think a similar act of benevolence.

Q.

CONTRADICTION.

GEORGE DIGBY, Earl of Bristol, was a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against Popery and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy.—*Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.*

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!"

W. M.

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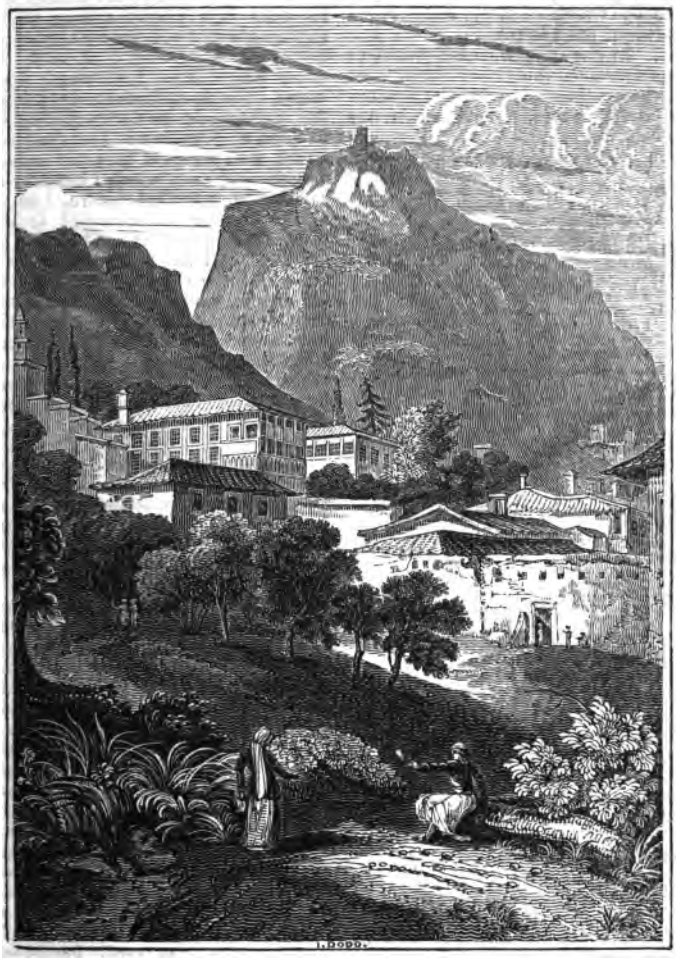
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 415.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1830. [Price 2d.

Ancient Sparta.



So long as the recollections of

—Glorious structures and immortal deeds
Enlarge the thoughts and set the soul on fire,

Sparta will remain consecrated ground—perpetuated in history and the roll of never-dying fame. The poet and the philosopher—the lover of hoar antiquity and the student just free from "college rules"—all delight in exploring the classic stores of Greece: yet among them is there a spot more closely associated with the valour of her best sons, and the glory of her people—than Sparta. Illustrious for their courage and intrepidity, their love of honour and liberty, and their aversion to sloth and luxury, the Spartans were courted and

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revered by neighbouring princes, for their valour in the field and moderation and temperance at home; and such was their magnanimity that they learned to contemplate death without fear and regret. Leonidas and Thermopylæ! what a shoal of glory is shed around these two names; yet they relate but to a single episode in Grecian history, and they are but two of the bright lights of her past ages. In our times we trace but faint lineaments of all this fame; yet the poet and the sentimental traveller love to linger beside Sparta, to meditate on the spot which gave birth to her heroes, and perchance to invoke her in song:—

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake! and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging,
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.*

or to bewail her fallen glory in the words of England's last great poet:—

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?

—Thus Byron sung.

Sparta is now known by the name of Misitra. It has been severally known by the names of *Lalegia*, from Beleges, the first inhabitants of the country, or from Lalex, one of their kings; and Œbalis, from Œbalus, the sixth king from Eurotas. It was also called Hecatompolis, from the hundred cities which the whole province once contained. The city was situated on the Eurotas, about thirty miles from its mouth. The classic reader will turn from the annexed Engraving to the following description of its subject, by Chateaubriand, with two-fold interest. The enthusiasm of the traveller is so amiable, and the colours in which he paints his delight on approaching this hallowed spot, are so vivid and attractive, that we hope to merit the reader's approval of its selection.

"I determined," says M. Chateaubriand, "not to lie down, to employ the night in taking notes, to proceed the next day to the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey without returning to Misitra.

"We proceeded for an hour along a road running direct south-west, when, at break of day, I perceived some ruins and a long wall of antique construction: my heart began to palpitate. The janissary turning towards me pointed with his whip to a whitish cottage on the right, and exclaimed, with a look of satisfaction, 'Palæochori!' I made towards the principal ruin, which I perceived upon an eminence. On turning this eminence by the north-west for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of semicircular form, which I instantly recognised as an ancient theatre. I am not able to describe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel; the ruin which I beheld upon that hill was of course the temple of Minerva Chalcioecos, since that temple was in the citadel, and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me, and its theatre, to which my good fortune conducted me on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.

"Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Menelaion. What a magnificent spectacle! but how melancholy! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor, at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief, checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot: profound silence reigned around me. Determined, at least, to make echo speak in a spot where human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might: 'Leonidas! Leonidas!' No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

"The whole site of Lacedæmon is uncultivated: the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and

* Translation of the Famous Greek War Song, by Riga.—*Lord Byron.*

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down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half-wild horses were feeding here and there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre; and at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedæmon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation: its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruins is itself but a ruin."

Once again, classic reader, let us turn to the scene of our traveller's enthusiasm. We read of its glories in the pages of eloquent history and sublime song—a bright radius is shed around yon holy citadel—her brave sons stream forth like

Long trails of light—

all that is great and glorious is associated with this spot—yet our mind's eye sweeps rapidly over the events of its history, and Sparta dwindles to the forlorn Misitra—

Whilst in the progress of the long decay
Thrones sink to dust and nations pass away.

Yet such is the end of high renown on earth, and so fragile and fleeting are the scenes of their enactment. It has been said with painful truth

Ubi seges, Troja fuit.

and with similar feelings must we view the present Misitra in connexion with the pride of ancient Sparta.

THE MOON.

AN ICELANDIC SONG, LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

(For the Mirror.)

DAUGHTER of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
The pure beams of glory await thy command—
The star of the evening,
Is shining alone,
And Night with her raven wing covers the sky.

Daughter of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
Appear, and the darkness will vanish away;
Thus, the sweet face of beauty,
In the brilliance of virtue,
Dispels all the guilt and the gloom of the world.

QUESITOR.

HYMN O'ER THE DEAD.

(For the Mirror.)

LAY his sword on the sable pall,
And watch when the night is dim:
Oh, how many burning tears will fall
From the eyes that weep for him!
He shall greet our home no more,
Or his bright steed from the hill;
For the glorious light of his noon is o'er,
And his warrior-heart is still.

Lay him deep in the tomb for aye,
While the sacred strain is sung,
And, beneath the stars the flambeau's ray
O'er the abbey-walls is flung.
Lay him deep in the sunless tomb;
How holy his sleep shall be!
And oft shall the purple violet bloom
On the turf plac'd there by *thee*,

R. AUGUSTINE.

The Anecdote Gallery.

WONDERFUL INSTANCES OF BLINDNESS.

(For the Mirror.)

DR. BEW, in the *Transactions of the Manchester Society*, relates the extraordinary instance of John Metcalf, a native of the neighbourhood of Manchester, who became blind at so early an age as to be altogether unconscious of light, and its various effects. His employment (says he) in the younger period of his life, was that of a wagoner, and occasionally as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the common tracts were covered with snow. Afterwards he became a projector and surveyor of highways, in difficult and mountainous parts; and in this capacity, with the assistance merely of a long staff, he traverses the roads, ascends precipices, explores valleys, and investigates their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his purpose in the best manner. His plans are designed, and his estimates formed with such ability and accuracy, that he has been employed in altering most of the roads over the Peak, in Derbyshire, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton, and in constructing a new one between Wimslow and Congleton, so as to form a communication between the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountain.

Professor Saunderson, at Cambridge, lost his eye sight, and even his eyes, at the age of twelve months, by the small pox. His sense of feeling was so acute that he could perceive the least variation in the state of the air; and it is said, that in a garden where observations were made on the sun, he took notice of every cloud that interrupted the observation, almost as justly as those who could see it. He could, in a set of Roman medals, distinguish the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited with such exactness as to deceive a connoisseur who had examined them with a keen eye. His ear

* For an anecdote of Cardinal Albani, see our Extracts from Allan Cunningham's Life of West, at page 108.

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was also equally exact. He could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note. By the quickness of this sense he could judge of the size of a room, and of its distance from the four sides of it. He had an ingenious and peculiar mode of performing arithmetical calculations. He married the daughter of a clergyman, near Cambridge, by whom he had a son and a daughter. He died April, 1739, having injured his health by confining himself too closely to his studies. "A blind man (says his biographer) moving in the sphere of a mathematician, seems a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for, and has excited the admiration of every age in which it has appeared." Tully mentions it as a thing scarcely credible in his own master in philosophy, Diodorus, that he exercised himself in it with more assiduity after he became blind; and, what he thought next to impossible to be done, that without sight, he taught geometry, describing his diagrams so exactly to his scholars, that they could draw every line in its proper direction. St. Jerome relates a still more remarkable instance in Didymus, of Alexandria, who, blind from his infancy, was enabled to learn the sublimest parts of geometry.

Dr. Blacklock, who lost his sight before he was six months old, not only made himself master of various languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, but acquired the reputation of an excellent poet.

Dr. Henry Moyes, who was blind from his infancy, acquired an extensive acquaintance with geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, &c. Mechanical exercises were the favourite employment of his infant years; and at an early age, he was able to construct little windmills, and even a loom. By the sound, and the different voices of the persons that were present, he could judge of the dimensions of the room in which they were assembled, and was seldom mistaken.

In the *Annual Register* for 1762, there is an account of a French lady, blind from her infancy, who could read, write, and play at cards, &c. She lost her sight when only two years old, her mother having been ordered to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes to preserve them, in the small pox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them. In writing to her no ink was used, but the letters were pricked down on the paper, and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she followed them successively, and read every word with her finger ends. When playing at cards, she prepared the packs allotted to her, by pricking them in several parts. She sorted the suits, and arranged the cards in their proper sequence, with the precision and nearly the same facility, as they who had their sight. In writing, she made use of a pencil, as she could not know when the pen was dry; her guide on the paper and of the breadth of her writing, &c. was a small, thin ruler.

Aldrovandus speaks of a sculptor who became blind at twenty years of age, and yet ten years after made a perfect marble statue of Cosmo II. de Medicis; and another of clay like Urban VIII. We are likewise informed of a most extraordinary blind guide, who, according to the report of good writers, used to conduct merchants through the sands and desarts of Arabia.

Mr. Boyle mentions a gentleman, who, having been blind, and brought to sight at eighteen, was very near going distracted with joy.

Democritus, according to Plutarch and Cicero, put out his own eyes, that he might be less disturbed in his mental contemplations, when thus freed from the distraction of the objects of sight.

P. T. W.

CATULLUS, CARMEN 85.

(For the Mirror.)

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
Nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

TRANSLATION.

With hatred and with love I burn,
They fill my aching heart in turn.
Yet, should you seek perchance to know
The reason of my suff'ring so,
I must confess I cannot tell.
But, that I suffer, know too well.

T. C.

Fine Arts.

SELECT VIEWS OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE

By Lieutenant Colonel Batty, F.R.S.

Works of embellishment are making wonderful strides to perfection. Print-collecting has indeed become a universal passion, and every family has its folio in library, drawing-room, and boudoir; the book and play-room follow, and every apartment is becoming a little gallery of pictures. We rejoice at this improved taste for encouraging the Arts, inasmuch as it argues much for the enlarged enjoyments of the people, and proves them to possess inclination as well as judgment to foster merit, and

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thus to enlarge the sphere of social happiness. Upon the old axiom that Art—

Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros,

all this refinement of taste must produce a correspondent effect on the different relations of society. All coarse ideas of enjoyment will be in time left to the very dregs of the people, as the Fine Arts progress among us; the elegances of life will multiply around us as a consequence of high civilization, and the epithet "classic" will be no longer confined to highly-wrought works of antiquity, or costly specimens of modern skill. The influence of art should be employed in embellishing life; in lending a charm to its convenience, and in increasing the superior enjoyments which intelligent beings should derive from a mutual intercourse of their ingenuity. Thus, fine painting is a sort of visible music, as much as music is "the mosaic of the air." When employed in proper objects it quells bad passions, and produces an harmonious impression upon the spectator which is truly delightful. Can any thing be finer than the effect of one of Claude's sunset pictures, for example? The deep, soft glow which it throws around the heart, and the serenity of mind, the peacefulness of soul in which it enwraps us—all which are among the best feelings of our nature.

We have touched upon this subject again and again with a view of identifying public improvement with the popularity of art, and in the present case we have been prompted to such reflections by the appearance of the First Part of a series of Select Views of the principal cities of Europe—containing Oporto. The design is one of immense cost and outlay, but from the high character of all concerned in its execution, the success will be proportionate. Colonel Batty is already too well known in the Arts of his time to be benefited by our eulogium. In the present work, all the Engravings will be from *original paintings* of the cities, and the fidelity of the artist, in his former productions, is ample guarantee for the excellence of the future.

The present Part contains five views of Oporto, from different points, and an exquisite Vignette of the mouth of the Douro, from a trelice of vines. The first view is the city from Mount Arabida, the spectator looking up the majestic river, the banks of which are luxuriously clothed with foliage, interspersed with villas, with a road winding along the right bank, and Villa Nova and its fortifications fading away in the distance. The foreground of the scene is a rich and wild picture of nature in all her unchecked luxuriance, to which aloes in blossom contribute a beautifully picturesque effect. The whole is a delightful scene, and is admirably engraved by W. R. Smith.

Oporto, from Villa Nova, forms the third view, and exhibits the ancient part of the city, with the cathedral on the crest of the hill; and gardens and terraces cut in the steep, which form a pleasant relief to the architectural features.

The *Custom House Quay*, with the Bridge of Boats forms a cheerful picture of characteristic industry. The broad-eaved houses are very picturesque in effect with the wood-clothed height of the opposite bank, surmounted by the Serra Convent, "which occupies one of the finest situations in Europe." This plate is beautifully executed by R. Wallis.

The last view is from *Fontainhas*, and exhibits the "rapid but smooth current" of the Douro, crossed by the bridge of boats, and studded with barks, like specks in the distance. The granite banks, and the mountains stretching away in the back-ground are exquisitely managed, and the lights of the river are thrown with equal skill. The latter effect is admirably assisted by the contrasting shades of the granite rocks in the left foreground, among which again appears the characteristic luxuriance of the aloe in full blossom just on the mountain's edge. This scene is by Jeavons, and has all the brilliancy and sparkling effect of his best productions.

To each plate is prefixed an etched outline, wherein the different objects are numbered, corresponding with marginal references; "the etchings will thus serve as keys to the finished engravings." An arrow "beneath the centre of each etching, indicates the point of the horizon which the spectator is supposed to be facing." Our readers who have visited the Colosseum, and provided themselves with Mr. Britton's outline key or guide, will readily appreciate the utility of these etchings.

A page of descriptive particulars, in English and French, accompanies each plate. In one of them the quantity of Port wine exported, is, according to other authority, erroneously stated; and a communication on this subject will be found in the next page.

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PORT WINE.

(For the Mirror.)

At page 48, of the present volume, it is stated, (speaking of the exportation of wine from Portugal,) that "25,000 pipes may be considered as the average quantity exported to England annually; and "the exportation to all other countries does not exceed from 10,000 to 15,000 pipes annually:' this information purports to be taken from Colonel Batty's *Views of Oporto.**

In the ten years, 1813—1822, the annual average quantity of wine exported from Oporto to Great Britain, was 24,364 pipes, and to all other parts of the world only 1,094 pipes per annum. Vide folio 98 of a pamphlet, by James Warre, Esq., published in 1823; the quantity exported since 1822 has not materially altered.

The largest vintage of the *Alto Douro* (the district to which British subjects were restricted for the purchase of wine denominated Port,) was in 1804, when it amounted to 76,655 pipes; in 1810, it was only 36,250 pipes. In 1798, 64,492 pipes were exported.

J. M.

* The error does not rest with us, as we transcribed correctly.—Ed.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LAST SUMMER.

A SENTIMENTAL ELEGY.

"Why should proud Summer boast, before the birds have any cause to sing?"

Love's Labour Lost.

Last Summer, oh! where were you hid,
With your zephyrs and sunbeams so bright?
Did some gnome, or some demon forbid
Your glories to gladden our sight?

Had you fall'n in some magical sleep?
Did some Will-of-the-wisp make his game of you?
Did you take at Van Dieman's a peep?
Or what else the devil became of you?

Were you bilious? or hypp'd? or in love?
Did you *boudoir* some false Hamadryad?*
Did you take, in your steam-coach, a rove
In search of the long-missing Pleiad?

Did you hide from a bailiff, or dun?
Were you writing a novel for Colburn?
Were your holiday duds left,—for fun,—
With "my uncle" in Houndsditch or Holborn?

Were you fighting the Russian, or Turk?
Were you seeing the grave of Napoleon?
Were you spelling some old Memphic work
Just dug from the tombs by Champollion?

Did Boreas bore you, or blight you!
Did the Catholics work on your fears?
Did Winchelsea threaten to fight you?
Were you drown'd in my Lord Eldon's tears?

* Mythology does not mention male Hamadryads; but that is not *my-thology*, and therefore I take the liberty of judging for myself.—*Ego Poeta.*

Did you study the Kamkas, with Shin,†
Did you loiter in some caravanserai?
Were you seized with the gripes † in Bengal?
Or shut up, like a minor, in Chancery?

Or perhaps, as to travel's the fashion,
And nobody new stays at home,
English Summer, you've taken a passion
To pass for a Winter in Rome.

I thought I should find you in June,
As of old, still reclining on roses,
But Jack Frost, like an ill-natured loon,
Took your place, and—the tips of your noses.

In July, I call'd at your house,
But your maid told me you were not within,
And pour'd from your bedchamber, souse,
On my head, a full pail of St. Swithin.

In August, I sought you again,
At your farm, but I found all your fellows
Making hay in a deluge of rain,
Equipp'd with enormous umbrellas.

Once more, I return'd, in September,
While the winds roar'd so hollow and loud,
And 'twas whisper'd, I fully remember,
That the Summer was under a cloud.

In despair, I came back in October,
But this answer I only could get,
That your Ladyship was not quite sober,
You had taken so much "heavy wet."

In your absence, the world has traduced you,
And made with your character bold,
Call'd you stupid and dull, and abused you,
As ungenial, unkindly, and cold.

Then return, or we all shall be undone,
With your zephyrs and sunbeams so bright;
Spend Candlemas with us at London,
And, once again, all will be right.

For as Winter in town comes to Spring,
(To the short days no power can stint her,)
I see not, why time may not bring
Last Summer to London next Winter.

New Monthly Magazine.

† I know, reader, what you would say very well. Cholera morbus is the proper expression, I admit; *mea culpa!* it is an expression which "*nemo dicere non ost.*"

RED GAP INN.

[The following is from "Walks in Ireland:" No. 5, in the *Monthly Magazine*. We are indebted to this Periodical for many papers of considerable graphic interest, and not a few pleasantries and quips of point and humour. Of its class we esteem it the most attractive Magazine, and congratulate the Editor on the very successful turn which his labours have recently taken. The papers on Public Affairs are truly valuable—the lighter portions possess great tact, ingenuity, and novelty—and the condensed Reviews exhibit much carefulness and judgment—altogether the "*Monthly*" is one of the best Magazines of its time.]

I remember well how strongly my boyish feelings were excited at reading the narrative of Raymond's escape from the murderous inn-keeper, in Lewis's romance of "The Monk." His version of the story has nearly faded from my memory; but the circumstances upon which he founded it are said to

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have occurred in Ireland, and, wild and improbable as they are, you shall have them, *verbatim*, as they are related upon the spot; and, moreover, I am not to blame if you think fit to believe them, inasmuch as I give up my authority. My informant's name is Catherine Flynn.

As you go from Kilcullen Bridge to Carlow, about three miles on your road there stands, and barely stands, a ruined house. The situation has nothing particularly striking about it; the country is open and thinly cultivated, and a faint outline of hills is visible in the distance; but you may guess that, some seventy or eighty years ago, when the system of travelling was so imperfect, even in England, that a journey from York to London was thought more of than a trip, now-a-days, from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to Tobolsk, or Ekaterinesklopfponski, or any other locale, with a sweet-sounding name, under the benign sway of the Emperor of All the Russias, that this same mansion looked bleak enough, on a winter's evening, in wild, depopulated Ireland.

The travellers in Ireland, in those times, were persons whom business would not suffer to stay at home. There were no Limerick coaches in the days I speak of; every one travelled on his own account, and, in consequence of the unsettled and impoverished state of the country, the transmission of money especially was attended with considerable danger. The ruin to which my story clings, is now

> ——— a solitary spot as Sorrow could desire:
> For nodding to the fall is each crumbling wall,
> And the roof is scathed with fire.

It was then, however, a substantial-looking inn: the proprietor was a farmer, as well as an inn-keeper; and although no particular or satisfactory reason could be assigned for it, beyond vague and uncertain rumours, he was by no means a favourite with his neighbours. He had little, indeed, of the Boniface about him; dark, sullen, and down-looking, he never appeared, even to a guest, unless when specially called or, much less to a thirsty brother farmer, or labourer, passing his heavy, old-fashioned door, to ask him to taste his home-brewed ale or usquebaugh; yet the man was well to pass in the world, and with the aid of three or four hulking sons, and a heartbroken drudge of a wife, managed his farm and his inn, so as to pay his way at fair and market, and "hold his own," as the saying is, in the country. For all that, there were those who did not stick to say that more travellers went to his inn at night than ever left it in the morning; and one or two who remembered him in his early days, before he had learned to mask the evil traits of his character by sullenness and reserve, would not have taken the broad lands of the Geraldines of Leinster to pass a night in the best bedroom in his house;—no, no—they would rather take chance in the Bog of Allen, for that matter.

A severe storm, however, compelled a traveller to halt there one evening, although he had originally intended to get farther on his journey, before he put up for the night. Not that he had any suspicion of the place; on the contrary, he thought it rather a comfortable, quiet-looking concern; and, turning from the lowering, inhospitable sky, and wishing the pitiless driving sleet good night, he rode into the inn-yard, saying in his own mind, "I may go farther, and fare worse." Now I am of a very different opinion.

It was late in the evening, and late in the year—no matter about dates, I am not particular. So the traveller (who, being a merciful man, was merciful to his beast), having seen his horse fed, and carefully laid up for the night, thought it high time to look after himself, as to both his outward and inward man. Accordingly, throwing his saddle-bags over his arm, he walked into the inn-kitchen, in those days the most comfortable winter apartment in the house to thaw himself at the huge fire, and give the customary mandates concerning supper and bed—to say nothing of a bottle of good old wine, *then* to be found in every inn in Ireland. This feat accomplished, away he stalked to his own apartment—jackboots, silver-headed riding whip, cloak and all—followed close by a terrier dog, who had been lying at the kitchen fire when he came in, but who now kept sniffing and smelling at his heels every step of the way up stairs.

When he had reached his room, and had disencumbered himself of his heavy riding gear, the dog at once leaped upon him with a cry of joy; and he immediately recognised an old favourite, whom he had lost in Dublin a year or two before; wondering at the same time, how he had got so far into the country, and why he had not known him before. When the landlord entered the room with supper, the traveller claimed his dog, and expressed his determination to bring him on with him to Cork, whither he was bound. The host made not the

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slightest objection, merely observing that he bought him from a Dublin carrier, who, he supposed, had found him in the streets. That point settled, the traveller dismissed his landlord for the night, with directions to cause him to be called betimes in the morning: the man smiled darkly, and withdrew.

The traveller made himself as comfortable as he could, with the aid of a good supper and a cheerful fire, not forgetting his lost-and-found companion, until, after some time, finding that the wine ran low, and that a certain disposition to trace castles and abbeys in the glowing recesses of the burning turf, was creeping over him—that is to say, in plain English, catching himself nodding over the fire—he thought it best to transfer his somnolency to a well-contained bed that stood invitingly in a recess of the room.

As he proceeded to undress, the anxiety and agitation of his dog attracted his attention, and at last fairly aroused him, sleepy as he was, though he could in no way account for it. The animal ran backward and forward from him to the bed, and as he laid aside each article of clothing, fetched it to him again, with the most intelligent and beseeching gestures; and when, to satisfy the poor creature, as well as to discover if possible, what he wanted and meant, he resumed some portion of his dress, nothing could equal his joy. Strange suspicions began to flash across the traveller's mind; he ran over every circumstance, even the minutest, which had occurred since he entered the inn; and now that his attention was excited, it *did* strike him that, after making every allowance for boorishness, and rusticity, and sullenness of temper, there was more of the gaoler than of the innkeeper in the bearing and deportment of his silent host: he remembered, too, how heavily the miserable-looking, haggard wife had sighed, while she looked at his own burley figure as he stood by the fire, as though she sorrowed over a victim whom she could not save; and, lastly, and above all, he pondered on the ominous smile with which the innkeeper received his directions to be awakened early in the morning.

Meanwhile the indefatigable dog was busied in pulling off the bed-clothes as well as his strength would permit; and when his master went to his assistance, what was his horror at seeing, beneath clean sheets and well-arranged blankets, a bed and mattrass literally dyed with dark-red stains of blood! Though a man of peaceful habits, he knew as little of fear as most people, and the exigency of the moment roused every energy of his mind: he deliberately looked the door, examined the walls to see if there was any private entrance, looked to the priming of his pistols, and then stood prepared to abide by whatever might come, and to sell his life as dearly as he could.

The dog watched him intently until his preparations were completed; and then, having assured himself that his movements were observed by his master, he jumped once more on the fatal bed; then, after lying down for an instant, as if in imitation of the usual posture of a person composing himself to sleep, he suddenly changed his mind, as it were, sprang hastily to the floor, and stood, with eyes fixed and ears erect, in an attitude of most intense attention, watching the bed itself, and nothing else. The traveller, in the meantime, never stirred, from the spot, though his eyes naturally followed those of the dog; and for a time every thing was as still as the grave, and not a stir nor a breath broke the stillness of the room, or interrupted the silence of the mute pair. At last a slight, rustling sound was heard in the direction of the bed: the dog, with ears cocked and tail slightly moving, looked up at his master, as if to make sure that he was attentive, and in an instant the bed was seen descending swiftly and stealthily through the yawning floor, while a strong light flashed upward into the room. Not a second was to be lost. The traveller dashed open the window, and leaped into the yard, followed by his faithful companion. Another moment, and, without giving himself any trouble on the score of a saddle, he was on the back of his horse, as fast a hunter as any in Leinster, and scouring away for life and death on the road to Kilcullen, followed by a train as pitiless as that which hurried from Kirk Alloway after poor Tam O'Shanter.

You may be sure he spared neither whip, spur, nor horseflesh; and, thanks to Providence and a good steed, he reached Kilcullen in safety. The authorities secured the villanous host and his accomplice sons, and the infuriated peasantry gave the fatal inn and its bloody secrets to the flames.

——There is the story; and if it be true, I can only say that I wish I knew where I could get one of the breed of the traveller's terrier, for love or money.

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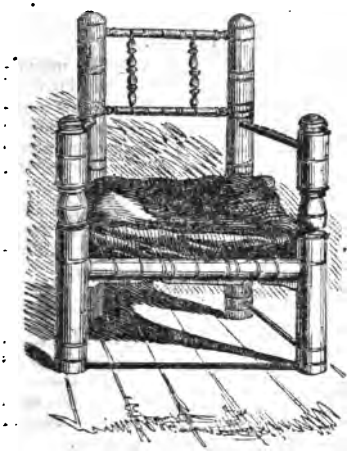
Notes of a Reader.

BUNYAN'S VESTRY CHAIR.



THE collectors of relics of "honest John Bunyan," as well as the admirers of memorials of genius, will be gratified with the annexed cut of *Bunyan's Vestry Chair*. It is preserved with much care at the meeting-house of the Independent Congregation at Bedford, which 150 years since was under the spiritual care of Bunyan.

At page 296, of vol. xiii. of *The Mirror*, the reader will find an engraving of Bunyan's Syllabub Cup, with such particulars as we have been enabled to collect respecting the chair, principally derived from the "Personal Tour" of Sir Richard Phillips, who visited Bedford in 1828, and to whom we are indebted for the original of the present cut.

ENGLISH INNS.

ONE of the greatest comforts of England is, that if a man travels with an agreeable companion, he may, at almost every inn, find the same comforts which he enjoys at his own home. On the Continent this can only be said of the inns of the larger towns. A solitary traveller, however, never feels himself so much alone at these inns in the evenings as he does in England.—*Gard. Mag.*

FOOTE'S OSTENTATION.

IN giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, Foote's mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire, by contrast, upon "Scotch economy." While Foote remained there, he papered up the curls of his wig, every night before he went to bed, with the One Pound Notes of Scotland; to show his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation; and when his cook attended him, next morning, for orders—not orders for the play, but orders for dinner—he unrolled the curls on each side of his head, gave her the One Pound Notes to purchase provisions, *ad libitum*; and then sent her to market in a sedan chair. Even in England, Foote was ostentatious, and vulgarly fine, before his guests. It was his custom, at his own table, as soon as the cloth was removed, to ask—"Does anybody drink Port?"—If the unanimous answer happened to be "no," he always called out to the servants in waiting—"take away the ink."—*Colman's Random Records.*

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

PEOPLE would be astonished if they were aware of the cart-loads of trash which are annually offered to the director of a London Theatre. The very first manuscript, (says George Colman) which was proposed to me for representation, on my undertaking theatrical management, was from a nautical gentleman, on a nautical subject: the piece was of a tragic description, and in five acts; during the principal scenes of which the Hero of the Drama declaimed from the main-mast of a man-of-war, without once descending from his position!

Random Records.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.

WE notice with much gratification the commencement of a series of Old Plays, just published under this title. "The general conviction that a cheap, and, at the same time, a neat and accurate edition of the best productions of our elder dramatists is much wanted, has led to this undertaking," and from the specimen present, (nearly 100 neatly printed pages, or one entire play for Sixpence;) we think the design is likely to meet with extensive encouragement.

The reprint before us is *Ralph Royster Doyster*, very appropriately preceded by an historical account of the English stage, in "A Dialogue of Plays and Players," from a tract originally printed in 1699. In the Preface it is quaintly observed that "Old Plays will always be read by the curious, if it were only to discover the manners and behaviour of several ages, and how they altered. For plays are exactly like portraits,

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drawn in the garb and fashion of the time when painted. You see one habit in the time of Charles I., another quite different from that, both for men and women, in Queen Elizabeth's time; another under Henry VIII. different from both; and so backward all various. And in the several fashions of behaviour and conversation there is as much mutability as in clothes." This appears in the plays of several ages, and to evince this the following sheets are an essay or specimen."

From the Prospectus, which is really well-written and attractive, we learn that the French original of *the Brigand*, a well-constructed drama now performing at Drury Lane Theatre, is entitled *Le Bandit*, and founded upon scenes in a play by George Peele, a predecessor of Shakspeare. Thus, the French piece has been translated into English, without any suspicion, either on the part of the translator or the audience, that he had merely reconverted into the language of his own country what for centuries had remained its exclusive property. This curious fact is quoted to show the admiration of the old English Drama on the continent.

The popularity of this work must entirely depend on the judgment displayed in selecting the plays. "Thus, the whole of the works of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Ford, &c., the purchase of which would now cost pounds, may then be procured for little more than as many shillings." This is an advantage which need only be pointed out to be appreciated by all lovers of dramatic lore. Dryden, speaking of Ben Jonson, says, "If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare." Still, Ben Jonson, comparatively with Shakspeare, is unknown and unread. Kit Marlowe's "fine madness," as Drayton beautifully termed his genius, is likewise rare. Heywood, the English Lope de Vega, of 220 dramas; and Forde, one of whose plays would have done honour to Shakspeare, are only talked of among black-letter people. Many of their plays possess gems of "infinite jest," and "wise saws" of sterling merit; therefore, in the present dearth of dramatic talent, as we cannot produce anything worthy of our own stage, it is well that we have the stores of the old English Drama to turn to, and refresh our readings with its hundred-fold beauties. The little work noticed at the head of this article will facilitate this object: therefore we cordially wish the proprietor success.

CANONS.

The Duke of Chandos had a magnificent and truly aristocratic idea of having a straight avenue from his mansion (Canons) at Edgeware to his house in Cavendish-square, a distance of above nine miles, *entirely on his own estate*. Had he lived but a few years longer, it is said he would have realized the idea as he had succeeded in purchasing every thing necessary but a small spot at Paddington.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

FARMING.

Notwithstanding the *beau-ideal* of an English yeoman or an American farmer's manner of life, there are few states of of existence duller or less enviable than that of an ignorant man and woman working hard on their own farm.

Ibid.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

GEORGE MORLAND.

Long before he was sixteen, Morland had begun to form those unfortunate habits by which the story of his life is darkened. From ten years of age, he appears to have led the life of a prisoner and a slave under the roof of his father, hearing in this seclusion the merry din of the schoolboys in the street, without hope of partaking in their sports. By-and-by he managed to obtain an hour's relaxation at the twilight, and then associated with such idle and profligate boys as chance threw in his way, and learned from them a love of coarse enjoyment, and the knowledge that it could not well be obtained without money. Oppression keeps the school of Cunning; young Morland resolved not only to share in the profits of his own talents, but also to snatch an hour or so of amusement, without consulting his father. When he made three drawings for his father, he made one secretly for himself, and giving a signal from his window, lowered it by a string to two or three knowing boys, who found a purchaser at a reduced price, and spent the money with the young artist. A common taproom was an indifferent school of manners, whatever it might

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be for painting, and there this gifted lad was now often to be found late in the evening, carousing with hostlers and pot-boys, handing round the quart pot, and singing his song or cracking his joke.

His father, having found out the contrivance by which he raised money for this kind of revelry, adopted, in his own imagination, a wiser course. He resolved to make his studies as pleasant to him as he could; and as George was daily increasing in fame, and his works in price, this could be done without any loss. He indulged his son, now some sixteen years old, with wine, pampered his appetite with richer food, and moreover allowed him a little pocket-money to spend among his companions, and purchase acquaintance with what the vulgar call life. He dressed him, too, in a style of ultra-dandyism, and exhibited him at his easel to his customers, attired in a green coat with very long skirts, and immense yellow buttons, buckskin breeches, and top boots with spurs. He permitted him too to sing wild songs, swear grossly, and talk about any thing he liked with such freedom as makes anxious parents tremble. With all these indulgences the boy was not happy; he aspired but the more eagerly after full liberty and the unrestrained enjoyment of the profits of his pencil.

During this feverish period he was introduced to Reynolds, obtained permission to copy some of his works, and began to be very generally noticed as an artist of no common promise. His father was his constant companion when he went out a-copying; more, it is said, though it can scarcely be believed, with the intention of seizing upon his productions, than with the desire of preserving him from loose associates or the charms of the tap-room. He went to copy the painting of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy in the gallery of Mr. Angerstein, at Blackheath; and the proprietor, a man of taste, and a lover of art, desired to view the work in its progress. The elder Morland declared that his son George had refused to begin his copy till it was promised that no one should overlook him, and that he should act in the house as he thought proper. This coarse arrogance was submitted to—young Morland refused all invitations to mix with the family of Angerstein—he descended to the servants' hall—emptied his flagon—cracked his wild jest, and was exceedingly happy.

In the seventeenth year of his age he left his father's house, with his easel, his palette, his pencils—and dressed in his favourite green coat and top-boots. "He was in the very extreme of foppish puppyism," says Hassell, "his head, when ornamented according to his own taste, resembled a snow-ball, after the model of Tippy Bob, of dramatic memory, to which was attached a short thick tail, not unlike a painter's brush." Thus accomplished and accoutred, with little money in his pocket, and a large conceit of himself, he made an excursion to Margate, with the two-fold purpose of enjoying *life* and painting portraits. His skill of hand was great—his facility, it is said, wondrous; while his oddity of dress, his extreme youth and the story of his early studies attracted curiosity and attention—and sitters came—the wealthy and the beautiful. But the painter loved low company—all that was polished or genteel was the object of his implacable dislike. He had not patience to finish any portrait that he commenced, nor the prudence to conceal his scorn of his betters. The man who could leave wealthy sitters to join in the amusement of a pig, an ass, or a smock race, was not likely to have such patrons long; and Morland returned to London with a dozen of unfinished portraits, on which he had received little or no money.

Amidst all this wildness and dissipation, his name was still rising. He valued his pencil as the means of acquiring not distinction, but the gold wherewith to charm away creditors and liquidate tavern bills. The pictures which he dashed off according to the craving of the hour, are numerous and excellent. They are all fac-similes of low nature—graphic copies of common life—their truth is their beauty, and if they have any thing poetical about them, it lies in the singular ease and ruminating repose which is the reigning character of many. Pigs and asses were his chief favourites; and if he had stolen them, or dealt in them, as one of his rustic admirers declared, he could not have painted them better. The sheep on the hill, the cattle in the shade, and the peasant superintending the economy of the barn-yard, the piggery, or the cow-house, shared also largely in his regard. He was likewise skilful in landscape—not in that combination of what is lovely or grand, over which a poetical mind sheds a splendour that anticipates paradise; but in close, dogged fidelity, which claims the merit of looking like some known spot where pigs prowl, cattle graze, or asses browze. At this period he lodged in a neat house

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at Kensall Green, on the road to Harrow, and was frequently in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain.

While he resided at Kensall Green, he fell in love with Miss Ward—a young lady of beauty and modesty—and soon afterwards married her; she was the sister of his friend the painter; and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage obtained it. In the joy of this double union, the brother artists took joint possession of a tolerable house in High Street, Marylebone. Morland suspended for a time his habit of insobriety, discarded the social comrades of his laxer hours, and imagined himself reformed. But discord broke out between the sisters concerning the proper division of rule and authority in the house; and Morland, whose partner's claim perhaps was the weaker, took refuge in lodgings in Great Portland Street. His passion for late hours and low company, restrained through courtship and the honey-moon, now broke out with the violence of a stream which had been dammed in rather than dried up. It was in vain that his wife entreated and remonstrated—his old propensities prevailed; and the post-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist, were summoned again to his side, no more to be separated.

In those days, before folly had entirely fixed him for her own, Morland loved to visit the Isle of Wight, and some of his best pictures are copied from scenes upon the coast. A rocky shore—an agitated surf—fishermen repairing their nets and careening their boats, or disposing of their fish, generally formed part of his pictures. He was ever ready too to join them in their labour, and more so in the mirth and carousal which followed. A friend once found him at Freshwater-gate, in a low public-house called The Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen were seated round him in a kind of ring, the rooftree rang with laughter and song; and Morland, with manifest reluctance, left their company for the conversation of his friend. "George," said the monitor, "you must have reasons for keeping such company." "Reasons, and good ones," said the artist, laughing, "see—where could I find such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of The Cabin?" He held up his sketch-book and showed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his best pictures contains this fac-simile of the tap-room, with its guests and furniture.

He once (we are told) received an invitation to Barnet, and was hastening thither with Hassell and another friend, when he was stopped at Whetstone turnpike by a lumber or jockey cart, driven by two persons, one of them a chimney-sweep, who were disputing with the toll-gatherer. Morland endeavoured to pass, when one of the wayfarers cried, "What! Mr. Morland, won't you speak to a body!" The artist endeavoured to elude further greeting, but this was not to be; the other bawled out so lustily, that Morland was obliged to recognise at last his companion and crony, Hooper, a tinman and pugilist. After a hearty shake of the hand, the boxer turned to his neighbour the chimney-sweep, and said, "Why, Dick, don't you know this here gentleman? 'tis my friend, Mr. Morland." The sooty charioteer smiling a recognition forced his unwelcome hand upon his brother of the brush; they then both whipt their horses and departed. This rencontre mortified Morland very sensibly; he declared that he knew nothing of the chimney-sweep, and that he was forced upon him by the impertinence of Hooper; but the artist's habits made the story be generally believed, and "Sweeps, your honour," was a joke which he was often obliged to hear.

On one occasion he hid himself (from his creditors) in Hackney; where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbours to believe him a maker of forged notes. The Directors of the Bank despatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search, and seize. These men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat; he was not however to be surprised—mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front—fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion, and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report to the Bank, that the Directors presented him with a couple of bank-notes of twenty pounds each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him.

His common price, when in confinement, was "four guineas per day with

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his drink;" and his employer sat down beside him telling pleasant stories and pouring out liquor till the time expired. It often required some skill to obtain a good day's work, for the glass was apt to be in his fingers in the morning before the pencil, and he continued to handle both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor got the better, when he claimed his wages, and business closed for the day.—*Lives of British Painters*, vol. ii. —*Family Library.*

MUSIC.

Echoes on echoes roll'd, and reproduced!
As though invisibly with rushing flame
O'erwhelm'd, the music-waken temple sounds.
Hark! peal on peal, and burst on burst, sublime
The prelude comes, ascendeth loudly full,
And in a whirl of rapture rolls away!
But ere it died, a thousand faces shone
With ecstasy; as sunshine in a sweep
Of gladness over hill and meadow shot,
Doth waken tints of glory from the scene,—
So drew the music, in its sweeping flow
O'er mortal features, flashes from the soul,
Bright hues, and meanings passionately mixt.

The heaven of music! how it wafts and waves
Itself, in all the poetry of sound,—
Amid an atmosphere of human heart
Suffused,—so full the homage here outbreathed:
Now throbbing like a happy thing of air,
Then dying a voluptuous death, as lost
In its own luxury, now alive again
In sweetness,—wafted like a vocal cloud
Mellifluously breaking,—seems the strain!
And what a play of magic on each face
Of feeling! Dark and thund'ry when it rolls,
The eyes turn inward with a dream profound;
When festive, such as storms a hero's mind,
A spirit revels in the raptur'd face!
But when, from faint and feeble ecstasy
Of tune, into a melancholy tone
That pierces, ray-like, through the gloom of years,
The music dies,—then icy thrills the blood,
And glitt'ring sadness on each eye-ball spreads,
Like dewy rapture from the soul distill'd.

All music is the mystery of sound,
Whose soul lies sleeping in the air, till roused,
And lo, it pulses into melody!
Deep, low, or wild, obedient to the throb
Of instrumental magic: on its wings
Are visions, too, of tenderness and love,
Beatitude and joy. Thus, over waves
Of beauty, landscapes in their loveliest glow,
And the warm languish of their summer streams,
A list'ning soul is borne: while Home renews
Her paradise, beneath the moonlight veil
That mantles o'er the past, till unshed tears
Gleam in the eye of memory. But when
Some harmony of preternatural swell
Begins, then, awful wing'd, the spirit soars
Away, and mingles with immensity!

Such sorcery in music dwells:—if they,
Now doom'd awhile to walk this heaven-roof'd world,
Might hear the melodies that I have heard,
When Heaven, complexion'd by Almightiness,
In glory,—sounded with the choral hymn
Of Princedoms high, and Dominations grand,
Of thousand Saints, of thousand Cherubim,
And Angel numbers who outmillion'd far
Bright worlds, that in the blue and waveless deep
Of night, innumerable hang,—if men
Might hear it, 'twould absorb their souls away!
Yet such I heard: oh! what a sea of sound
Went billowing with ecstatical delight
Through fathomless immensity, when hosts
Divine, their Holy, Holy, Holy, sung,
While loud Hosannahs to the living God
Commingled,—making Heaven more heavenly glow!

Satan, a Poem.

Useful Domestic Hints.

British Wine Making.

(From Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. III.)

The natural ill-qualities of our fruits must be corrected by art; and to do this with effect, to imitate the qualities of the more perfect fruits of warm climates, constitutes the whole secret of domestic wine-making. Every economist, housekeeper, and servant — every cookery-book and receipt book is full of processes for making a multiplicity of domestic wines. These never take into account that an unvarying process cannot be adapted to the ever-changing nature of our fruits, the qualities of which are different, according as the season has been wet or dry, cold or warm; according as the soil was exhausted or well manured; according as the trees were skilfully or ignorantly pruned, and several other circumstances not necessary here to enumerate. These popular processes, therefore, almost never succeed: hence our domestic wines have a bad character; and hence the art of making them is but little cultivated. In almost no instance, so far as domestic economy is concerned, can the principles of chemistry be applied with better effect than to the preparation of our native wines. And in a national point of view it is to be lamented that no sufficient encouragement has been given to the art, either by the legislature, or by the various learned societies, which in other respects have so materially contributed to the progress of knowledge.

Method of making French Bread.

The very light, spongy, and superior article called French bread is made in the following manner:—If a peck of the very finest quality of wheaten flour is to be made into French rolls, a small quantity of it is to be mixed with as much warm water as will convert it into dough; in the water a handful of salt should have been previously dissolved. About a pint of distillers' yeast, or if this cannot be obtained, ale-brewers' yeast, which has been washed with some cold water to remove the bitterness, is to be well worked into the dough. This is to be set by in a warm place to fer-

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ment. Meanwhile all the rest of the flour is to be mixed with as much warm milk as will form a sponge. Half a pound of butter, melted at the lowest possible degree of heat, is to be poured on, along with six eggs; and the whole is to be hastily mixed up together, along with the sponge, provided that it has sufficiently fermented, and is sufficiently swollen. After the mixture, let the dough be left in a warm place, and when it has risen sufficiently, let it be divided, shaped into rolls, and baked in a moderately heated oven. The oven should, as in all other cases, have been perfectly heated before the bread is put in; and the heat should be equal throughout, however difficult this may be to effect with some ill-constructed ovens.

To make Biscuits.

Biscuit bread is made in the following manner:—the necessary quantity of flour is to be mixed with water in such quantity that the dough produced will be the stiffest and most solid that it will be possible to work. So hard ought this dough to be that it would not be possible to knead it with the hands in the usual manner. Two methods are resorted to. The dough being spread out, a cloth is laid over it, and a man tramples it in all directions with his feet. Or a long bar of wood, having a sharp edge, fastened at one end to a block, yet with sufficient liberty to move with a kind of chopping motion, extends over a table on which lies the dough flatted out. The dough is chopped in all directions, is often doubled up, flatted and chopped again. When sufficiently kneaded, it is rolled into cylinders of about an inch and a half in diameter, and these are cut into lengths the same as their diameter. They are then flatted, and moulded with the hand; some holes are struck through with a *docker*. After a slight sprinkling with flour, they are laid on the tiles of the oven and baked.

The Cosmopolite.

THE LIFE OF A MARTYR TO TRUTH.

(Concluded from page 100.)

FORTUNE now guided my steps to a man who gave me free maintenance, and showed me every kind of civility. He fancied he saw a great similarity in my temper and disposition, with his own, and this moved him to compassion; I cannot say that he was a violent votary of truth: his ruling passion was to be always in the right, to maintain the opinion he had once conceived, and to treat the judgment of others with unmerciful severity. He was one of those men of science who have not the capacity for writing any thing useful of their own, and are therefore the more given to pass pragmatical censures on the compositions of others. A comma, a single point, or a single letter, was enough to put him into a violent passion, and to make him hurl an anathema at the head of an adversary to his notions. He had an astonishing collection of books in his own taste, as he thought there could be no good scholar on that side the question, who had not *written* at least six or eight pounds weight of books. It came into his head to ask me what I thought of him; I turned pale at the question; had I said that he was a man of great and useful parts, fit for promoting the general welfare, he would have loaded me with increasing benefits; but I must abandon all hopes of his favour, should I speak the truth. I spoke it, however. I said that men of his capacity were indispensable to the structure of learning; it was their business to carry away the rubbish that would be an hindrance to the builders. There was no occasion for me to add another word, in order to complete my ruin. I was forced to quit the house that instant, under a storm of Latin terms of abuse, which I had never heard before in all my days, and which not till long afterwards, I read in Burman's writings.

The loss of this Mæcenas was amply compensated by the notice that was paid me by an eminent lawyer. In the laws of the land he was utterly inexperienced; but so much the more expert was he in the Justinian Code. I fared very well with him; but some busy body having told him, that I had said in company, he was fitter to deliver an oration, *pro rostris*, than to plead a cause in our courts, he checked the current of his bounty towards me, and proved to me that I must never appear again in his presence. An unexpected circumstance brought me into a town, where according to all appearance, I was now to lay the foundation of my future happiness. Everything succeeded to my wishes, and I know not whether the people there could better bear the truth, or whether it was that I did not speak out all that I thought. I had an office given to me, which though not very lucrative, was yet pretty profitable. I had held it a few years when an occasion presented itself on which I was to make a speech of congratulation to the new

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magistrates. I treated in it concerning reason as that faculty of man by which he should be swayed in the whole tenor of his conduct, and had it printed, notwithstanding all my friends could do to dissuade me from it. A person who was not otherwise respectable than by the post he filled, thought himself affronted in it. He would have brought himself into suspicion if he had stood up in his own personal defence: he therefore thought it more advisable to take upon himself the defence of Scripture and Religion. I had innocently made use of the word "crumbs." This was enough to set him at work. A scorner of the Scripture, a derider of Religion, an Atheist, were the gentlest names bestowed on me. In short, I must make a public recantation, or lay down my office and quit the town. Of the two alternatives I chose the latter, and was forced to wander about twelve long years before I could assuage the pious indignation of my enemies. At length my adverse fortune seemed appeased. I had the offer of a considerable post, on condition that I would marry a particular lady. Hunger and poverty got the better of all my scruples; what I had hitherto suffered made me so humble and ductile that I put up with many things which formerly would have been insupportable. My wife was fond of company — she played; the whole of my income was lavished on cards and dress: domestic economy was neglected, and I was forced to overlook many things that demanded more than ordinary patience; at least my patience was quite worn out. I said it was the duty of a wife to take pains to please her husband, to avoid all immoderate expenses, to pay proper attention to household affairs, and not to assume an authority, which both order and Scripture had conferred solely on the husband. But how miserable was I made by these truths. I felt that the rage of a woman is more pernicious than that of any other creature: she called me a naked beggar, a runaway fellow, whom her relatives had picked up in the streets, unworthy of being connected in marriage with an amiable woman, and of alliance with a respectable family; nay, I had much ado to escape the humiliation of asking pardon on my knees of my offended spouse; who presently after, whether to my happiness or my misfortune, I cannot say, unexpectedly died. The host of my enemies now persecuted me with unremitting fury. As I had spared no man, so there was none now to take up my cause. They had the art to poison the ears of my superiors against me, by charging me with crimes, of which I was perfectly innocent. I was ordered to accuse myself, by confessing my guilt; but I asserted my innocence, declared my enemies to be malicious liars, and my superiors deceived, and partial judges. This furnished them with ample cause for condemnation. The removal from my office, the imposition of a fine that amounted to the whole of my little savings, and an imprisonment for eight years was all the reward I got for my openness and sincerity. I was at length set free, with an injunction to quit the country. I did so; and from that time to this I have not been able to find a decent provision any where; on the contrary, I have been forced to pass the rest of my days in so degrading a manner that I cannot take the resolution to commit the account of it to paper for the information of posterity; yet to my relief, in the year —— I died a martyr to truth; and though detested by the world, I was satisfied with myself.—This account of the life of one who calls himself a martyr to truth, appeared to me too remarkable to be suppressed. He was actually found dead in his lodging in the year 1738, where it was supposed he had died of cold and hunger. His body was sold to the surgeons for money to pay his landlady.

The Naturalist.

THE GIRAFFE, AT PARIS.

The great attraction—the queen of the garden (of plants, at Paris,) is the giraffe. She is the only survivor of the three which left Africa much about the same time, and inhabits the large round building in the centre of the menagerie, called the Rotonde. Great care is taken to shelter her from the cold, and in the winter she has a kind of hood and cape, which reach the length of her neck, and a body cloth, all made of woollen materials. She is only suffered to walk in her little park when the sun shines upon it, and if care and attention can compensate for the loss of liberty, she ought to be the happiest of her kind. She stands about 12½ feet high, and her skin, with its light blue spots, shines like satin. She looks best when lying down, or standing perfectly upright, in which posture she is very dignified; but the moment she moves she becomes awkward, in consequence of the dis proportion of the hinder parts of her body, and the immense length of her

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neck, which, instead of being arched, forms an angle with her shoulders. When she gallops, her hind feet advance beyond those in front, and the peculiarity of gait caused by moving the hind and fore feet on the same side, at the same time, is very striking. She has great difficulty in reaching the ground with her mouth, and was obliged to make two efforts to separate her fore-legs before she could reach a cistern placed on the pavement. Her head is of remarkable beauty, and the expression of her full black eyes is mild and affectionate; her tongue is long, black, and pointed. She is extremely gentle, yet full of frolic and animation, and when walking in the menagerie, her keeper is obliged to hold her head to prevent her biting off the young branches of the trees. Her great delight, however, is to eat rose leaves, and she devours them with the greatest avidity. The African cows, with humps on their shoulders, who supplied her with milk during her passage to Europe, are as gentle as their nursling, and when feeding her they come and softly push your elbows to have their share. Turning from the giraffe one day, and proceeding a yard or two in order to satisfy them, (says Mrs. Lee,) I suddenly felt something overshadow me, and this was no less than the giraffe, who, without quitting her place, bent her head over mine, and helped herself to the carrots in my hand. Her keeper, named Ati, and from Darfûr, is a tall, well-proportioned black, and at his own request, a little gallery has been erected for him in the stable of his charge, where he sleeps and keeps all his property.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FIRST PLAY PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

"GOD HYS PROMISES:"—A Tragedie or Interlude, manyfestynge the chyefe Promises of God unto Man in all ages, from the Begynnynge of the Worlde, to the deathe of Jesus Christe, a Mysterie, 1538.

The Interlocutors are Patercælestis, Justus Noah, Moses Sanctus, Esaias propheta, Adam primus Homo, Abraham fidelis, David Rex pius, Johannes Baptista: "This play (says Baker,) was written by Bishop Bale, and is the *first dramatic piece printed in England.*" It is reprinted by Dodsley in his collection. (See Biographia Dramatica.) It was printed by Charlewood, in 1577, and was acted by the youths, upon a Sunday, at the Market Cross of Kilkenny.

P. T. W.

BRANDY.

IT is reported by a French author, that a poor savage being asked his opinion of brandy, to the use of which he was so much devoted, answered, in the florid style of his country, "It is made of tongues and hearts; for when I have drunk it I fear nothing, and talk like an angel."

A LADY conversing with a friend on the late extreme severity of the weather, with great naïveté, said, she "supposed the *North Pole* had come to return *Captain Parry's* visit.

CHEAP SORROW.

GEORGE COLMAN tells a story of a lad, who had news brought that his father had suddenly expired; which so shocked him, that he stood for some time, pale and silent; at last he burst out into a flood of tears, and exclaimed in an agony of grief, "*I had rather have given half-a-guinea!*"

LONDON DESIRES.

IF I had a garden, a field, and a gate,
I wouldn't care for the Duke of Bedford's estate,
That is, I wouldn't care for His Grace's estate,
If I had Covent-*garden*, Smith-*field*, and Billings-*gate*.

Random Records.

SEVERE WINTERS.

WITHIN the memory of history, the people of the South never experienced so severe a winter as that of 1823, when the Mediterranean was one sheet of ice; nor those of the North, a severer one than that of 1658, when Charles X. of Sweden marched across the Little Belt, at the head of 20,000 men, to attack the Danes; the ice broke down during the passage, and several squadrons of cavalry were lost. On the first occasion also, the Baltic Sea was frozen over for six weeks.—*For. Lit. Gaz.*

RARE BOOKSELLING.—Dante's *Divina Commedia* went through 150 editions in about 350 years, and is still reprinting almost daily!

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 416.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1830. [Price 2d.

Queen Elizabeth's Palace at Enfield.

This is but a sorry specimen of a royal residence, and will not compare with Mr. Nash's splendid affair at Pimlico. The form is, however, nearly the same, and desert and dismantled as is the Enfield palace, we ought to make allowance for the wear and tear of two hundred and fifty years before we place its mouldering walls in competition with the gorgeousness and spick-and-span finery of those of Buckingham.

The celebrity of Enfield for its royal chase must be known to the youngest of our readers. In the town, at the date of our Engraving, 1778, stood the above palace, respecting the building of which antiquaries are not agreed.

It was the manor-house of Enfield; and either in this, or another ancient house, called Elsynge hall, (now demolished,) Edward VI. on his accession to the throne, kept his court, for five months before he removed to London. Mr. Lysons is of opinion (*Environs*, vol. ii. p. 28,) that the palace underwent considerable repairs, or perhaps was wholly rebuilt, in the reign of this prince, and most probably upon occasion of the manor being granted to the Princess Elizabeth.

One of the rooms very lately remained in its original state, with oak panels, and a richly ornamented ceiling. The chimney-piece was supported by columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, and decorated with the cognizances of the rose and portcullis, and the arms of France and England quartered, with the garter, and royal supporters, a lion and a gryphon. Underneath was this motto: "*Sola salus servire Deo: sunt cætera fraudes*—Our only security is to serve God: aught else is vanity." In the same room was preserved part of another chimney-piece, with nearly the same ornaments, and this motto: "*Ut ros super herbam, est benevolentia regis*—Like the dew on the grass is the bounty of the king;" alluding, it is probable, to the royal grant. Among the collection of royal letters in the British Museum is a Latin one from the Princess Elizabeth, dated Enfield, and in the Bodleian Library, is a MS. copy of a sermon, translated by that princess, from the Italian of Occhini. It is written on vellum, in

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her own hand, and was sent, as a new year's gift, to her brother, King Edward. The dedication is dated Enfield, Dec. 30, the year not mentioned.

When Elizabeth became queen, she frequently visited Enfield, and kept her court there in the early part of her reign. The palace was alienated from the crown by Charles I., and has been ever since in private hands. In 1670 it was taken by Dr. Uvedale, master of the grammar-school, who being attached to the study of botany, planted a cedar of Libanus, long one of the finest in the kingdom, and measuring at three feet from the ground, (in 1793,) twelve feet in girth, and in 1815, fifteen feet eight inches, at about one foot and a half from the ground. Tradition says, that this tree, when a plant, was brought from Mount Libanus in a portmanteau. Its girth, at one foot six inches from the ground, (in 1820,) was sixteen feet. Dr. Uvedale formed here one of the finest collections of scarce exotics in England. The whole building, in front, was taken down in 1792, and on the site of it are erected some small houses.

Elsynge House, or Enfield House, was another royal mansion in this neighbourhood; yet it must not be confused with the above palace. Our view was taken in 1778, and Mr. Lysons, (in 1795,) states that the site of Elsynge could not then be traced.

The Novelist.

A NIGHT OF ROMANCE.

For the Mirror.)

I HAD resigned myself to sleep, and "the fresh dew of summer dreams," as Shakspeare would term it, lay gently on my eyelids; but whether it proceeded from Titania's fairy rose, or Oberon's violet, I am unable, at present, to afford the slightest detail. My imagination, nevertheless, exercised itself in a succession of the most delusive phantasies, and my brains were crowded with all the imagery essential to the composition of an Italian novel. I reposed beneath the roof of an inn, situated in an airy and sunny part of the proud and magnificent city of Rome. I cannot conceive how it was, but my eyes were absolutely charmed with the blue glory of the sky—the rich fleecy livery of the clouds, and the beautiful stars that lighted up their bowers in the tranquil heaven:

So gleams the past—the light of other days!"

and to "the light of other days," I did not hesitate to advert. I fancied that I breathed in those times, when Rienzi,

"The friend of Petrarch! hope of Italy!"

exercised his majestic genius in defence of the freedom of his immortal Roma. I was one of the most wealthy and turbulent conspirators. How I kicked, danced, and shouted at the gates of the Capitol, till the old statues that crowned them seemed to quiver with a supernatural convulsion at the sound of my voice! Cæsar, when he passed the stream of the Rubicon, never created a more fearful commotion than myself. The scene shifted its position. I knelt, a tall, graceful cavaliero at the feet of the young and lovely Marchesa di Cezeli, in a hall that contained the most splendid pictorial conceptions of the Italian painters. From the stately windows the moonlight descended in a gush of silver beauty, and the marble floor seemed saturated with its glow. The marchesa occasionally drew her gentle hand over a lute, which awhile wrapt up my spirit in its exquisite music; and many a sweet tale related by her beautiful lips, enchanted the solitary spirit of our loneliness. We spoke of stars, eyes, bowers, songs, lutes, spells, and other fairy ingredients which Moore has mixed up so delightfully in the pages of *Lalla Rookh*; and I implicitly believe that the motion of my heart responded to hers! But our blissful dreams were soon dissolved. The tocsin-bell sounded up its strain of alarm! In an instant the whole city poured out its population, including Joseph Bonaparte and his valet-de-chambre, the artillery rolled by, the Austrian banner challenged defiance from the French, lights flashed in every direction, and trumpets pealed from every square. Amid this riot and confusion I leaped from the window, leaving the marchesa to dream of my fidelity at a more convenient season. In avoiding the tumult, however, I received a slight scratch from the bayonet of a grenadier—pooh! I awoke and found that a spiteful gnat had stung me.

I again sunk into repose, but the same romantic visions haunted the solitude of my brain. My imagination represented the lovely blue sea of Naples extending around me, as a gallant bark bore me away from the paradise-land of Italy. My spirit for awhile was engrossed by many conflicting emotions, to which succeeded a contemplative mood of pensiveness. Thanks to my stars! I had little time allowed me to indulge in melancholy reflections, for a lurch of

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the ship threw me with so much force against a snug little gentleman in black, that I overturned him. I expressed my regret for the unwelcome intrusion into which I had been thrown; but the little man laughed heartily. "*You* came against your will, my friend," he observed, "and they are sending *me* to Venice against mine."

"To Venice?" I replied, "I am going thither also."

"This is choice, my friend; but for whom do you take me? I am Murat! —yes—nothing less than the crowned King of Naples; and they send me to Venice to play the eaves-dropper by the process of some capricious policy or other. But what is your opinion of me?"

"Of you!" I exclaimed, as my bosom glowed with the recollections consecrated to his name; "can I express my admiration in adequate language of the hero whose sword divided the chain which had so long bound Naples to her tyrants! But surely, Signor Murat, our poets and journalists do not describe your personal attractions very accurately."

"Bah! my friend, they rely too much on the pomp of sword and plume; but a truce to further colloquy—are you fond of adventure?"

"Yes, Signor Murat, I have been companioned with it for the last ten years of my life."

"Lend an ear then, and your fortune depends on the activity with which you execute my proposal. You must proceed to St. Mark's with this packet of communication, and promptly deliver it to the *Padre* Augustine Nicolo, whose reward for your essential mission will amount to a thousand dollars. Beware is a word somewhat mysterious in sound, but I must apprise you, that if you are discovered with the papers in your possession, the *Forty* will doubtless claim your head."

After a few moments employed in deliberating, I accepted the commission which Murat had assigned to me; and if, as an old dramatic writer has set down:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;"

I am induced to believe that I completed my decision in a manner coincident with his illustrative poetry; for the tide at that moment impelled our bark into the arms of the lovely Bride of the Adriatic!

The *Padre* Augustine received me with a cordial welcome; but his Jesuitical tenacity was soon excited. Having obtained possession of the papers with which I had been entrusted, he firmly asserted the inconsistency of acceding to the munificent intentions of Murat. Incensed by such an affirmation I felt the lava of my intemperate heart kindling with the passion of revenge. He invited me to an alcove, beneath whose shadowy loneliness rippled the blue waves of the sea; and he there pledged me in a cup of the sweetest sherbet that mortal lips ever tasted. In recompense for such politeness, I threw him into the Adriatic, whose waters he has probably sanctified ere now.

The honesty of my employer now seemed extremely dubious; and in the adoption of a discovery, I expected to console my departed dreams of reward. I hastened to the Doge, or rather to the chief magistrate, (for "Rome of the Ocean," as Venice is called, has no claim whatever to the former distinction,) and acknowledged the commission with which Murat had invested me. The heart of the Doge seemed brimful of joy; but just as he was deliberating on the propriety of introducing me into a dungeon beneath the Bridge of Sighs, a French banner flashed in the sunlight which illumined the hall, and a band of grenadiers, with Murat at their head, relieved the Doge of his meditations. I reminded Murat of his treachery, with a blow of my fist, which at any other time would have dashed the Lion of St. Mark from his pedestal!

"The Magdalena save your honour!" exclaimed my host, "and make you more gentle for the time to come."

"Ha! Francesco,—what vision is this?"

"Why your honour has not only thrown me down, but also broken the cup which contained the chocolate intended for your breakfast."

"And my dream has departed too—so farewell to Murat, the Doge of Venice, and the Lion of St. Mark!"

Deal. R. A.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT ORGAN.

THE first organ seen in France was sent to Pepin, by the Emperor Constantine Capronymus, in 757; and was placed in the Church of Saint Corneilla de Compeigne. Roquefort asserts, that the effects produced by it were extraordinary, some persons being so completely enraptured as to be carried away in a state of insensibility.

Upon this we may as well remark,

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that after every boast of the music, musical instruments, and musicians of former days, it is but a convincing proof of the very, very low ebb at which all stood in the darker ages, "the good old times," (as malcontents call them,) of the world. What sort of thing must an organ have been in 757? About as like an organ in 1830, as a dulcimer is like a grand six octave piano forte. What then must music have been at that period, when an instrument so imperfect, could produce such ravishment? And, to carry the retrospection still further back, what must music, what must men have been in those ages, when the three, or even seven-stringed lyre, produced the wondrous effects of which we read? Yet the Greek music, and Greek modes, still puzzle the theorist, when it is even probable that could they be divested of fable, and the obscurity of ages, he would hold them in supreme contempt, and be guided, willingly, by the better lights of science, which shine in the present day. But it is in human nature, ever to reverence what it does not understand; therefore, whilst a comparison may readily be drawn between an organ of the eighth, and an organ of the nineteenth century, and whilst it must be allowed that our own intellectual improvement obliges us to view with feelings of blended mirth and compassion, the barbarous state of musical science in that age; we have no data on which to ground a comparison between any instrument, or any musical mode of the present day, with the lyre and modes of darkest antiquity.

ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY FOR DANCING.

(For the Mirror.)

Louis XII. of France, held a grand court at Milan, in 1501, where the balls are said to have been magnificent. At these the Cardinals de Nairbonne, and de St. Laverin, footed with the rest of the courtiers. Cardinal Pallavino relates, that the fathers, doctors, bishops, and other church dignitaries assembled at the Council of Trent, rested for awhile, in 1562, from polemics, to deliberate upon giving a ball to Philip II. of Spain. After mature deliberation the measure was adopted, the ball given, and at it danced with the ladies of the city, who had been invited, the Spanish bigot, and the Fathers of the Council. The example of David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant, has been often adduced as a sacred authority for this agreeable amusement; but then it must be remembered that in some ages and countries, and amongst some sects, dancing was considered as much a religious method of expressing devotional feeling, as the singing of psalms and hymns.

RAPIERS AND RUFFS.

Rapiers, succeeded, in the reign of Elizabeth, the heavy two-edged swords, but were worn of such an extraordinary length, that government limited the length of these weapons to three feet; a proclamation was made to this effect, as also for the curtailment of ruffs; and steady, serious citizens were placed at each gate, to cut the ruffs, and break the rapier's points of all passengers who exceeded the allowed measure. "He, (says Stowe,) was accounted the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruff, and the longest rapier." Lord Talbot, in a letter to Lord Shrewsbury, relates, "that in 1580, M. Malvoiser, the French ambassador, riding to take the ayer, inne hys returne cam thorowe Smithfield, and there at the barrs was stayed by thos officers that setteth to cut sowrdes, by reason his rapier was longer than the statute. He was in a great fewrie and drewe hys rapier. In the meane season, my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so stayed the matter. Her matie. is greatly offended with the officers, in that they wanted jugement." M. L. B.

ANCHORS.

(For the Mirror.)

The first invention of an anchor, (says Potter) some ascribe to the Tyrrhenians; others to Midas, the son of Gordius, whose anchor, Pausanias tells us, was preserved in one of Jupiter's temples till his days. Since there were divers sorts of anchors, it is not improbable that both these may justly lay claim to part of the invention. The most ancient anchors are said to have been of stone, and sometimes of wood, to which a great quantity of lead was usually fixed. In some places baskets full of stones, and sacks filled with sand, were employed for the same use. All these were let down by cords into the sea, and by their weight stayed the course of the ship. Afterwards, anchors were composed of iron, and furnished with teeth, which being fastened to the bottom of the sea, preserved the vessel immovable. At first there was only one tooth, but in a short time a second was added by Eupalamus, or Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher. The anchors with two teeth (from ancient monu-

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ments) appear to have been much the same with those used in our days, only the transverse piece of wood upon their handle is wanting in all of them. Every ship had several anchors, one of which surpassing all the rest in bigness and strength, was peculiarly termed in Latin, *sacra*, and was never used but in extreme danger, whence "*sacram anchoram solvere*" is proverbially applied to such as are forced to their last refuge.

P. T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

JOHANNA, one of the Comora Islands, is situated in the Mozambique Channel, in lat. 12 deg. 7 min. south, and long. 44 deg. 30 min. east. It lies between the north end of the island of Madagascar and the continent of Africa.

The appearance of Johanna from the anchorage is magnificently beautiful, the country being rich and picturesque beyond description. As far as the eye can range, not a spot is to be seen that is not literally covered with fruit-trees of almost every description known in the tropical climates; some were green, some in blossom, and others bearing; showing at one view, from the happy temperature of the climate, all the various tints of spring, summer, and autumn. The hills gradually rise one above the other, covered with the richest verdure, which reaches down to the very edge of the sea; one large mountain fills up the background, clothed with delicious fruit-trees from its base to the very summit, which runs up into the clouds to a height of at least two thousand feet from the level of the sea, thus giving the Island the appearance of all that is delightful and luxuriant.

As soon as the confusion of anchoring the ship and furling sails was over, we were beset with dukes, lords, admirals, counts, &c. &c. who came off to solicit our washing, and also to offer their services as guides or servants during our stay at the island. They produced letters of recommendation from various officers that had touched at the Island of Johanna, certifying their honesty, and that they washed well; but as none of these people understood their contents, it was laughable to find that many of these letters concluded with a remark, that "the bearer required being sharply looked after, and that the Johannese were an over-reaching set." I hired Admiral Lord Rodney to wash and provide for me during our stay, and found him as petty an impostor as any of them. Their assurance in asking for any thing they fancied was beyond conception; one of them actually begged Captain Roberts to give him the epaulettes from off his shoulders. It was truly laughable to see the farcical manner in which these people were dressed. I shall describe two of them, which will convey some idea of the whole. They all wore turbans, according to the costume of the country. Admiral Lord Rodney had a very fine one, ornamented with gold lace, and a star in front; a short-sleeved red cloth frock-coat, trimmed with gold lace, reached down to his knees; on his shoulders were a pair of gold epaulettes—certainly they were a little tarnished, but this splendid upper finery, contrasted with his dusky visage, black teeth, and red nails, which are held in high estimation at Johanna, bare legs, (for the trousers were large and tied at the knee), no shoes or stockings, gave him upon the whole a most grotesque appearance. Commodore Blanket's head-dress was the same as Lord Rodney's, but the Commodore's coat was green, and ornamented with silver lace, and large yellow metal buttons. A badge was suspended to his left bosom, somewhat resembling a city porter's, on which his name was engraved at full length, with the year and date on which his celebrated namesake touched at the island, and who thus honoured him and the rest of the natives with their names and badges of distinction. A pair of silver aiguillettes surmounted this jumble of finery; and to complete the whole, he was, like the rest, bare-footed, bare-legged, copper-coloured, with red nails, and black teeth. They were all dressed in the same ludicrous manner, and had much the appearance of a company of strolling players, dressed out for performance at a country fair. The fashion of wearing badges of distinction is growing into disuse, for very few had them; formerly they were much more generally worn. When the late Captain Beaver touched at Johanna in 1812, he thus adverted to them:—"Most of our illustrious admirals and statesmen, or rather their namesakes, ostentatiously paraded before me; and that no mistake might occur as to who was Howe, Rodney, or Pitt, they wore copper tallies of their dignity on their breasts."

In the course of the day I went on shore, in company with Mr. O'Reilly: immediately on landing we received an

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invitation from Prince Ali, the King's son, who is heir to the throne (if such it may be called) of Johanna. We found that this Prince spoke a little English: he received us very kindly, and with a courtesy of manner far beyond what we could possibly have anticipated. His house, or rather the room we were in, was most curiously decorated, being hung round with upwards of a hundred little sixpenny looking-glasses in gilt frames. Round pieces of tin, many of them gilt, were nailed against the walls and ceiling, also several china basins were stuck in, bottom upwards; added to this display of Johannese embellishment, there were numerous paltry prints, daubed over with the brightest and most gaudy colours, which served to fill up every vacancy throughout the walls and ceiling, so that it was impossible to distinguish what the latter consisted of, but upon the whole it gave the room an air of comfort, and in the Prince's opinion, no doubt, a great degree of elegance. The furniture consisted of four very fine couches, covered with rich crimson silk, which the Prince informed us were his beds; one old oaken table, and two very high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs—these latter articles he informed us were presented to him by the captain of an English vessel. Prince Ali is a very fine young man, with large expressive dark eyes, a pleasing countenance, and about twenty-one or two years of age. His manners and address were very easy, accompanied with an air of great superiority. During our stay, we were constantly fanned by little black slave boys, with fans composed of feathers.

We afterwards visited the Prince's garden, but it did not appear that much care or taste had been bestowed upon it. It merely consisted of two long groves of fruit-trees, such as are peculiar to tropical climates, and all these are to be found wild in abundance at Johanna. The prince sent one of his slaves up a cocoa-nut-tree, in order to procure some *toddy*, a liquid which is extracted from the tree itself. The man climbed up the tree with the greatest ease, carrying with him a gourd, a hatchet, and gimblet; when nearly at the top, he cut through the bark, then bored a hole, and immediately the toddy ran out as clear as crystal. It is a most excellent beverage, very much resembling cider strongly flavoured with cocoa-nut milk.

June 14th. Sultry weather. Employed wooding and watering the ship; one of our men fell from the top of a cocoa-nut tree, a height of about thirty feet, and, strange to say, did not hurt himself in the least. In the afternoon, we went on shore again for the purpose of dining with Prince Ali As we landed, the lower limb of the sun was just kissing the horizon; hundreds of the natives were assembled on the sea-shore, watching its declining rays, and when that glorious orb had sunk beneath the wave, they laid themselves prostrate on the ground, with their faces turned towards the spot where it had so majestically disappeared. The sight was truly imposing, and for some time we remained riveted to the spot where we had landed, fearing to disturb them. Presently they uttered a loud prayer and rose upon their knees; then standing upright, crossed themselves, and bowing, as it were, to the sunken luminary, they began to halloo and dance about like mad people. After this ceremony was over, they had recourse to their chunam, beetle-nut, tobacco, &c., and fully made up, from the quantities which they crammed into their mouths, for having fasted all the day. They then separated for their homes, in order to break their fast. I ought previously to have mentioned, that this was the period of their Ramahdan, during which time, as is well known, for forty ays Mohammedans are prohibited from breaking their fast from sunrise till sunset, and this was the reason why our dinner hour with Prince Ali was named after sunset. On arriving at the Prince's, we found Mr. Elliott, the Missionary, added to our party. We were received by the Prince with his usual urbanity of manners, and sat down to a dinner in the English style, the table being laid out with knives, forks, plates, &c. We formed a very sober party, having nothing stronger than cocoa-nut water to drink, the religion of the country prohibiting the use of wine or spirits. The dinner was tolerable; it consisted of very good soup, curried fowls, and roast beef, abominably tough. We could easily perceive that the Prince was not accustomed to use a knife or fork; it was merely out of compliment to us that he attempted it, for several times he was obliged to lay it down and have recourse to his fingers, according to the fashion of his country, where they all eat out of a large wooden bowl, without plates or dishes, merely using a spoon and their fingers. His two attendants did not sit at the table with us, but dined in their own style, in one corner of the room, where they sat cross-legged on the floor. During dinner, we were constantly fan-

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ned by slaves, which was highly requisite to keep off the tormenting mosquitos and allay the suffocating heat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ONCE UPON A TIME.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew,—
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee
Time may deal despitefully;
Time if long he lead thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories;
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade,
As on mine his touch hath laid.

Lady! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once, with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,
Richly gushing if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free,
Half way downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould,
(Woe is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smooth'd them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell.
One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears.
Even those of later years
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where's the hand will wipe away?
Hers I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day,)
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream—
Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown these tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flow'd luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ills, an endless train,
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.

So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light,
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again, a shining streak
'Gins the dusky cloud to break;—
Here and there a glittering thread
Lights the ringlets, dark and dead,—
Glittering light!—but pale and cold—
Glittering thread!—but *not* of *gold*.

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak.
Not with feelings light and vain—
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To announce the day far spent;—
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night,—
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS theatre was situated near Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, and opposite to Wellington-street, leading to Waterloo Bridge. On the site of the present theatre, a society of artists, previous to the existence of the Royal Academy, built a large room for exhibiting their productions, and named it the *Lyceum*, of which, on the establishment of the Royal Academy, Garrick bought the lease, to prevent its being appropriated to any theatrical exhibition. It afterwards came into the possession of a Mr. Lingham, a breeches-maker in the Strand, with some adjoining premises; on their site he erected a building, which was called a theatre, and opened about 1790, for music,* dancing, and harmonic meetings, under a magistrate's license; whilst a large room was occupied by some panoramic pictures and battle pieces, painted by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Ker Porter. About 1794, or 1795, Lingham granted a new lease to the late Dr. Arnold, who partly erected a theatre on the ground adjoining the Lyceum, which was intended for a winter minor theatre; but the license being suppressed by the proprietors of the patent theatres, Lingham received back his lease, with a new theatre nearly completed on the premises. It was then let for exhibitions of music, dancing, and horsemanship, and in 1800, or 1801, for a classical exhibition of paintings transformations, &c., descriptive of Egypt and called "The Egyptiana." Soon after this, a foreigner realized a handsome fortune by exhibiting here the first phantasmagoria seen in England.

In 1808, S. A. Arnold, Esq., son of Dr. Arnold, and the proprietor of the theatre just destroyed, obtained leave from the Lord Chamberlain to establish an *English Opera*: he entered into a treaty for Lingham's interest in the premises, which treaty was not concluded in 1809, when Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire. Lingham now advanced his price, and Mr. Arnold became a purchaser at more than double the sum originally demanded; and at several thousand pounds expense completed the theatre. The Drury Lane Company acted here the three following seasons, the summer being occupied by the per-

* The music was by G. Reeve, the popular composer of several dramatic pieces.

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formance of the English Operas, under the direction of Mr. Arnold. The Lyceum continued closed during the winter of 1812, in consequence of Mr. Arnold being manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre; but on the appointment of a new Committee, he withdrew from the management, pulled down the old theatre in the Strand, and in 1816,* rebuilt, from the design of Mr. Beazley, under a new lease for 99 years, from the Marquess of Exeter, the late *English Opera House*, the ground rent of which is stated at £800. per annum; and the sum altogether expended upon the building, furnishing, and decorating (exclusive of the original purchase-money,) amounted to little less than £80,000.,† in addition to a severe loss by a fire in Exeter-court, in which the unfinished ornaments, &c. of the theatre were destroyed.

The proprietor conceiving his license to be unrestricted, proposed to open his new theatre on an extended scale, as was stated "For the encouragement of native talent, and as a school for English music, under the express sanction of his majesty." In this object he was, nowever, thwarted by the jealousy of the patent theatres, and his season was by their interference, restricted to four summer months. Mr. Arnold was, in consequence, defeated in his principal aim,—the cultivation of native musical talent, and for some seasons the performances were almost confined to light comic pieces, in imitation of the French vaudevilles.‡ In 1824, was produced here, an adaptation of Weber's Opera of *Der Freischiltz*, the success of which encouraged Mr. Arnold in introducing to the English stage several foreign operas of exquisite beauty.

Notwithstanding the short summer season, the English Opera House was seldom closed many weeks together. In the winter and spring, previous to 1828, the theatre was open with Mr. Mathews' Entertainments, and the Lent Astronomical Lecture, delivered by Mr. Bartley. In 1828, the theatre was elegantly fitted up for the regular performance of French plays, the season being terminated by the commencement of that of the English Opera. Towards the close of 1828, the Covent Garden Company performed here for a few nights,§ until the theatre was refitted for the French performances.

The exterior front is a handsome stone portico, supported by eight Ionic columns, between which are suspended large gas lanterns. The columns support a stone balcony with rounded balustrades; on the centre of which is engraven the word "Lyceum." Above this are three tiers of windows, the second and third tiers being divided by bands, on the upper of which appears "Theatre Royal."

The *Auditory* was nearly the horse-shoe form; and the distance from the front boxes to the orchestra only 50 feet. There were two circles or tiers of boxes, with two galleries, and slips on each side over the upper boxes; a range of private boxes behind the dress circle, and others on each side, level with the second circle. The pit was, perhaps, better contrived than any other in London, it being raised on an inclined plane, so that, from the front seat to the entrance door, there was no step either upwards or downwards.

We were accustomed to consider the late English Opera House as the best constructed Theatre in London. The distance between the performer and spectator was only two feet more than it was in Garrick's Theatre, and Dr. Kitchiner went so far as to attribute Garrick's success to his proximity to his audience. At Drury Lane the spectator is thirteen and at Covent Garden fifteen feet six inches further from the performer than in Garrick's Theatre; and the immensity of these theatres obliges the actors often to overstrain their voices, which cannot be done without some distortion of features. All who witnessed Mr. Kean's performance at the English Opera House in 1828, will, we are persuaded, agree with these observations on the excellent construction of Mr. Arnold's theatre.

The English Opera House would contain 2,000 persons; 700 in the boxes 650 pit; 700 galleries; in money £325 besides 160 persons in the private boxes.

* Opened June 15, 1816.

† History of the Theatres Royal, 4to. 1824.

‡ The plan of the English Opera was probably taken from the *Opera Comique*, or *Théâtre Feydeau*, one of the most agreeable theatres in Paris.

§ This was on the occasion of Covent Garden Theatre being closed during some repairs of the gas works.

The Naturalist.

POLYPI AND CORAL ANIMALS.

Millions of millions thus from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearyable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day.

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Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. *Montgomery's Pelican Island.*

A SINGLE glance at the habits of these wonderful creatures is calculated to impress the observer with but a faint idea of the purpose of their being. Innumerable animals attract our attention by the beauty and variety of their colours; yet to pursue the Polype in all its protean forms and structures would be an endless task; since the researches of the Naturalist, with the powerful aid of the microscope, have probably only ascertained a few of its surprising habits and peculiarities. Even a patient examination of the Engravings, and a few facts of their history will fill the reader with delight and astonishment.

Polypi appear to form a distinct branch of existence, whose habits are totally unlike locomotive beings. Previous to the laborious investigations of Mr. John Ellis, a distinguished naturalist who died in the year 1776, they were considered as marine plants, so unacquainted were we at that time with their animal nature. Indeed, their general form and appearance would almost warrant this conclusion; yet this gentleman and more recent observers have proved their power of multiplication and industry to be so great, that perhaps they fill up the bottom of the vast ocean, and thereby appropriate to themselves as large a portion of the surface of the globe as is occupied by the land itself. In this manner Divine Wisdom humbles the pride of man, by means apparently the most insignificant.

Fig. 2. *Fig.* 1.

Fig. 1. represents a fresh-water Polype, magnified, with its several horns expanded, which serve instead of legs and arms. It is gelatinous, semi-transparent, and therefore not easily detected by unpractised eyes. In a state of rest the body and arms are extended; but when disturbed and taken out of the water they contract into a shapeless mass. They are found in ponds and gently running streams, from the commencement of spring until autumn, attached by their posterior extremity to aquatic plants, &c. Their whole body is in fact but a stomach provided with arms for taking their prey. They propagate during summer, by shooting out living young ones like buds, which frequently detach others previous to their separation from the parent stem. On the approach of winter, however, they have also the power of laying eggs, whence a new progeny escapes in the ensuing spring. When divided into six or even more pieces, each piece is, within a few days, converted into a perfect Polype. By dividing the head or posterior part of the body longitudinally, the number of those parts may be increased at pleasure. Several may be stuck together, and in this or other ways, formed into singular and monstrous groups. They may be turned inside out like a glove, and may be divided longitudinally, and expanded like a piece of riband; and in this state it has been remarked that they have the power of destroying each other in an incomprehensible manner, or rather of running together. According to the remarkable observations of the late Professor Lichtenberg, when included in a noose of hair, in proportion as the loop cuts its way through them, the divided parts are reunited. The Polype even swallows bodies larger than itself, as shown in fig. 2., which represents a Polype after it has swallowed a worm. It has the surprising property of extending its mouth wider, in proportion, than any other animal. After its food is digested in its stomach, it returns the remains of the animal it fed on through its mouth again, having no other observable aperture. "This circumstance, strange as it may appear," observes Mr. T. Carpenter, "I have often witnessed."

Fig. 3. is a clustered Polype of its natural size extending itself. This specimen was brought up from 236 fathoms, in lat. 70 north, about 80 miles from Greenland, and was at first taken for a fine full-blown flower.

Fig. 4. is a magnified Polype, resembling a medusa, or sea-flower, and in-

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habiting a madrepore, or species of branching coral with star-shaped cavities. Three different parts compose this wonderful little animal. The feet are arranged all round, and on the outside are seen cavities, in which are lodged the animal's heads, which have prickly rays, as in the centre, where it has a continued oscillatory motion from right to left. It is extremely tender, transparent, and beautifully coloured.

Fig. 3.

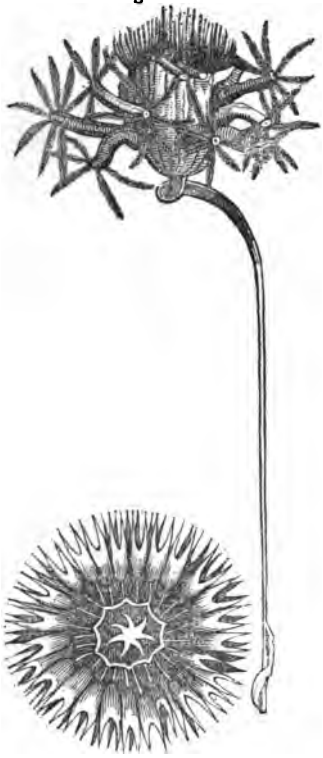

Fig. 4.

Coral formations are attributed to the last described animals. Their labours would fill many volumes and museums; and the rapidity with which immense coral reefs are formed by them is truly astonishing. Mr. Carpenter had a fine specimen of a sea-fan, formed by a particular species of these animals. He broke off a small piece of this production, and having soaked it in water for some time, he found within it multitudes of Polypi. Coral rocks, which rise from the bed of the ocean, were formerly thought to be of a vegetable nature; yet subsequent investigation has proved their foundation to be effected by Polypi. A portion of our own island is based on a foundation of coral; and many islands between the tropics appear to rest entirely on masses of coral rocks. The rapidity of their labours is equally surprising with their vastness. Blumenbach says, "I have known from eye witnesses, that pieces of wreck are often found in the West Indies to be overgrown with madrepores and other corals, within three quarters of a year. From the same cause, the harbour of Bantam, formerly so excellent, is now almost wholly obstructed." Many volcanic islands in the South Seas and West Indies, Barbadoes, for instance, are, as it were, invested with a circle of coral. Captain Cook, in his first voyage round the world, had ample experience on the east coast of New Holland, which he first explored, of the danger to navigators of unknown shores, caused by the projection of coral stems to a vast height from the bottom of the sea. Captain Flinders, in his voyage to Terra Australis, gives an interesting description of these formations on the coast of New South Wales; and Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, published in 1821, gives even more minute details of the process. In truth, it is one of the most beautiful objects of geological research to trace the progress of these formations, by the minute but combined labours of millions of these marine zoophytes, which occupy the lowest rank in the animal kingdom; but which have been instrumental in giving to the earth its present form. Neither can we forget the exquisite embellishment with which Montgomery has invested this "infancy of life" in his sublime poem of the *Pelican Island*. Perhaps, poetry and philosophy were never more beautifully blended than in the passages to which we allude.*

* See *Mirror*, vol. x. p. 279, 389.

Notes of a Reader.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

[In a very sportive review of Mr. Atherstone's poem of this title, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find the following:]

We cannot make out from the data, what may have been the tottle of the whole of the hostile armies engaged in the great battle beneath the walls of Nineveh. At the lowest computation, certainly upwards of a million—at the highest two millions. The troops must have covered much ground; but Mr.

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Atherstone so manages it, that when any one of his heroes distinguishes himself by slaying or stabbing, he is seen or heard over the whole field of battle—just as distinctly—or perhaps more so—as a president or croupier of a civic feast, slaying or spouting in our Waterloo Rooms. Neither Mr. Atherstone, nor the generals he commands, find any difficulty in manœuvring such immense bodies. The instant orders are issued for the advance of a couple of thousand chariots, they drive up to the spot. From fifty to a hundred thousand cavalry are ready at a moment's warning to charge upon any given point and twice five score thousand infantry are wheeled into line in less than no time—or take close column before you can say Jack Robinson—or form a solid square in the twinkling of a bed-post. The ease and rapidity with which these movements are executed surpass all praise. As our military and naval puppies always say now, "It was beautiful." The art of war has been almost entirely lost since Sardanapalus — Wellington and Napoleon are ninnies in comparison with Arbaces and Salamenes—and to the battle of Nineveh, Borodino and Waterloo mere street rows. Yet, somehow or other, with all that rushing and roaring, and shouting and thundering, and masterly movements among millions of men, we, for our own parts, can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that it is any thing after all but a sham fight. And what is worse, when things wear a serious aspect, and the hostile armies "mean fighting, and nothing else," it is not possible to care one straw which of them wins the toss for the sun, or gives the first knock-down blow, draws first blood, or wins the fight. There is throughout too much chaffing—and at last it ends in a wrangle and a draw, to the mutual dissatisfaction of the combatants, and the disgust of the spectators.

Never having ourselves been—any more than Mr. Atherstone in a great pitched battle between two armies of a million men each, we must not be dogmatical on the quantity of speaking that occurs either in the ranks, or among the generals. Some of Homer's heroes are abundantly loquacious, no doubt; but then they talk as well as they fight, like warrior-bards or sages as they were; nobody has ever likened the race of men to the race of leaves so beautifully as Glaucus. Mr. Atherstone's heroes are too long-winded, and deal not in *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*. Belesis, the Babylonian Priest, draws the slow words interminably out of his mouth, like a mountebank so many yards of riband. At the most critical moment of a heady fight,

"And still to heaven he pointed, and cried out *Unceasingly*,"

as follows. How he escaped getting his sconce cracked during delivery, we know not; there must have been strange and culpable remissness in the Assyrians.

ALLSPICE.

THE leaves and bark of the allspice tree are full of aromatic inflammable particles, on account of which the growers are extremely cautious not to suffer any fire to be made near the walks, for if it once catch the trees, they consume with great rapidity. Pimento is called *Allspice* from the berries smelling and tasting like cloves, juniper-berries, cinnamon, and pepper, or rather a mixture of them all.

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

"All you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been
Except in one regard—
He did not like *soft* water
So he took to *drinking hard*.

Said he, let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no *Bohe*mian,
So do not like *Bohea*:
If wine's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By *canister* or *grape*?

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of *port*, he made
A *port* hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipped,
And not been out of sorts;
In geologic phrase, the rock
He split upon was *quartz*!

To 'hold the mirror up to vice'
With him was hard, alas;
The worse for wine he often was,
But not 'before a glass;'
No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more;
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door.

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe*!
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting '*something short*.'

For want of cash he soon had pawned
One half that he possessed;
And drinking showed him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest.
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets,
For why, they found that his *half pay*
Did not *half pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse,
For his own *execution* he
Put into his own house;

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A pistol, to the muzzle charged,
He took devoid of fear,
Said he, 'this *barrel* is my last,
So now for my last *biter*.'

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain;
So he blew out his *lights*, and none
Could blow them in again;
A jury for a verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:
'We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *worms*.'"
Hood's Comic Melodies.

SHOW-HOUSES.

We think that in all gentlemen's seats which are considered show places, it would be much more honourable to their owners, and preserve more impartial attention to strangers from their servants, to allow the payment for the sight to be voluntarily dropped into a box, as in the case of some foreign show-buildings and gardens, than to have it paid like a physician's fee, as at present. This box might be opened at certain times, and the money apportioned either among all the servants, or chiefly to the aged and infirm, or applied to some other benevolent or enlightened purpose.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

TWO OF A NAME.

George Colman, in his *Random Records*, by the way, one of the most random books we have ever seen, has the following oddity:

"It is odd that I should have known *two Harveys*, whose callings, though so very different, caused both one and the other to be daily and hourly witnesses of scenes which smelt of mortality: the first being a learned leech (Dr. Harvey, then Registrar of the College of Physicians,) the second the landlord of the Black Dog, at Bedfont, famed for his *fish sauce*, and his knowledge and practice of cookery. I am uncertain whether he be still alive; but his well-known and well-frequented inn continues, I suppose, to overlook the churchyard, which is remarkable for a couple of yews, clipped into likenesses, by no means flattering, of the beauteous birds of Juno. I once scrawled some lines at this inn, which I give from memory:—

Harvey, whose inn commands a view
Of Bedfont's church and churchyard, too,
Where yew trees into peacocks shorn,
In vegetable torture mourn,
Is liable, no doubt, to glooms,
From "Meditations on the Tombs."
But, while he meditates, he cooks,
Thus both to quick and dead he looks;
Turning his mind to nothing save
Thoughts on man's gravy and his grave.
Long may he keep from churchyard holes
Our bodies, with his sauce for *soles!*
Long may he hinder death from beckoning
His guests to settle their last reckoning.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again."

Mr. Taylor's very pleasant *jeu de-mot, Monsieur Tonson*, illustrated with half-a-dozen clever prints from the pencil of Robert Cruikshank, is a treat for all ages. They are etchy and spirited, and nearly free from caricature; whilst the fun and humour displayed in each are almost as good as witnessing the Tonson farce, so long familiar to our stage. To particularize the prints is more than we can do, especially as the reader may satisfy himself for a shilling!

A PORTRAIT.

We have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink-coloured kerchief in vain endeavours to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that? A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrist, and aigrettes in their locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-coloured silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.
Blackwood's Magazine.

WAGES.

The average annual wages of labour in Hindostan are from one pound to two pounds, troy, of silver, a year. In England they are from nine pounds to fifteen pounds, troy. In Upper Canada and the United States of America, they are from twelve pounds to twenty pounds.

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Within the same time, the American labourer obtains twelve times, and the English labourer nine times as much silver as the Hindoo.—*Lecture on "the Cost of obtaining Money," by N. W. Senior, A. M. Professor of Political Economy, at Oxford.*

STEAM-COACHES.

A STAGE-COACH and four horses, spanking along, may not exactly come under the head of the picturesque, but at any rate they are more glorious to behold than a steam-coach with its boiler, if one may be permitted to judge by the engravings of that invention. The poet Wordsworth has likened the smoking horses of a wagon to Apollo in a cloud; but unto what should he liken the smoking tubes of a steam-coach? There has been a whisper of a steam-plough. How future commentators will rack their brains over the first stanza of Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard! "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way!" What in the world could that mysterious personage, "the ploughman," have been?

JAVANESE CHILDREN.

THE children of Java are well grown, strong, and nimble; qualities conceived to arise from their being brought up in the open air. They are washed in cold water on the very day of their birth, and the practice is continued until they are able to run alone, and follow their own inclination for bathing. From thenceforward they have a sort of amphibious life; indeed, whenever the heat is most overpowering, both children and grown up persons jump into the water, or else lustrate one another from head to foot out of a hollow cocoa-nut.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

[VOL. vii. and viii. of the New Series include *Rob Roy*. The situations of the Frontispieces are well chosen—the first being the Baillie meeting with Rob in the Tolbooth; and the second, Osbaldistone's first interview with Rashleigh, at Osbaldistone Hall, with Diana Vernon, and so exquisitely described in these words: "I started up in amazement—Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned, that I *looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty.*" The Vignettes are comparatively interesting. The additional Notes, extending to upwards of 130 pages contain many documents and characteristic anecdotes which throw much light on the personal history of Rob Roy. From these we select the following:]

He himself appears to have been singularly adapted for the profession which he proposed to exercise. His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed, of course, the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull, hirsute, with red hair, and evincing muscular strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage, and a perfect and intimate knowledge of all the recesses of the wild country in which he harboured, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact.

His mental qualities seem to have been no less adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Though the descendant of the blood-thirsty Ciar Mohr, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed, or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were contrived and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid, and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and, while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy; but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have

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in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."

I may here mention one or two occasions on which Rob Roy appears to have given way. My late venerable friend, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, alike eminent as a classical scholar and as an authentic register of the ancient history and manners of Scotland, informed me, that on occasion of a public meeting at a bonfire in the town of Doune, Rob Roy gave some offence to James Edmondstone of Newton, the same gentleman who was unfortunately concerned in the slaughter of Lord Rollo, (see Maclaurin's Criminal Trials, No. IX.), when Edmondstone compelled MacGregor to quit the town on pain of being thrown by him into the bonfire. "I broke one of your ribs on a former occasion," said he, "and now, Rob, if you provoke me farther, I will break your neck." But it must be remembered that Edmondstone was a man of consequence in the Jacobite party, as he carried the royal standard of James VII. at the battle of Sherrif-muir, and also, that he was near the door of his own mansion-house, and probably surrounded by his friends and adherents. Rob Roy, however, suffered in reputation for retiring under such a threat.

Another well-vouched case is that of Cunningham of Boquhan.

Henry Cunningham, Esq. of Boquhan, was a gentleman of Stirlingshire, who, like many *exquisites* of our own time, united a natural high spirit and daring character with an affectation of delicacy of address and manners amounting to foppery. He chanced to be in company with Rob Roy, who either in contempt of Boquhan's supposed effeminacy, or because he thought him a safe person to fix a quarrel on, (a point which Rob's enemies alleged he was wont to consider), insulted him so grossly that a challenge passed between them. The goodwife of the clachan had hidden Cunningham's sword, and, while he rummaged the house in quest of his own or some other, Rob Roy went to the Shieling Hall, the appointed place of combat, and paraded there with great majesty, waiting for his antagonist. In the meantime, Cunningham had rummaged out an old sword, and, entering the ground of contest in all haste, rushed on the outlaw with such unexpected fury that he fairly drove him off the field, nor did he show himself in the village again for some time. Mr. MacGregor Stirling has a softened account of this anecdote in his new edition of Nimmo's Stirlingshire; still he records Rob Roy's discomfiture.

LAST DAYS OF DIDEROT,

The French Philosopher.

It is well known that Diderot went to Russia, where the Empress Catherine was very generous to him. A short time after his return his health broke up. "The 19th of February, 1784, he was attacked by a violent spitting of blood. 'It is all over,' said he to me; 'we must part: I am strong—it will not take place in a couple of days, but a fortnight, a month, a year.' I was so accustomed to give credence to every thing he said, that I did not for a moment doubt the truth; and during the whole of his illness I never approached him but with trembling, or quitted him but with the fear of its being for ever. The nature of the spitting of blood, together with the state of his pulse, announced inflammation of the lungs—he was bled three times in twenty-four hours;—the dangerous symptoms gave way, and he seemed to be approaching to convalescence. The eighth day of his illness he attempted to enter into conversation; but his head was disordered—he spoke without meaning, was himself aware of it, essayed the same subject again, and did the same. He then rose. 'An apoplexy,' said he to me, looking at himself in a mirror, and making me observe his mouth, which was slightly distorted, and his hand cold and motionless. He retired to his chamber, reposed himself on the bed, embraced my mother, took leave of her, and afterwards of me, pointed out the place where some books were to be found that did not belong to him, and ceased to speak. Nevertheless, he revived, but only for a short time. The curé of Saint Sulpice, hearing of his illness, came frequently to see him. One day, when they had agreed upon many points of morality which had reference to charity and good works, the curé ventured to say, that if he would print these opinions, and a slight retraction of his works, it would have a great effect on the world. 'I believe it, Monsieur le Curé; but you must allow that I should tell an impudent lie.'" Diderot went and resided with a friend in the country; but shortly quitted it to occupy a superb suite of apartments, which the Empress of Russia had engaged for him in the Rue de Richelieu. He enjoyed them for twelve days; he was quite delighted; having always lodged in a garret, he found him-

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self in a palace. But every day his physical powers declined: his reason, however, was unimpaired; and he was fully persuaded of his approaching dissolution. He was uneasy at being the source of affliction to those about him, and whom he saw overwhelmed with grief: he busied himself with all that could divert or beguile them: every day he would cause a fresh arrangement of the objects around him; he hung up his prints anew. The evening previous to his decease, they brought him a more commodious bed; the workmen irritated him with the noise of putting it up. 'My men,' said he to them, 'you are taking a vast deal of trouble for a piece furniture of four days' use.' In the evening he received his friends; the conversation turned upon philosophy and the various roads of reaching this science. '*The first step,*' said he, '*towards philosophy is incredulity.*' These words were the last he uttered in my presence; it was late; I left him with the hope of seeing him again. He rose on Saturday, the 30th of July, 1784, and conversed the whole morning with his son-in-law and his physician; he sat down to dinner, took soup, ate some boiled mutton, and an apricot, which my mother wished to prevent. 'What the devil harm do you think this can do me?' He ate it; placed his elbows on the table to take some preserved cherries; coughed slightly. My mother spoke to him. As he was silent, she raised her head—gazed upon him—he was no more!"

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

From a French Work, translated in the Foreign Literary Gazette.

THE ravages of the destructive winter upon Frenchmen may be faintly conceived, when it is asserted that few of our troops were provided with the resources absolutely indispensable even to the natives of the country. Most of the soldiers were lightly clad; others were scarcely covered by their tattered garments. In this state of nudity were they obliged to march, struggling during the day against the rigour of the north wind, and braving it through the bivouac of the night. Then only was the army really dispersed and annihilated by the frost—then only was every trace of discipline destroyed. Deaf to the voice of command, the soldiers listened only to the dictates of self-preservation; the officers were mingled pell-mell in their ranks. The troops were soon without shoes, in place of which were substituted pieces of cloth, of linen, or skins of animals fastened with strings, or even with straw twisted together. These rude contrivances were insufficient to promote the circulation of the blood to the extremities. The sufferer, on first experiencing the attacks of the cold, involuntarily slackened his pace—then slowly, and with effort, advanced one after the other his stiffened joints—reeled—stopped—and fell to rise no more! Often, ere life was totally extinct, the victim was stripped by his comrades, who struggled over his naked body for the wretched booty of his rags! Misfortune had dried up the sources of pity in every heart. Here and there the plunder of a solitary expiring wretch, divided amongst the greedy survivors, added a few tatters to the livery of wretchedness and want. Some enveloped their heads with the meagre fragments, and thus increased the involuntary horror inspired by their fleshless, livid countenances, their sunken eyes, their cheeks emaciated by suffering and privation, and bristling with a filthy beard. A few weeks before, each eye had sparkled with the expression of hope—each cheek had glowed with the bloom of youth and martial comeliness. Now famine and despair sat on every face—so changed that for days together, friends marched side by side without recognising each other's features. Many a sufferer, at length aware of the vicinity of some once-loved comrade, avoided his presence, that he might in solitude and secrecy devour the scanty, loathsome pittance which else the importunity of a dying friend might urge him to divide! * * * *

Night came, and with it scenes not less deplorable than those which the day had witnessed. The soldiers who first arrived at the bivouacs kindled immense fires, round which they thronged in crowds. At sight of the flames even the feeble redoubled their efforts to crawl to the spot, and eagerly implored permission to stretch their limbs for a moment before the blaze. Their entreaties being granted, they rushed upon the burning pile; and, astonished at not feeling the heat, plunged their benumbed, icy hands into the red-hot embers. The vital parts were instantly torn by the most excruciating agony;—mortification took place, and death ensued in a few hours. The most cruel losses were sustained by one division in particular, formed in a great measure of youths under the age strictly prescribed by the conscription laws. Exposed too suddenly to the action of excessive cold,

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these unseasoned troops experienced the first attacks of the frost in their hands, then in their arms, which all at once becoming paralyzed, dropped their muskets. The unfortunate youths next stared vacantly around, and exhibited all the heart-rending symptoms of madness. Their limbs tottered like those of drunken men—they fell—essayed to rise—but in vain. Their contracted features assumed a purple tint. On the point of death, they wept like children; and the stream of life rushing towards the brain, forced itself a passage through their half-extinguished eyes, whence it issued in tears of blood. In this appalling manner, and in less than three days seven thousand perished. The routes by which the army passed presented the aspect of a hotly disputed field of battle, strewed with arms, cannon, baggage, and dying soldiers, whom the Russians disdained as prisoners of war, but plundered and massacred in cold blood. The Russian officers in vain endeavoured to restrain the barbarity, at sight of which they sickened: the Cossacks answered their remonstrances with ferocious cries of "Moscow!—Moscow!"—thus intimating their desire of avenging upon their hapless prey the burning of the Russian capital—the atrocious crime of a Russian governor. Without the adoption of figurative language, it may be averred, that before the end of the fatal 10th of December, blood flowed in torrents through the streets of Wilna, which were strewed with corpses. The sick in the hospitals, forgotten altogether, and left without attention or proper food, perished on their wretched straw beds in all the agonies of despair. The feeble number of victims who escaped the butchery of the 10th were marched into the interior, with the bands of prisoners captured at Minsk and on the banks of the Beresina. Exposed during the day to the rigours of a destructive climate, they were compelled to bivouac during the night without fire or food. Of 5,000 prisoners marched in this manner upon Bobrouik, only twenty lived to reach their destination.

The Gatherer

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

PHILIPPICS.

THIS was the name given to the orations of Demosthenes against Philip, King of Macedon, to rouse the Athenians against Philip, and guard against his crafty policy. They are esteemed the masterpieces of that great orator. Cicero's Philippics cost him his life; Marc Antony having been so irritated with them, that when he arrived at the triumvirate, he procured Cicero's murder, cut off his head, and stuck it up in the very place whence the orator delivered the philippics.

CURIOUS RHYMING SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT.

WILLIAM CLOWES, an eminent surgeon of the fifteenth century, tells a merry story of an old beldam, who was put on her trial for using witchcraft in the cure of diseases. The judges, who saw the ignorance as well as the malice of the persecutors, told the dame, if she would divulge her charm she should be set at liberty. This she readily did, to the no small diversion of the court, when she informed them, that it consisted in repeating the following words, after the stipulated pay, a louf of bread and a penny:—

"My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better,
And I am never the worse."

SMOKING JOKE.

IN the book in which travellers who visit Mount Vesuvius usually inscribe their names, a captain of Austrian dragoons made the following curious entry, which we translate literally:—"F. N. has lit his pipe at the crater of Vesuvius—Providence and the Tuscan dragoons for ever."—*Foreign Literary Gazette.*

THE footman of a gentleman possessed of a most irritable temper, desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me!" said the master. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

HANGING IN CHAINS.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs *all the days of his life.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 417.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1830. [Price 2d.

St. Peter's Chapel, Hammersmith.

This elegant Chapel stands on the bank of the Thames, and on the borders of the populous "hamlet" of Hammersmith, about half a mile above the Suspension Bridge. The ground was given by — Scott, Esq., and the Chapel erected by his Majesty's Commissioners. It is a handsome Grecian Ionic structure, from the design of Edward Lapidge, Esq., the ingenious architect of Kingston New Bridge, described in our 12th volume. The chapel is of Suffolk brick, finished with Bath stone. The tower being entirely of the latter material. The builders were the Messrs. Birds, of Hammersmith; and the total cost, including the expense of enclosing the ground, amounted to about 12,000*l*. The interior is neatly finished, and will accommodate 1,600 persons, in galleries and pews; it was opened towards the close of last year.

Perhaps St. Peter's Chapel may be referred to as one of the most successful structures of its kind in the environs of the metropolis. There is harmony and much classic beauty in the design; it is free from elaborate or unnecessary ornament; and allowing the Grecian to be appropriate architecture for a church, the whole structure is complimentary to the taste and talents of the architect. The introduction of Egyptian doorways in St. Peter's may be objected to; but if a fault and censurable, this is far from a solitary instance of such a choice. The pediment and fluted Ionic columns are well proportioned, and sufficiently ornamental.

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FALLACIES CONCERNING THE DEATH OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"Seek not renown—
If thou wouldst sleep in kind forgetfulness,
Let all the blazon of thy being be
The fading record on the coffin's lid,
That, shut up with the worm, is seen no more:
For should thy virtues wear a winning shape,
The flattering world will paint thee as a god;
And should thy faults be blacker than the night,
The lying crowd will add one deeper shade."
The Recluse.

MR. EDITOR,—A remark attached by you to the notice of Cliefden, referring to my contradiction of a passage in Pope's *Dunciad*, relative to the death of the Duke of Buckingham at Kirkby Moorside, induces me to make a few further comments on the subject; to which I beg leave to affix some observations on the alleged letter from the Duke to Dr. Barrow.

In the list of plausible fallacies which report and record have propagated, may be placed Pope's description of the scene of Buckingham's death, and the ascription of a letter to the dying Villiers, in Simpson's "Plea for Religion." Respecting the first of these misstatements, it may be observed, that an engraving of the house in which the "lord of useless thousands" expired, is extant in a magazine published at Scarborough; and which was copied for the "Table Book" of the ingenious Mr. Hone; for the correctness of which said engraving I can vouch from ocular inspection of the original. The misnomer of Pope is notorious amongst the *literati* of the neighbourhood. The house is built in a style which was then considered elegant for a farmer's mansion; *and has not the least indication of ever having been an "inn."* The walls are not "of dung," nor the "floors of plaster;" the one having substantially stood for upwards of two centuries, and (a positive negation to the *affirmed material* of the other), the impress of a seal bearing the duke's arms, having been found in a crevice of the *boarded* floor of one of the rooms. With an eye to the authorities of Mr. Hinderwell, and the Rev. W. Eastmead, the former in his "History of Scarborough," and the latter in his "Historia Rievallensis," the Lord Arran's letter affords ample conviction as to the non-identity of the place as a public-house. "It is built," says Mr. Eastmead, "in the ancient style, with projecting wings, and is the best house in the town, save one. The length of the front is sixteen yards. The room in which the duke died is on the second floor in front of the house; and is *the best lodging-room in it.* The boards are *fir, which were there at the time of his decease.*" Pope, who no doubt founded this part of his lampoon upon hearsay, may be impugned of painting in exaggerated colours; and the same intellect which could magnify "Windsor Forest" into an El Dorado, may very pertinently be suspected of exercising the poet's prerogative in sketching the deathbed of Buckingham.

To the epistle so falsely ascribed to the duke, the charge of theoretical extravagance will apply. It was in keeping with the tenour of the reprobate's life for Pope to represent him as dying in the most pitiable destitution, and thus give him a sentimental finish; and it was not less to the purpose that, looking back to the scoffer's career, something very fine should be palmed on the public as the effusions of his parting moments. But the contriver of the fiction, however amiable his intentions, is better entitled to praise for his zeal than admiration for his talent. The letter is too lengthy for insertion here; but a few passages, promiscuously selected, and compared with the sentences in Italic in Lord Arran's letter, will prove its invalidity.

The duke is represented to have written to Dr. Barrow—"Dear Doctor: I always looked upon you as a person of true virtue; and know you to have a sound understanding; for, however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you that I *have always had* the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands.

* * * * * *

The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes were you to show this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. But whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than resentment. * * * *

Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian?

* * * * * *

I am of opinion that this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you. *My distemper is powerful.* Come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor, unhappy BUCKINGHAM."

Now if the reader will but note the Italics, he will be able to discover the

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sophistry of this document, as compared with the Italics in the subjoined. The duke's complaint was an ague, caught from sitting on the ground after being heated with hunting. The following *extracts* are from a letter written by Lord Arran (afterwards Duke of Hamilton) to Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester; and which appeared in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, of January 3, 1784:—"Kerby Moorside, April 17, 1687. My lord, mere chance having thrown me into these parts by accident, as I was at York, in my journey towards Scotland, I heard of the Duke of Buckingham's illness here, which made me take a resolution to wait upon his grace, to see what condition he was in. I found he had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever; and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, *he would by no means think of it.* He told me he was on horseback but two days before; and that he found himself so well at heart, that *he was sure he could be in no danger of his life.* He told me he had a mighty descent fallen upon his abdomen, with an inflammation, and a great swelling; a mortification came on those lower parts, and rapidly ascended, so that it soon occasioned his death. I confess it made my heart bleed to see the Duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition; and what made it worse, *he was not at all sensible of it,* for *he thought in a day or two he should be well;* and when we minded him of his condition, he said, it was not so as we apprehended. The doctors told me his case was desperate; and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two, at most, it would kill him: but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part upon me to pronounce death to him; which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world; for it was impossible for him to continue long in this. So I sent for a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Gibson, a neighbour of his grace's, to be an assistant to me in this work: so we jointly represented his condition to him; who I saw at first was very uneasy. * * * * * *

Having formerly heard that he had been inclined to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest; for I thought any act that would be like a Christian was what his condition now wanted most; but he positively told me he was not of that persuasion; so *would not hear any more on that subject;* for he was of the Church of England: but *hitherto* he would not hear of a parson, though he had declared his aversion to my offering to send for a priest. But after some time, beginning to feel his distemper mount, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely; *but still did not think he should die; though this was yesterday, at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.* * * * *

I then said, that since he would do nothing in his worldly affairs, I desired he might die like a Christian; and since he called himself of the Church of England, the parson was ready here to administer the sacrament to him, which he said he would take; so accordingly I gave orders for it; and two other honest gentlemen received with him, Mr. Gibson and Colonel Liston, an old servant of his grace's. At first *he called out three or four times, for he thought the ceremony looked as if death was near;* which for the strength of his noble parts, (they not being yet affected), he could not easily believe; for all this time he was not willing to take death to him. But in a few moments after he became calm, and received the sacrament with all the decency imaginable; and in an hour afterwards, *he lost his speech,* and continued so till eleven at night, when he died. * * * * * *

My Lord Fairfax of Gilling came yesterday in the afternoon, but he was speechless when he came. I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed, and carried to Helmsley Castle. * * * *

I have taken the liberty (being the nearest kinsman upon the place) to give his majesty an account of his death; and have sent his *George and blue ribbon* to be disposed of as his majesty shall think fit. I have given orders that nothing should be embezzled; and for that reason, as soon as my lord died, I called to see his strong box, but before Mr. Bryan Fairfax and Mr. Gibson; I found nothing of moment in it, but some loose letters of no concern; but such as they are I have ordered them to be locked up, and delivered to my lady duchess; as also the small plate and linen he had, I have committed to the care of Lord Fairfax. So now that I have given your lordship this particular account of every thing, I have nothing more to do but to assure your lordship that I am, your lordship's most assured friend and humble servant, ARRAN."

Such is Lord Arran's account of the last hours of Villiers—an account which

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furnishes the most authenticated denial of the duke's penitence and consciousness of death, as we are told that he even "would not think of it." The expressions of Lord Arran (who was his nearest surviving relation by blood) relative to the condition in which he found his kinsman, may be partly explained as referring to his disease rather than to his situation; but however much it may relate to the latter, it is very likely that the eye of nobility, accustomed to splendour and elegance, would be startled at the humble appearance and rustic appendages of a Yorkshire farm-house. Were it not for the length of this letter, I might have given the whole of it; and a more affecting picture for moral comment could not be presented. In palpable contradiction to the sophistry of the feigned epistle, we trace in this unaffected narrative the accomplished reprobate tenaciously clinging to existence in his grapple with the final foe; his suggestions of, and preparations for futurity, being as dim and indistinct (to quote a simile from Robert Burns) as were "the glimmerings of light to the one-eyed cyclops, groping around the cave."

Reflection apart, is there one reader of this communication who has the least possible doubt of the "letter from the Duke of Buckingham to Dr. Barrow," being a religious *ruse*, ostensibly framed for the purpose of censuring a voluptuous life by detailing the imaginary remorse of a fearful and impressive death?

* * H.

Retrospective Gleanings.

PEG TANKARDS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

On looking over the thirteenth volume of your interesting and justly appreciated work, and finding the article in No. 372 on "Peg Tankards" so brief, I am induced to send you the following miscellaneous and undigested reminiscences, which I hope will not prove an uninteresting appendage to the above article.

Some Peg Tankards are even now to be found in the cabinets of the curious, and it is through them that we are enabled to trace the origin of some of our common proverbs or sayings: for instance, when a person is slightly inebriated with drink, we say he is "*in a merry pin*"—inferring thereby, that he has reached that *mark* which has deprived him of a portion of his wonted sedateness or sobriety. It is common, when we wish to express an intention of checking any obtrusive conduct in a person, to say that he must be taken "*a peg lower*"—a saying which, no doubt, originated in the exclusion of those who had become troublesome by drinking from their turn, or *their peg*. The phrase "*he is a peg too low*"—i. e. he has been restrained too far—made use of when a person is dull, or not in good spirits, may have arisen from a rule similar to the foregoing. When a person has overstepped the rules of decorum, and is taking greater liberties than prudence will allow, we say he is getting on "*peg by peg*," which might infer that he is breaking the rules and regulation of the society, either by drinking out of his turn, drinking a greater quantity than came to his share, or by drinking to the next *peg*.

It is imagined that peg tankards were generally used among the northern continental nations; and that they were introduced among the Anglo-Saxons by King Edgar, by way of laying a restraint on excessive drinking, when the passions of his people for drink were stimulated by the example set them by the Danes, who at that time were settled among them. It would appear, that instead of answering the intention of Edgar, by checking the debaucheries of his subjects, they were productive of quite a different effect, for it became a matter of boast and contention who could drink to the greatest number of pegs. In 1102, we find a canon of Archbishop Anselm made and passed in the synod held at Westminster, in which priests are enjoined not to go to drinking bouts, *or to drink to pegs*: the words are—"*Ut Presbyteri non eant ad potationes* NEC AD PINNAS *bibant*."

Brady, in his "Clavis Calendaria," says—"The Saxons were remarkable for immoderate drinking; and when intoxicated with their favourite ale, were guilty of most outrageous violences. Dunstan endeavoured to check this vicious habit, but durst not totally obstruct their much-loved intemperance. He introduced, therefore, the custom of marking or pegging their cups at certain distances, to prevent one man taking a greater draught than his companions."

Peg tankards have occasionally been found in Derbyshire: they are in general of maple wood.

There is one of these tankards in the Ashmolean Museum, the gift of Sir Christopher Pegge. It was bought by Mr. Rhodes, at Yarmouth, and present-

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ed by him to Dr. Pegge, the grandfather of Sir Christopher.

Milner, in his descriptions of the Glastonbury Tankard (1793), supposes it to be of Saxon workmanship, perhaps coeval with the law suggested by Dunstan, and enforced by King Edgar, to restrain excessive drinking.

Pegge, in his "Anonymia," has described these peg tankards with great precision; he says—"They have in the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. The tankards hold two quarts—so that there is a gill of ale, i. e. half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg, or pin; the second was to empty to the next pin, &c.—by which means the pins were so many measures to the compotators, *making them all drink alike*, or the same quantity; and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, *the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk*, especially when, if they drank short of the pin, or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again."

There is an engraving of the Glastonbury peg tankard in the Archæologia, vol. xi. p. 411.

The method of measuring the draught of each man in a company of ancient bacchanalians was not only by the use of the *pegs*, but also by *hoops*, being marked in a drinking pot; for Shakspeare's Jack Cade, among his furious reformations, makes the following promise to his *jack*obinical followers, that "there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny—*the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops*, and I will make it felony to drink small beer." I suppose from hence is derived the phrase of "*carouse the hunter's hoop.*"

Some authors have supposed that the saying, "*he is in a merry pin*" originates from the ancient custom among the Dutch of *nicking the pin*, which was as follows:—A wooden cup having a pin in the middle, and being filled with liquor, was handed round; and those who could not regulate their draught so that the remaining quantity of liquor should be even with the pin, when the cup was placed on the table, had a forfeit imposed on them—viz. to try again till they could, which of course caused uninitiated or inexperienced topers to become very merry.

T. F.

The Sketch-Book.

HUCKNALL TORKARD:* BYRON'S LAST REST.

With sensibilities retouched and refined by Time, I paid my first visit to the tomb of Byron, in the summer of the year 1828.

One is so accustomed to unite corresponding images with certain things, and appropriate embellishments to peculiar situations, that a painful revulsion takes place in the mind whenever these pleasing associations, which have been intimately blended in our imaginations, become abruptly disunited. For instance, we picture the resting-place of a hero, amongst the venerable remnants of national grandeur surrounded by the tributary spoils of art and science. Who, that has ever visited the tomb of Napoleon, but feels an inward conviction of its suitableness to the mysterious destiny of a mighty fallen! The loneliness of the spot—the barren sea-girt mountains which enclose his dreary sepulchre, together with the drooping willow, the ministering shadows of which alone indicate the dark prison-house of Europe's conqueror, present so many lively touching images of vanished isolated sovereignty, and the fast-rooted verdant attachment of self-exiled friendship. The grave of a poet naturally suggests every classical idea. At the tomb of Virgil; that of the Paraclete lovers; the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, with its tasteful decorations; the Moravian burying-grounds, those quiet horticultural dwelling places, of faded mortality, we conjure up every fanciful description we have ever read or imagined in which man has sought to immortalize the memory of the illustrious great. Vain fleeting records though they be, yet how soothing, how refreshing to the eye of survivors, is the dim memorial which reminds us of their claims upon our recollection!

Lord Byron has been so often identified with the wild offspring of his vagrant fancy, that he seems to stand in lonely majesty, detached from earthly sympathies; yet, if we take the testimony of his own confession, how fondly did he cling to them!

His last wishes were gratified; his ashes repose with kindred dust in the ancient family vault; yet it appeared to me, in gazing upon a scene so little in harmony with our impressions, as if the

* For an Engraving of the Church of Hucknall Torkard, see *Mirror*, vol. iv. p. 129.

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poet was lost in the peer, and the citizen of the world annihilated by the cold forms of aristocratical pride. The loftiest images, the noblest conceptions of genius the most beautiful gifts of nature, are profusely scattered around the remembrance of Byron—how are these soaring imaginations realized? Alas! for the high-wrought enthusiast, in whose prolific brain, cypress groves and laurelled bowers spring up in rich abundance—Hucknall Torkard is the most un-romantic spot on the face of the globe.

Only conceive, gentle reader, a long, straggling, manufacturing village, branching off into dirty lanes and miserable-looking courts, in the midst of which stands the church — a sanctuary, the clumsy proportions and interior decorations of which bear strong marks of the barbarous hand of vulgar taste.

Here, amidst the jarring and dissonant sounds of the stocking-frame, mingling with the coarse voices of the sickly-looking weavers bawling out the homely strains of the conventicle, or the shrill pipes of the noisy urchins tumbling over the grave-stones,—rests the mortal part of him, who was not alone the poet of his age and country, but the bard of many countries, and of future generations! Our first inquiry, on entering the village, was for the parish-clerk, whose residence was pointed out to us at the farthest extremity of the town. At our approach to the place, the clerical factotum slowly emerged from a file of glaring brick dwelling-houses, wearying the eye with their dull sameness of architecture.

Awkwardly bobbing his head, with a few brief words of courtesy, uttered in a low, broad dialect, as he jingled his bunch of keys, the clerk proposed a short cut across the fields, to which, as the public road was both hot and dusty, we gladly consented.

During the walk, several questions were put to our guide, relative to the number and quality of the visiters at Hucknall Church; and amongst the rest, allusion was made to a celebrated poet, and intimate friend of the late Lord Byron, whose recent peregrinations in the neighbourhood had excited much curiosity. Lord Chesterfield's well-known observation, that "no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," never met with a truer exemplification than in the barbarous answer of this common place functionary—"Ay, there wor a little chap here, a month or two ago, flying away on a grey tit; and afore my back wor well turned, he'd flung his cloak on a tomb-stone, and begun scribbling away like mad!"

Whilst I was copying the different inscriptions in the church, the poor man was entering into a laborious detail of all the minutiæ connected with the funeral obsequies of the late Lord Byron to our charioteer, who, poor harmless fellow! lent a patient ear to his stupid harangue, not a little puzzled to comprehend why a plain marble tablet should be such an object of attraction, or why a dead lord should be of more consequence than a living one. Sir John Byron and several members of his family, are interred in Colwich Church, near Nottingham; and there are no other outward vestiges of the Byrons, except the arms, quartered with those of the Molyneux family, on the church wall, a mural monument to the memory of Richard, Lord Byron, and a neat tablet inscribed to the memory of the late Noel Byron.

Epitaph on Richard, Lord Byron.

"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard, Lord Byron, who with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles I. in the Civil Wars—who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes. Yet it pleased God so to bless the honest endeavours of the said Richard, Lord Byron, that he repurchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity. In the same vault is interred the Lady Elizabeth, his first wife, daughter of George Russel, by whom he had ten children; and the Lady Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter to Sir George Booth, Bart., who appointed this monument to be erected to the memory of her dear husband, and who, for her great piety and goodness, acquired a name better than that of sons and of daughters."

N. B.—He is registered as buried in the Church of Hucknall Torkard, October 6, 1679.

Inscription on the Tablet of Lord Noel Byron.

Orede Byron.

In the vault beneath,
Where many of his Ancestors and his
Mother are buried
Lie the remains of
George Gordon Noel Byron,
Lord Byron, of Rochdale,
In the County of Lancaster,
The Author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
He was born in London,

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Twenty-second of January, 1788;
He died at Missolonghi, in Western
Greece, on the Nineteenth of April,
1824,
Engaged in the glorious attempt to re-
store that country to her ancient free-
dom and independence.
His sister, the Honourable Augusta
Mary Leigh,
Placed this tablet to his memory."*

N.B. In the vault is an urn, thus inscribed:—

"Within this urn are deposited the heart and the brains of the deceased Lord Noel Byron."

Lord Byron's remains were interred July 16, 1824; the Tablet was put up in August, 1825.

After remaining a short time in the church, the clerk produced an Album—a legacy left by a gentleman poet for the use of the visiters to Lord Byron's tomb. We inserted our names; and the man, very good-naturedly, offered us the use of the book, for the purpose of transcribing those effusions we might wish to pass off as extemporaneous. The offer was very acceptable, as the wilful muse refused to improvisatore on the occasion; and the honest soul parted from us, little suspecting that the contents of his choice volume would, one day, grace the pages of the "New Monthly."

Extracts from the Album kept in the Church of Hucknall Torkard, Notts.

"To the immortal and illustrious fame of Lord Byron, the first poet of the age in which he lived, these tributes, weak and unworthy of him, but in themselves sincere, are inscribed, with the deepest reverence. July 1825."

"At this period, no monument—not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager, had been erected, to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes—and he has been buried more than twelve months.

"JOHN BOWRING, 1825."

"So should it be:—let o'er this grave
No monumental banners wave;
Let no word speak, no trophy tell
Aught that may break the charming spell,
By which, as on this sacred ground
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound;
A still, resistless influence,
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense,
While every whisper seems to breathe
Of the mighty dead who rests beneath:
And though the master-hand is cold,
And though the lyre it once control'd,
Rests mute in death—yet from the gloom,
Which dwells around this holy tomb,
Silence breathes out more eloquent
Than epitaph or monument;
One laurel-wreath—the poet's crown,
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown;
One tear, that so much worth should die,
Falls, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye:
This, the simple offering.
(Poor, but earnest,) which I bring.
The tear has dried—the wreath shall fade,—
The hand that twined it, soon be laid
In cold obstruction—but the fame
Of *him*, who tear and wreath shall claim
From most remote posterity,
While Britain's lives shall never die! T. B."

"The Count Pietro Gamba, January 31st, 1825."

"The Duke of Sussex visited Lord Byron's tomb,—Lieut.-Col. Wildman,—Lieut. Charles L'Allemande, October, 1824."

"The Count de Blankersen, Chamberlain to the King of Prussia, September, 1825."

"William Fletcher visited his ever-to-be-lamented lord and master's tomb, September 23rd, 1825. — Terence J. Dolan, Mount Pleasant, Dublin, ditto."

"C. R. Pemberton, (a wanderer,) 30th July, 1826.

He lies not in obscurity, though here
This humble dwelling gives his dust a home,
For Byron has not—ne'er shall have—a tomb;
That name—the spirit's blaze—will flash its dear
And animated light for ever there,
Where thought can roam, where mind can mock
the doom
Of mouldering mortality—the wing
Of Time will fan into a brighter ray,
That glory as he passes on his way,
And o'er that name a lustred record fling,
More strongly splendid, wider radiating
Through cloudless and interminable day.

But if on earth a spot were chosen meet
For this his earthly part to rest in, well
Mighty Niagara, and that alone, should tell
The traveller who yearns that grave to greet—
That ever rolling stream, his winding-sheet!
That deep-toned thunder voice his endless knell.
C. R. P."

"June 22nd, 1826, David S. Wilson, of Baltimore, United States of America, led, by his admiration of Lord Byron's genius, to visit the consecrated spot where repose his earthly remains."

"Where art thou? Echo answers—Where? ANON."

"July 28th, 1826, Natura il suo face e dopo ruppa la stampa."

"The steel-clad giant of the Muse's hand,
The battling spirit of the storm and wreck,
Hath left this earth for ever! but the fire
That lit his soul, eternally will blaze;
And ages rolling on the flood of Time
Will look on its refulgence with regret,
His form so early wither'd,—had he lived
* * * * *
Who can behold his end without a sigh!
The cold and canker'd heart alone, untouch'd,
Retains its calmness, and his towering spirit
Soars his last flight without a sorrowing sigh
From baseness only. ANON."

"August 3rd, 1826.—Edward Wright

For an engraving of this Tablet, see Mirror, vol. vi, p. 249.

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West Smithfield, London, led by the never-failing laurels of the mush-to-be-lamented Bard to visit the tomb of the 'Grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,' (see Don Juan, canto xi. 60,) particularly recommends to all persons on a like errand, the perusal of those beautiful lines in the 'Giaour' on Death, beginning,

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead," &c.

"September 25, 1826. — Thomas Sleap, of the Middle Temple, London, visited the tomb of Lord Byron, the greatest poet of the day, and was induced to do so from the great respect he felt for his memory—he being, in the opinion of the writer, an example for all men, worthy of the name, to follow, in his efforts to release from the bonds of slavery (of the most debasing kind) his fellow creatures."

"March 1, 1827.—John de Braskee, Calcutta."

"Lord Byron, in one of his works, gives us the following lines for his own epitaph:—'And be the Spartan's epitaph on me; Sparta had many a worthier son than he;' but every Englishman ought to join in the sentiment I have the pleasure to write, 'England had *never* a nobler son than he.'—John Everard, London, May, 14, 1827."

"August 1827,
Robert Saunders, } Virginia, United
Monime Robinson, } States of America."

"January 2, 1828.—John Schaaf, native of Petersburgh, Russia."

"January 21, 1828. Thomas Moore."

"The master-mind, the prince of poets, the pride of many nations, is no more! Nothing that can be said by his greatest admirers can add one laurel to the poet's wreath. His fame has taken the best care of itself. I might err, but Shakspeare also says,

'Tis very silly
To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

R. D., April 7, 1828."

"October 1, 1828. — John Shaw, architect, engaged in the restoration of Newstead Abbey."

"June 13, 1828, E. C.—M. A. C.

* "Some secret instinct guides my feet; they press
The very stone which guards his ashes—less
Than thrice their measured paces truly told,
Can those *immeasurable* powers enfold
Whose bold conceptions of mysterious birth
Seem angel spirits link'd to forms of earth.
M. A. C."

* These lines were suggested by the clerk pointing out the writer of them as accidentally standing upon that part of the vault where Lord Byron's coffin was laid.

"The new
I have not ask'd where thou liest low
Nor gazed upon the spot;
There, flowers or weeds at will might grow,
So I beheld them not."—Byron

New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

CONSOLATIONS IN TRAVEL, OR THE LAST DAYS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By the late Sir H. Davy.

[This volume will be read with considerable interest, as the last words of the most illustrious philosopher of our times. An ardent love of nature and science are so delightfully blended throughout its pages, that we have no difficulty in fixing upon an extract for the gratification of our readers. Indeed, we have marked several passages, but one must suffice for the present.

We ought to mention that the work, in plan, resembles *Salmonia*, of which we took extended notice in our twelfth volume. The interest of the subjects discussed in the Dialogues, is perhaps even more intense than in the first work, as we are prepared to illustrate in future extracts.]

Visit to Vesuvius.

Ambrosio and Onuphrio who were my companions at Rome in the winter, accompanied me in the spring to Naples. Many conversations occurred in the course of our journey which were often to me peculiarly instructive and from the difference of their opinions generally animated and often entertaining. I shall detail one of these conversations, which took place in the evening on the summit of Vesuvius, and the remembrance of which from its connexion with my vision in the Colosæum has always a peculiar interest for me. We had reached with some labour the edge of the crater and were admiring the wonderful scene around us:—I shall give the conversation in the words of the persons of the drama.

Philalethes. — It is difficult to say whether there is more of sublimity or beauty in the scene around us. Nature appears at once smiling and frowning, in activity and repose. How tremendous is the volcano, how magnificent this great laboratory of nature in its unceasing fire, its subterraneous lightnings and thunder, its volumes of smoke, its showers of stones and its rivers of ignited lava! How contrasted the darkness of

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the scoriæ, the ruins and the desolation round the crater with the scene below! There we see the rich field covered with flax or maise or millet and intersected by rows of trees which support the green and graceful festoons of the vine; the orange and lemon tree covered with golden fruit appear in the sheltered glens; the olive trees cover the lower hills; islands purple in the beams of the setting sun are scattered over the sea in the west, and the sky is tinted with red softening into the brightest and purest azure; the distant mountains still retain a part of the snows of winter, but they are rapidly melting and they absolutely seem to melt reflecting the beams of the setting sun, glowing as if on fire. And man appears emulous of nature, for the city below is full of activity; the nearest part of the bay is covered with boats, busy multitudes crowd the strand, and at the same time may be seen a number of the arts belonging to civilized society in operation, house-building, ship-building, rope-making, the manipulations of the smith and of the agriculturist; and not only the useful arts, but even the amusements and luxuries of a great metropolis may be witnessed from the spot in which we stand; that motley crowd is collected round a policinello, and those smaller groups that surround the stalls are employed in enjoying the favourite food and drink of the lazzaroni.

Ambrosio.—We see not only the power and activity of man as existing at present and of which the highest example may be represented by the steam-boat which is now departing for Palermo, but we may likewise view scenes which carry us into the very bosom of antiquity and as it were make us live with the generations of past ages. Those small square buildings scarcely visible in the distance are the tombs of distinguished men amongst the early Greek colonists of the country: and those rows of houses without roofs, which appear as if newly erecting, constitute a Roman town restored from its ashes, that remained for centuries as if it had been swept from the face of the earth. When you study it in detail, you will hardly avoid the illusion that it is a rising city; you will almost be tempted to ask where are the workmen, so perfect are the walls of the houses, so bright and uninjured the painting upon them. Hardly any thing is wanting to make this scene a magnificent epitome of all that is most worthy of admiration in nature and art; had there been in addition to the other objects a fine river and a waterfall the epitome would I think have been absolutely perfect.

Phil.—You are most unreasonable in imagining additions to a scene which it is impossible to embrace in one view and which presents so many objects to the senses, the memory and to the imagination; yet there is a river in the valley between Naples and Castel del Mare; you may see its silver thread and the white foam of its torrents in the distance; and if you were geologists you would find a number of sources of interest, which have not been mentioned, in the scenery surrounding us. Somma which is before us, for instance, affords a wonderful example of a mountain formed of marine deposits, and which has been raised by subterraneous fire, and those large and singular veins which you see at the base and rising through the substance of the strata are composed of volcanic porphyry, and offer a most striking and beautiful example of the generation and structure of rocks and mineral formations.

Onuphrio.—As we passed through Portici on the road to the base of Vesuvius, it appeared to me that I saw a stone which had an ancient Roman inscription upon it, and which occupied the place of a portal in the modern palace of the Barberini.

Phil.—This is not an uncommon circumstance; most of the stones used in the palaces of Portici had been employed more than two thousand years before in structures raised by the ancient Romans or Greek colonists; and it is not a little remarkable that the buildings of Herculaneum, a town covered with ashes, tufa and lava from the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius more than 1700 years ago, should have been constructed of volcanic materials produced by some antecedent igneous action of the mountain in times beyond the reach of history; and it is still more remarkable that men should have gone on for so many ages making erections in spots where their works have been so often destroyed, inattentive to the voice of time or the warnings of nature.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

[We have been favoured with an early copy of the Second Volume of Mr. Atherstone's *Fall of Nineveh*, containing Seven Books, which abound with gorgeous descriptions and eloquent and impassioned language. The following extracts enumerate, in terrific detail, a few of the perils of the ever-

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memorable siege. Our first quotation is an interesting picture of the Median camp :]

Before the sun,
Uprose the hosts; nor, to the glorious god,
The silent prayer, and choral hymn forgot:
Then,—thirst and hunger having first assuaged,
In bright array of battle waiting stood,—
Dubious awhile,—when from the gates poured out
The armed squadrons,—if for martial show,
Or combat, issuing. But, their aim at length
Not doubtfully discerning,—their own hosts
They too 'gan number. Each before its chief,
The legions past, chariots, and horse, and foot,
In slow and silent march. In midst of all,
Arbaces and the priest from every chief
The numbers heard; and, last, the total summed.
Three hundred three score thousand fighting men
Their strength was. With the sound of trumpets then
Heralds throughout proclaimed it; and all hearts
Were glad,—and every voice went up to heaven.
Then, to the priest, Arbaces: "Lo the sun
In mid heaven stands,—and not a breeze doth stir:
Lest, with this fervent heat oppressed and faint,
In mood impatient should the soldiers wait,—
Till half way down the sky his course be run,—
As safely may we, nor incursion dread,—
Let us delay the sacrifice: meantime,
Beneath their tents, food and refreshing rest
Partaking,—with recruited vigour they,
And minds composed, to heaven their thoughts may lift."

* * * * * * *

But when the sultry hours were past, uprose
Stirred by the trumpet's summons, all the host;
And round the place of sacrifice, close ranked,
Silently waiting stood. In midst of all,
An ample space remained,—the altar there,
The victim, and the priests. Apart, yet nigh,
Arbaces, with his chosen captains stood,
Bareheaded all, and silent. To the heavens
His hands upraising, then Belesis prayed.

So prayed he fervently: and all the host
In spirit with him prayed. With customed rites,
The spotless beast, an offering to the gods
Well pleasing deemed, then slew they; and with hymns
The solemn act concluded. To the skies
Went up the voices of the multitude.

[Next is a description of the Assyrian army in battle array, and a rencontre of Sardanapalus with Rabsaris :]

So stood they waiting, and beheld afar,—
Shining like fire beneath the slanting rays,—
The coming of the vast Assyrian host,
Gorgeously dreadful. Like a sea of fire,
O'er the wide plain it rolled,—rolled rapidly,
Like an o'erflooding ocean. High upraised,—
Thousands of ensigns to and fro were waved;
And from ten thousand martial instruments
Inspiring sounds arose. That sight, unawed,
The Medes beheld; but many hearts beat thick;
And many a thought of home far off awoke,—
Of children, anxious wife, or maid beloved,
Or parent weak in age.

But nigher now,
Exulting in their strength, the dazzling host
Came onward,—loudly shouting, on they came.
First in the van, with helms and breastplates bright,
Of burnished brass, were archers, that bore swords,—
And spearmen, sheathed in brass, that targets bore:
A hundred deep, close thronged, the squadrons marched.
Behind were horsemen, in bright panoply
Of gold and steel,—with crests gem decked, and plumes
Of every dazzling hue,—their steeds in mail
Of burnished brass arrayed, and trappings rich,
As each a monarch bore. From space to space,
Amid the horsemen mingled,—yet apart
Orderly ranked,—bright flaming chariots came,
Iron, or brass,—the steeds in mail of brass,
Glorious to look upon;—on either hand,—
Beyond the archers and the spearmen far,—
Like glittering wings, they stretched. A space behind,
An arrow flight, appeared; then squadrons bright,
In mail complete, that swords and bucklers bore;
Spearmen, and those that battle-axe, or mace
Terrific, wielded; upon either flank,
Archers and slingers;—and again, behind,
Chariots and horsemen,—that the multitude
Innumerous as the ocean sands appeared.

Amid the foremost cars, the chariot shone,
O'er all conspicuous, of Assyria's king,
Like that intensest glory, on the waves
Rolling in light, where the day-god himself
His quivering image prints,—so, 'mid that host,
He, with the thousand of his royal guard,
Above their radiance dazzling radiant, flamed.

Direful o'er all the plain the havoc now!
Where, with his Babylonian infantry,
Almelon fought,—and, with their Persian horse
And chariots, Geber, and Barzanes huge,—
Assyria's monarch there like fire was seen,
His foes consuming;—like the sun, his car
Rapidly rolling flung about the light;
His shout was heard,—his spear aloft was seen;
Clanged now his bow,—and now his javelin hissed;
His sword now flamed,—and now his ponderous axe
Harsh measure to the battle-chorus struck.
Beneath his chariot wheels full many a man
And mailed steed was crushed; and, by the hoofs
Of his impetuous horses trodden down,
Full many a warrior groan'd.

But him at length,
Long sought in vain, Rabsaris now beheld;
And, mad for vengeance, right towards him drove.
With eye-balls swelled, and bared teeth grinding fierce,—
Upstanding in his car, his stormy lance
Full at the king hurled he,—and yelled for joy;
For, on the breastplate, loudly ringing, fell
The forceful weapon,—and the monarch shook,
That staggering backward, on the seat he sank,
Amazed,—yet harmless; for the mail of proof
Entrance refused; and from its polished face,
Deep though indented, cast the fury off.
Yet—breathless and astounded—knew not now
The king his foe,—nor saw that from his car,
By his own spear down smitten, he had fallen;
For on the helmet with so fierce a stroke
He smote Rabsaris, that his joyful shout
To sudden silence changed,—and to the ground
Headlong he tumbled. Him to rescue then,
Rushed Azariah,—full upon the king,
With all his archers, arrows in thick clouds
Pouring incessant,—and upon the horse,
And chariots, who to succour him drew nigh.
But,—of Nehushta heedful, and the word
That he to her had pledged,—with prudent fear,
Dara the steeds drew off, and shunned the strife.
Nor aught the king gainsaid; till, wonted strength
Recovering soon, into the thickest fight,
Shouting again he plung'd. But, from the ground,
Dizzy and sick, the while, Rabsaris rose,
By Azariah aided; and, his car
Feebly ascending, from the tumult 'scaped.

Last week we quoted a column from Blackwood's review of the first volume of Mr. Atherstone's poem. Our ex-

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tract will perhaps be laughed at for its humour rather than respected for its critical acumen; but we do not estimate Mr. Atherstone's genius the lower, because it has been the source of wit in others.

TALES OF THE FIVE SENSES.

[This design of this work is excellent, but its pages involve too much controversial matter to allow us to make long extracts. It is "edited" by the very ingenious author of *The Collegians*, and contains a series of sketches illustrative of the Five external Senses. It is not a book to suit all tastes, since many of the author's positions and conclusions require more consideration than the whiffling reader can spare: its merits are, however, not the less on this account. Novelty in such a work can hardly be expected; but if valuable truths are made popular and attractive, we think much good is effected. A few passages will afford the reader some idea of the author's style:]—

The Intellect.

One proof of the superior and independent excellence of this lofty endowment may be found in the fact that the brute creation have got the senses in far greater perfection than man, and yet their external knowledge is a blank in comparison with his. A raven can scent its prey at a distance of many leagues; a hog can smell a truffle that is buried under the earth; an eagle can see an object with distinctness at the distance of several miles; the fall of a leaf cannot escape the ear of a sleeping hare; the polypus, says Dumeril, is capable of perceiving light itself by its fineness of touch; most quadrupeds are enabled to distinguish more accurately between wholesome and poisonous herbs than the most accomplished and laborious botanist: and yet by the power of his intellect alone, man is able to triumph over the comparative deficiency of his senses, and with inferior modes of acquiring knowledge to rise to that prodigious superiority which he possesses.

Shelley and Byron.

The unfortunate Shelley, standing in an Italian church, said to some friend—"What a divine religion would be found out, if charity were made its principle instead of faith!" Indeed it is mournful to see how freely all those people censured what they did not at all understand; but it is not necessary to say much of their fanciful notions, for their writings and lives remain to constitute their own refutation.* However, I would humbly ask of any who may now hold the same opinion, what is Christianity but a religion of love?

The Eye.

It is in its expression—in the indications which it affords of the affections and emotions of the mind within, that the chief beauty of this organ consists. "The opening of the eye," says the monarch of Scottish fable, "is to the human countenance what light is to the natural landscape." The similitude is as true as it is beautiful. Where the expression of the eye is wanting, the perfection of the other features is no more observable than is the loveliness of the valley of Chamouni, or the isle of Innisfallen, in the depth of an interlunar night.

In what part of the frame are the affections mirrored so beautifully as here?—In joy, how bright and sparkling is the appearance of the eye! The lid is raised, and the slight gush of tears heightens the brilliancy of its reflection, while it seems to start forward as if eager to meet the impression which has awakened so lively a sensation within the mind. In grief, how touching is its depression! The lid falls, the lashes droop, and the eyeball seeks the earth, as if unwilling to disturb, by the sight of any other object, the memory of that beloved and long-accustomed one, which it shall never more behold on earth. How amiable is its half-shut and retiring look when merit, diffident even of itself, hesitates to assume its rightful place in the social order! How glorious is the fire which fills it when a tempered zeal for truth, or injured home and altars is swelling in the heart! Track it through all its changes, whether it glistens with compassion, lights up with courage, or droops with humility, and in every instance you will find it the silent tongue of the heart—the window of the affections.

* As a proof that infidelity is not less liable to prejudice than bigotry itself, we might quote the instance of Lord Byron, (an infidel poet, greatly to be pitied for his errors,) whose acquaintance with the scriptures was not so "intimate" as his biographer, Mr. Moore, supposes. For he asserts, in his preface to "Cain," (catching up the idea, perhaps, from a loose recollection that Warburton had written a book on the subject,) that the Old Testament contains no reference to the immortality of the soul! Whereas it abounds with them, not even excepting the Pentateuch itself, which is the subject of Warburton's defence. It is lamentable to think how far this error, the offspring of indolence and vanity, might have influenced him in assailing and deriding religion. Indeed, as to the question of prejudice, (or that predilection in the heart which arises from passion and self-will,) infidels and bigots may, for the most part, go together.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DAUGHTER-FULL HOUSES.

From the German of Richter.

THE Minister's house was an open book-shop, the books in which (the daughters) you might read there, but could not take home with you. Though five other daughters were already standing in five private libraries as wives, and one under the ground at Maienthal was sleeping off the child's-play of life, yet still in this daughter warehouse there remained three gratis copies to be disposed of to good friends. The Minister was always prepared, in drawings from the office-lottery, to give his daughters as premiums to winners, and holders of the lucky ticket. Whom God gives an office, he also gives, if not sense for it, at least a wife. In a daughter-full house there must, as in the church of St. Peter's, be *confessionals* for all nations, for all characters, for all faults; that the daughters may sit as confessoresses therein, and absolve from all, bachelorship only excepted. As a natural philosopher, I have many times admired the wise methods of Nature for distributing daughters and plants. Is it not a fine arrangement, said I to the natural historian Goeze, that Nature should have bestowed specially on young women, who for their growth require a rich mineralogical soil, some sort of hooking apparatus, whereby to stick themselves on miserable marriage-cattle, that may carry them to fat places? Thus Linnæus, as you know, observes that such seeds as can flourish only in fat earth are furnished with barbs, and so fasten themselves the better on grazing quadrupeds, which transport them to stalls and dunghills. Strangely does Nature, by the wind—which father and mother must raise—scatter daughters and fir-seeds into the arable spots of the forest. Who does not remark the final cause here, and how Nature has equipped many a daughter with such and such charms, simply that some peer, some mitred-abbot, cardinal-deacon, apanaged prince, or mere country baron, may lay hold of said charmer, and in the character of father or brideman, hand her over ready made to some gawk of the like sort, as a wife acquired by purchase? And do we find in bilberries a slighter attention on the part of Nature? Does not the same Linnæus notice, in the same treatise, that they, too, are cased in a nutritive juice, to incite the fox to eat them; after which, the villain—digest them he cannot—in such sort as he may, becomes their sower?—

"O, my heart is more in earnest than you think; the parents anger me, who are soul-brokers; the daughters sadden me, who are made slave-negresses. Ah! is it wonderful that these, who, in their West Indian market-place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him—that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated, as they are sold and bought? Ye poor lambs!—And yet ye, too, are as bad as your sale-mothers and sale-fathers. What is one to do with his enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, where every heaviest-pursued, every longest-tilled individual, were he second cousin to the devil himself, can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say—'I know not, shall it be from the pearl-coloured, or the nut-brown, or the steel-green house, that I wed—open to customers are they all!'—How, my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast; and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage-ring case of any male heart whatever?—'Well, it must, unless we would sit at home and grow old maids,' answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same old maid in these words—'Forsaken, but patient one! misknown and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honour, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine! in thy last hour, when all life and the bygone possessions and scaffoldings of life shall crumble in pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming figure, godlike and mounting to the Godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her: mount thou with her—the figure is thy virtue.'"—*For. Rev.*

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

(Concluded from page 135.)

WE tried hard to prevail upon the Prince to allow us to see his wives, of whom he had four, but without effect;

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he assigned as a reason, and with great gravity, "That they had never seen any man but himself," and, "that we were so white we should frighten them." These ladies sent their compliments to us, accompanied with a wreath of flowers for each, very tastefully done up, and each wreath was covered over with a beautiful silk handkerchief. Every Arab of Johanna is allowed four wives, independent of which they keep many slave women as concubines, but never marry any of the aboriginal natives. A woman of Johanna never sees her husband till she is married to him. After marriage, the wives are not allowed to see any of the male branches of their family but their fathers, and they are kept so closely confined, that they are never allowed to walk out till night, and then only in their walled gardens, or on the roofs of their houses, which are flat, having a promenade purposely for them to take exercise. At these times they are accompanied by their husbands, and female slaves; even then they are so closely muffled up, that if they were to look over the walls, there would be no possibility of seeing their faces.

As the Prince's time of prayers approached, we went to see the slaves dance; they were assembled in a square, surrounded by their miserable hovels, little better than pigsties, which are built of the branches and leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. One man was beating with all his might on the tom-tom, an instrument somewhat resembling a drum, so named from producing a sound similar to the word tom-tom: its construction is very simple, being nothing more than a skin tied over a piece of hollow wood, but it produces such a dreadful noise as to be distinctly heard for a distance of two or three miles. Another man was blowing a shell that had a hole in it, the *Murex Tritonis*, commonly called the trumpet shell; this he blew as if life and death depended upon his exertion. Whoever has heard this shell blown, must know, that when a person is close to it, it rings through his ears enough to split them. A third was rattling peas or seeds in a machine made of plaited bamboo, which produced a noise something like the rattling of beach stones in a sieve. These instruments, accompanied with a monotonous roaring kind of song, composed their harmonious concert, which was sufficient to stun the hardest head in Christendom. The dance consisted of men and women half naked, following each other in a circle. Perceiving that it was nothing more than disgusting motions of the body, accompanied now and then by a few discordant yells, we were very soon glad to get away from them. We got little or no sleep owing to the mosquitos, and the slaves beating their tom-toms and singing, and dancing the whole night: such being their amusement during the Ramahdan, in order that they may remain awake to eat, so that they amply make up for fasting during the day.

The town of Johanna is situated close to the sea, on the east side of the island; and within the wall, (which is now in ruins), contains about two hundred houses, inclosed either with high stone walls or palings made of reed: the streets are extremely narrow and intricate; the better kind of houses, such as the Prince's, &c. are built of stone; they have one large room to receive their guests, the rest being appropriated to the women. Great ceremony is observed on entering their houses: a messenger is dispatched before, to announce the arrival of any visiter; and when at the door, it is some time before permission is granted to enter: this precaution, the Prince informed me, was taken in order to give time for the women to be removed from sight. The interior of the houses was ornamented much in the same style as the Prince's, and had many extremely disgusting Chinese pictures stuck about, which they took care to point out as being very fine.

They have excellent bullocks at Johanna, with a hump upon the back between the shoulders; this hump, when salted, forms a great luxury for breakfast. They do not appropriate their cattle to labour, the slaves performing all sorts of hard work; nor could I find that they had a carriage or conveyance of any sort on the island, not even a truck with wheels to move any ponderous article; should they have occasion to move any thing that is very heavy, it is secured to long poles, and, according to its weight, so many slaves are employed to carry it. They have neither horses, dogs, nor pigs; the two latter animals are prohibited by their religion. Goats and fowls are plentiful and cheap; I purchased a pair of fowls for two empty bottles, and was offered a fine milch goat for a cotton pocket-handkerchief.

I know of no European ever having attempted to settle amongst them till the arrival of Mr. Elliott, who remained but a twelvemonth, owing to the opposition and ill treatment he experienced; consequently we know little of the in-

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terior of Johanna. The original natives, I have already stated, are black; they are exceedingly ugly, having the thick pouting lips and flat noses of the African. The women have their heads shaved similar to the men, and it is scarcely possible to distinguish them, but by the ornaments in their ears, which are very curious. Several of them wore plated and silver shackles round their ankles: these women, I was informed, were favourites of their masters, the Arabs, and wore the shackles as marks of distinction; they certainly appeared to be very proud of such an honour;—many had also nose rings.

Johanna is not the largest of the Comora Islands, but the King chooses it as his residence; the others are all subject to him, and pay tribute: one twentieth is his right, but he does not exact it from his subjects where he resides.—*Abridged from the United Service Journal.*

Notes of a Reader.

A TALE OF TERROR.

THE following facts occurred in the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria:—

A gentleman, possessed of a very lovely wife, was seized with a violent attachment for the *Cordeliers*, who had a convent in the neighbourhood of his house. He shared their vigils, fasts, and prayers, in all which he was encouraged by one of the Order, whom he had chosen as Father Confessor to himself and his wife. This reverend personage enjoyed a renown for wisdom and piety, which was nowise confirmed by his personal appearance, his figure being voluptuous, and his sparkling eyes, hypocritically sanctimonious before men, were bold and eloquent to the female children of that holy mother "The Church."

One morning the gentleman set forth on a journey, to visit one of his estates at some distance, leaving his wife at home with two maid-servants. Suddenly the Confessor appeared, with his arms devoutly crossed, and his eyes gleaming with unhallowed fire. "Your husband," said he to the fair member of his flock, "will return soon?" "Truly not," answered the lady, "I know not, indeed, when he will return, as the place to which he is gone is half a day's journey hence." "Good," rejoined the monk, and abruptly departed. He descended into the court, whither the chambermaid followed him, and said, "Father, the lady, my mistress, sends me to ask what it is that displeases you?" "Daughter," answered his reverence, "come and see some beautifully illuminated pictures, and a portrait of our holy patron!" The maid, accustomed to these monkish courtesies, followed him into a nook, where he, without a word, drew a poniard from his sleeve, and laid her dead at his feet. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when a farmer arrived, bearing the rent due to the master of the family. "Brother," said the monk to him, "my lord is busy in his stable, shall I conduct you to him?" The farmer, whistling a tune, followed the reverend father to the stable, and there received two poniard thrusts in the body. In the mean time the lady, displeased at not having received an answer to her message, sent the second maid to inquire why the other delayed. The assassin perceived her approach, assumed a joyous air, and killed the unsuspecting girl. These three murders left the course open to his infamous project. He accordingly repaired to the lady's chamber, who trembled on seeing his distorted visage and blood-besprinkled robe. To her question, "Father, what is that?" the monster answered, "Make no noise, particularly as there are none to hear you. Behold! and lest you be treated in like manner, perform my bidding." Saying which, he led her to the window, and showed her the bleeding bodies of his victims: "By my holy patroness, I pray thee, kill me not," exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands in supplication. "Assuredly not, my pretty one," was the reply, "I reserve you for a better fate—for, to possess you, I have done all that you see, and would have done worse. You must now dress in the habit of our Order, and proceed to the monastery, in consideration of which, my fair friend, I will secure to you the absolution of all your sins past, present, and to come. Here is the cord, robe, cowl, and sandals—nothing is wanting." The unhappy lady obeyed, saying—"Wretch! God is my witness that I yield only to the most iniquitous force." She spoke no more, but, weeping, complied with the commands of the friar, who cut off her curls with the edge of his poniard; and having arrayed her in the outward signs of his Order, set out with her for the convent. They had proceeded only a few steps, when they saw the gentleman returning towards them. "My love," said the Cordelier, "is not that your husband who approaches?—look not upon him, neither speak a word, if you wish not to

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join your maidens and your farmer." "How, now, father, are yon returning from the collection at this hour?"—"No," replied the monk, "but I have just been confessing your lady, who will communicate to-morrow." "'Tis well," said the gentleman, and went on his way. His valet, however, not recognising the young Cordelier, as the acolyte whom he had before seen in attendance on the monk, and remarking the delicate feminine figure and imploring looks of the disguised lady, rode after his master, and said, "Sir, I know not if it be truth, or a temptation of the devil, but the little Cordelier is the lady, my mistress." "Fool!" replied the gentleman, "but go and see." The valet hastened his horse towards the monk, who, suspecting his object, stopped, as wishing to speak to him; but on his approach, struck him from his horse and cut his throat. The gentleman seeing his servant fall, thought it accident, and hastened to his assistance, and was also unhorsed by the Cordelier. Being, however, a powerful man, he grappled with the monk, and well nigh strangled him. The lady, seeing her persecutor disarmed, held him by the cowl, while her husband menaced him with the dagger. The monster prayed for mercy, and confessed his crimes; but the peasantry, having been alarmed by his cries, assembled, and bore him off in chains, and proceedings were instituted against him. Whether in penitence or malice does not appear, but the cowled villain declared himself to be equalled in guilt by his brethren, and that numbers of victims of abduction were to be found at his convent. Messengers were accordingly dispatched, the unfortunate ladies liberated, and the monks burnt with their convent, in perpetual memory of so horrid a crime.—*Foreign Review.*

MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery, of all the poets, of this age, is, in his poetry, and, we believe also out of it, the most religious man. All his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings, are moulded and coloured by religion. In it he lives, moves, and has his being; not merely as in the sunshine of the open day we breathe delight, heedless of the voice from which it flows, but he is in all his compositions, religious *sensibly*, and meditates on all themes with pious attributions of his power to Him who gave it. A spirit of invocation, prayer and praise, pervades all his poetry: and it is as sincere as it is beautiful. The elements of air, earth, fire, and water, are to him all sanctified, not by poetry alone, but by piety; and his still and deep Moravianism is purely and professedly Christian. In his character of poet he is at once a minister of natural and revealed religion; and he is privileged to preach and to pray—let the insensate shallow smile at these words—in poetry. To poetry he resorts in his most pious moods, when his heart overflows with gratitude to God, and with love to man; his inspiration is alike holy in the sanctuary built with hands, the chapel of his brethren, and in the temple not built with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose mighty roof overhangs all the children of men.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

HOW TO DRESS A DUMPY WOMAN.

Dress a dumpy woman as a dumpy woman ought to be dressed, according to the first great principle of dress—adaptation—and you tenderly squeeze the hand of a very comely body—with a bosom white as a drift of snow. How, indeed, a dumpy woman ought to be dressed is another-guess matter; but we may answer the question so far by negatives. She must not have on her head a cap two feet high; for then, besides that men are afraid of catching a tartar, instead of thereby adding two feet to her stature, she takes two off, and thus measures to the eye exactly two feet on her high-heeled shoes. But such cap extends her laterally beyond all customary or reasonable bounds—and you wonder how she got in at a drawing-room door of the usual dimensions. Her neck being short by hypothesis, Dumpy ought not to wear a necklace of great breadth, if for no other reason than that it gives the spectators pain to see jaw-bone and collar-bone suffering under the same instrument of torture. Neither ought our fat friend to heap a quantity of drapery upon her shoulders; for she ought to remember that they are already in the immediate neighbourhood of her ears; and that her ear-rings (which, by the way, had better be left at home) will be lost in the muslin. Nothing more perplexing to a naturalist than the apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders of something in white. Six flounces on such a figure ought assuredly not to be; for supposing all our negatives to be affirmatives, and a dumpy woman to dress herself against us by the rule of contraries, and who could tell whether she were a dumpy dowdie, or a dodo?—*Ibid.*

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SOCRATES AND THE EXECUTIONER.

SOCRATES drank the cicuta, or hemlock. Plato in his dialogue on the immortality of the soul, observes, that "the executioner advised Socrates not to talk, for fear of causing the cicuta to operate too slowly." M. Petit, in his "Observationes Miscellaneæ," remarks, that the advertisement was not given by the executioner out of humanity, but to save the cicuta: for he was only allowed so much poison per annum; which if he exceeded, he was to furnish the rest at his own expense. This construction is confirmed by a passage in Plutarch: the executioner who administered the cicuta to Phocion, not having enough, Phocion gave him money to buy more; observing, by the way, that it was odd enough, that at Athens a man must pay for every thing, even his own death.

SIMILES.

"I HOPE I don't intrude"—as the knife said to the oyster.

"It's very warm"—as the child said when it fell into the fire.

"Come in"—as the spider said to the fly.

"Come on"—as the man said to his tight boot.

"You're quite welcome"—as the purse said to the shilling.

"You make me blush"—as the lobster cried out in the saucepan.

T. C.

LORD ANSON.

IN the year 1747, Lord Anson captured, off Cape Finisterre, six men-of-war, bound from France to the West and East Indies, laden with warlike stores and merchandize, and four East Indiamen. M. St. George, one of the French captains, in allusion to the names of two ships *(L'Invincible* and *La Gloire)* which had been taken, said, when he presented his sword to the conqueror—"*Monsieur, vous avez vaincu L'Invincible, et La Gloire vous suit.*" P. T. W.

THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

A LADY, who had lately visited the Siamese brothers, being asked by a gentleman if they seemed fond of each other, replied—"Really, sir, I never saw so strong an attachment." E. R. S.

PASTRY.

IN Queen-street, Cheapside.—"Here lived Mr. Edward Kidder, the famous pastry-cook, who died April 1739, aged 73 years. He is said to have taught near six thousand ladies the art of pastry: for which purpose he had two schools, one in Queen-street, near St. Thomas Apostle, and the other near Furnival's Inn, Holborn. His head was prefixed to his receipts. H. B. A

ORIGIN OF THE WORD HABERDASHER.

JOHNSON says—"This word is ingeniously deduced by Minshew from *habt irh dash*, Germ. *have you this?*—the expression of a shopkeeper offering his wares to sale." Others derive it from *berdash*, a name formerly used in England for a certain kind of neck-dress; and hence a person who made or sold such neck-cloths was called a *berdasher*, or *haberdasher*. P. T. W.

A SCHOOLBOY had the following Latin theme to construe, and was kept without his dinner till he effected it:—

"Magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter." PERSIUS.

His translation was as under:—

Hunger a master is of arts,
Who brightens much the mental parts.

T. H. O.

FRENCH VANITY.

A FRENCH nobleman showing Matthew Prior, the poet, the King's Palace at Versailles, and desiring him to observe the many trophies of Lewis the Fourteenth's victories, asked Prior if King William the Third, his master, had many such trophies in his palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's victories are to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

PREACHING AND BREWING.

A COUNTRY vicar, giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it, *He brews* 10 *and* 12, (meaning the chapter and verse.) An old toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hogshead, said, "By the Lord, and no such bad liquor neither."

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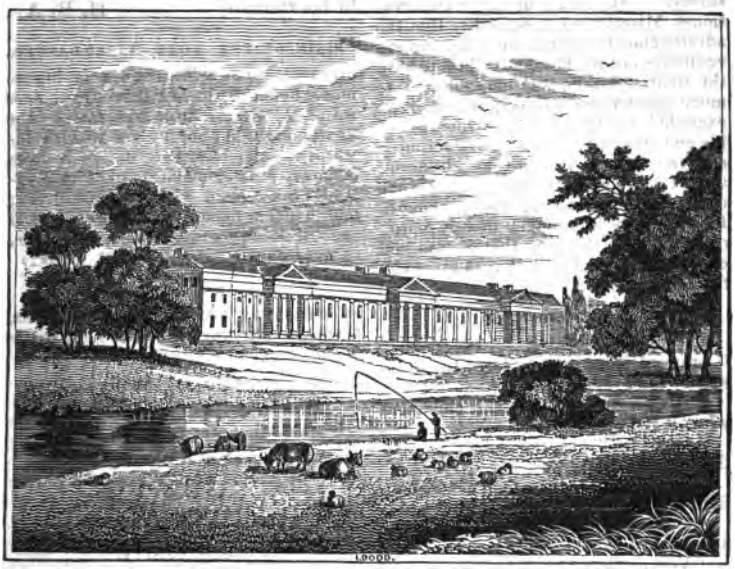
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 418.] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1830. [Price 2d.

East India College, Haileybury.



(From a Correspondent.)

This College was instituted about two-and-twenty years since, by the Honourable East India Company for the education of young men, destined for the civil service in British India. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground at Haileybury, between the towns of Hertford and Hoddesdon, and is about twenty miles from London. The building itself is not handsome, with the exception of the front, which our Engraving represents. It is faced with Portland stone, and certainly has a beautiful appearance. The view from this front, called also the Terrace, is extensive and varied. The College affords accommodation for 100 students. It is conducted nearly on the same principles as the Universities, and about 60 young men leave annually for their several destinations in India. Sixteen is the age at which they are first admitted, and at eighteen they leave the College as writers. No civil servant can quit England before eighteen, or after two-and-twenty. Examinations take place twice in the year, when medals and other honourable distinctions are distributed on a more liberal scale than at any other college in England; the spirit of emulation produced by the prizes, &c. is indeed surprising.

There is an excellent library belonging to the college, which is open for the use of the students, and towards which each of whom subscribes ten guineas, on his leaving England. The Oriental Languages are studied with great success; difficult and indeed almost incomprehensible as they appear at first, it is astonishing how comparatively easy they may be rendered by diligence and application. The professors, six in number, besides the principal, have houses within the college walls; they are all men of great ability, and well known in the literary world.

C. W.

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ANTIQUITIES OF WESTMINSTER.

(For the Mirror.)

UNITED to London as Westminster now is, and covered with hundreds of houses, few people imagine that this populous place was once an island divided from the mainland by a branch of the Thames, and originally denominated Thorney Island, from its being entirely overgrown with thorns and brambles. It was first joined to the mainland by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., who built a bridge over the river in King-street, at the east end of Gardener's-lane. The first house in Westminster, according to Stow, was Durham House, built by Thomas Hatfield, bishop of that see. Pennant, however, says, it was originally erected by Anthony de Beck, in the reign of Edward I.; on the site of this house stands the present Adelphi. In the time of Elizabeth there were but few houses, chiefly consisting of inns for the accommodation of people who had suits in the courts of law, and poor cottages with small gardens. The antiquity of the Palace of Westminster is uncertain, but Stow mentions that Edward the Confessor resided and died in it. This ancient edifice originally formed the east and south sides of Old Palace Yard. Its east side contained the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, the old House of Lords, the Prince's Chamber, and many nameless old apartments adjoining. Those on the south cannot now be ascertained, as no remnant is in existence. After being left in a ruinous state for years, it is said to have been inhabited by Queen Elizabeth, and the inner room in which the Court of Exchequer sits, is reported to have been her bedchamber. The outer room at the top of the steps from Westminster Hall, is said to have been used by the queen as a concert or breakfast room. At the upper end of the hall was a marble table or bench, 19 feet long, and 3 feet broad. The Court of King's Bench having been built over them, search was made for these relics in the commencement of the present century, but without success. The title of Court of King's Bench is supposed to have been derived from this marble table. Formerly the only coach road to the houses of parliament was in so miserable a condition, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days the king went to parliament, to render the passage of the state carriage easier. At the end of St. Margaret's-street, in Old Palace Yard, stood the ancient brick buildings called Heaven and Purgatory; within the precincts of Purgatory was preserved the ducking stool, employed by the Burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of scolds. The angry lady was strapped in a chair, fastened by an iron pin to one end of a long pole, suspended in the middle by a lofty trestle, which being placed on the shore of the Thames, allowed the terrified culprit to be immersed in the river; when the lady's temper was supposed to be cooled by a few plunges, she was exposed, dripping and humbled, to the laugh of her neighbours. What would our modern Xantippes think of such a summary method of restoring peace and harmony? M. B. H.

FATAL EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE JOY AND FEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

"Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight."
Hudibras.

BUTLER, in his notes to *Hudibras*, says, "Remarkable are the effects both of fear and joy." A trial of the former kind was made upon a condemned malefactor, in the following manner:—a dog was by surgeons let blood, and suffered to bleed to death before him; the surgeons talking all the while, and describing the gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness of the dog, occasioned thereby; and just before the dog died, they said unanimously, now he is going to die. They told the malefactor that he was to be bled to death in the same way; and accordingly blindfolded him, and tied up his arm, then one of them thrust a lancet into his arm, but purposely missed the vein; however, they soon began to describe the poor man's gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness occasioned thereby; and just before the supposed minute of his death, the surgeons said unanimously, *now he dies*. The malefactor thought all this was real, and died by mere conceit, though he had not lost above twenty drops of blood."—See *Athenian Oracle*. Almost as remarkable was the case of the Chevalier Jarre, "who was upon the scaffold at Troyes, had his hair cut off, the handkerchief before his eyes, and the sword in the executioner's hand to cut off his head; but the king pardoned him; being taken up, his fear had so taken hold of him that he could not stand nor speak; they led him to bed and opened a vein, but no blood would come."—*Lord Stafford's Letters*, vol. i. p. 166. There are three

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remarkable instances of persons whose hair suddenly turned; one from red to white, upon the apprehension that they should be put to death." *(Mr. Daniel Turner's Book, De Morbis Cutaneis,* chap. xii. 3rd edit. 1726, page 163, 164. See *Spectator,* No. 615, on the subject, Fear.) "Nay, if my memory fails me not, there are accounts to be met with in history, of persons who have dropped down dead before an engagement, and before the discharge of one gun. An excess of joy has been attended sometimes with as bad an effect. The Lady Poynts (in the year 1563,) by the ill usage of her husband, had almost lost her sight, her hearing, and her speech; which she recovered in an instant, upon a kind letter from Queen Elizabeth; but her joy was so excessive, that she died immediately after kissing the queen's letter."—*Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth,* vol. i. page 239, 2nd edit. "No less remarkable was the case of one Ingram, upon a large unexpected accession of fortune."—See *Lord Stafford's Letters,* vol. i. page 509.

And Mr. Fenton observes upon those lines of Mr. Waller,

"Our guilt preserves us from excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy,"

"That Mr. Oughtred, the famous mathematician, expired in a transport of joy, upon hearing that the parliament had addressed the king to return to his dominions."—*Observations on Waller's Poems,* page 67. Many are the instances of this kind in ancient history, as that of Polycrata, a noble lady in the Island of Naxos; Phillipides, a comic poet; and Diagoras, the Rhodian, &c.

P. T. W.

THE AMERICAN ALOE, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Guernsey, Jan. 1830.

I FEEL it my duty to correct the statement, "It is no fable that the aloe grows about one hundred years before it blooms," contained in the number for Nov. 7, 1829, page 296, and to prove that it is a fable; for it has been my good fortune to witness eight in full bloom within the last fifteen years, and I can confidently assert that they were all under *fifty* years of age. They are commonly planted here in front of genteel houses, and there are two at present in bloom in the open air, without any shelter whatever. The first I ever saw blossomed in 1814; it was but thirty-six years old; and although it had produced but few leaves annually, during that period, in the short space of three months it attained the height of 21 feet, with 39 flower tufts exclusive of the top, which contained the immense number of 6,675 buds. It began to blossom in August, and continued until the end of November; it measured 27,770 cubic inches.

As I have proved in this instance that "no fable" is a fable, I shall proceed to prove that the "mere fable" is no fable, respecting the impossibility of toads existing in this island, noticed by A. Sutherland, Esq., in his *Notes of a Tour in the Island of Jersey.* There have been several brought here at different times, but they seldom live a fortnight, unless kept as lizards are, in a box, and then they may survive for two or three months, but not longer.

En passant, I fully agree with the writer of the letter, communicated by Mr. Hogg, page 316, wherein he states these animals (meaning Ourang Outangs) have this "*peculiarity,*" that "when they are *running* down hill, they *walk* upright like a human being." It is a *peculiarity* indeed. H. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

THE marvellous life and adventures of Robert le Diable, who was afterwards a man of worth, as the old chronicles affirm, have proved a mine of wealth to theatrical adapters: we have seen this devil in human shape, by turns the hero of melo-drama and comic opera.

According to the wondrous traditions handed down in the aforesaid old chronicles and the popular ballads of the time, little Robert came into the world, like crook-backed Glo'ster, "with his feet foremost," and "the women cried, Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!" When he came to man's estate, Robert, instead of fasting and praying, caroused, and drank, and swore, and diced, and fought; wheedled fair ladies, and mocked at reverend friars, who, by way of retaliation, excommunicated him with bell, book, and candle, and other ceremonials in use among the holy fathers when the thunders of the church were to be levelled against incorrigible sinners. In process of time, Robert became a brigand, "of indifferent fame;" and among other exploits, one summer's morning, cut off the heads of seven hermits. So much for the *diablerie* of the story: now for the moral and edifying portion. Robert, as the legend continues, though without any clear infor-

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mation as to the why or the wherefore —Robert at last betrayed symptoms of grace and amendment: he began by preaching to his companions on the evil of their ways; but, as the obdurate knaves were deaf to his exhortations, he commenced his career of practical piety by knocking them on the head. He then begirt his loins with sackcloth, rolled himself in ashes, and filled his shoes with peas; detractors say that he took the precaution to boil them. After much time spent in prayer and fasting, and mortification, and occasional flagellations, he visited a holy pilgrim, who enjoined him to do penance for his past ungodliness by counterfeiting dumbness, and feeding with swine and other unclean animals. Robert obeyed, and modestly took up his abode with the hogs belonging to a certain emperor, who in those days lived in Italy, and who, as the legend moreover says, had a charming daughter named Emmeline. Now, by a strange coincidence, it happened that fair Emmeline was dumb from her birth —not in the way of penance, like our incipient saint, but dumb in downright earnest; and Robert, when he had eaten his fill of bean-husks and other dainties, indulged himself in gazing on the imperial maiden as she combed out her golden locks in the clear moonlight; for such, says the legend, was her wont. It chanced also that an arrogant monarch of those days advanced with 30,000 Saracens against the emperor, who, God help him, could muster no more than 10,000 good men and true. And Robert was one day drinking, quite in a patriarchal way, from a clear fountain, when a miraculous voice exclaimed to him— "Arise, Robert, take this horse, this white armour, and this lance, and smite the Saracens." And Robert arose, seized his lance, mounted his charger, and rode into the thick of the fray, where he laid lustily about him, much after his ancient ungodly fashion. And the Saracens were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons; and after the victory, Robert returned to his fountain, and quietly betook himself to the society of his old friends the swine. The legend then tells (for observe, I myself have nothing to do with the tale)—the legend, I say, tells how Emmeline recovered her speech, and how the white knight was discovered at a family dinner with the hogs, and how the Pope united him to Emmeline, and how Robert bade good bye to his father-in-law, the emperor, and turned his steps towards Rouen, where his piety caused his days to be "long in the land," and obtained him the honours of canonization after his decease. Somehow the unlucky *sobriquet* of Le Diable stuck to him during his life, and even after his death, when his spirit was seen, on moonlight nights, dancing on the top of an old tower with the spirits of the seven hermits he had slain. There is positively no getting rid of a bad name.—*Foreign Lit. Gaz.*

NAPOLEON.

A SUSPENSION of arms was granted by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, and an interview took place between him and the Emperor of Austria. Napoleon had caused a fire to be kindled in his bivouac; and on meeting the emperor, said, "I receive you in the only palace I have lived in for two months." "The good living you have derived from it ought to make it agreeable to you," replied the Austrian monarch, with a smile.

The archdeacon Lucien, Napoleon's great uncle, being at the point of death, assembled the family around him, to take leave of them. Joseph, Jerome yet an infant, Louis, Lucien, and his sisters, are in tears: Napoleon, with his eyes fixed on his expiring uncle, as if wishing to be insensible to the grief around him, and the loss he was about to sustain. All at once, the dying man seemed to collect his strength, and seizing the hand of Joseph, "You are the oldest of the family," said he, with a feeble voice; "but always recollect that he" (pointing to Napoleon) "is the head."

During the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet, and one of the corps of guides threw himself between him and the shell, and shielded the general with his body. Luckily the shell did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterwards General Dumenil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose laconic reply to the Russian summons to surrender, was, "Give me my leg, and I will give you the place."

Followed by three or four officers, Napoleon was crossing the *halle* to return to the Tuileries, without being saluted by the acclamations his presence was wont to excite; an old woman cried out to him, "He must make peace." "My good lady," said the emperor, smiling, "sell your greens, and leave those concerns to me: every one to his trade." A loud and continued hurra was the consequence.—*Ibid.*

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Spirit of Discovery.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Of the principal Geographical Discoveries of Modern European Nations.

861—*Feroe Islands*, discovered about this time by a Scandinavian vessel.

871—*Iceland*, discovered by some Norwegian chiefs, who were compelled to leave their native country. According to some accounts, it had been visited before this, by a Scandinavian pirate, Naddodd.

950—*Greenland*, discovered by the Icelanders about this period. The first colony established there was destroyed by a pestilence in the 14th century, and by the accumulation of ice, which prevented all communication between Iceland and Greenland.

1001—*Winenland*, a part of the continent of America, is supposed to have been discovered by the Icelanders. It was called Winenland, or Vinland, from the abundance of a species of vine found there. The Icelandic chronicles are full and minute respecting this discovery.

1344—*Madeira*. The discovery of this island is attributed to an Englishman, Robert Macham; it was revisited in 1419, by Juan Gonsalez and Tristan Vaz, Portuguese.

1345—*Canary Isles*, discovered by some Genoese and Spanish seamen, having been known to the ancients.

1364—*Guinea*, the coast of, discovered by some seamen of Dieppe, about this period.

1418—*Porto Santo*, discovered by Vaz and Zarco, Portuguese.

1419—*Madeira*, discovered by the same navigators. It was first called St. Lawrence, after the Saint's day on which it was seen; and subsequently Madeira, on account of its woods.

1434—*Cape Bojador*, or *Nun*, doubled for the first time by the Portuguese.

1440-1445—*Senegal River*, discovered by the Portuguese.

1446—*Cape Verd*, discovered by Denis Fernandez, a Portuguese.

1448—*Azores Islands*, discovered by Gonzallo Vello, a Portuguese.

1449—*Cape Verd Islands*, discovered by Antonio de Noli, a Genoese in the service of Portugal.

1471—*Island of St. Thomas*, under the Equator, discovered.

1484—*Congo*, discovered by the Portuguese, under Diego Cam.

1486—*Cape of Good Hope*, discovered by Bartholomew Diaz. It was originally called "The Cape of Tempests," and was also named "The Lion of the Sea," and "The Head of Africa." The appellation was changed by John II., King of Portugal, who augured favourably of future discoveries from Diaz having reached the extremity of Africa.

1492—*Lucayos* (or *Bahama*) *Islands*. These were the first points of discovery by Columbus. *San Salvador*, one of these islands, was first seen by this great navigator, on the night of the 11th or 12th of October, in this year.—*Cuba, Island of, Hispaniola*, or *St. Domingo*, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage.

1493—*Jamaica, St. Christopher's, Dominica*, discovered by Columbus in his second voyage.

1497—*Cape of Good Hope*, doubled by Vasco di Gama, and the passage to India discovered.

1497—*Newfoundland*, discovered by John Cabot, who first called it Prima Vista and Baccalaos. The title of Prima Vista still belongs to one of its capes, and an adjacent island is still called Baccalao.

1498—*Continent of America*, discovered by Columbus.—*Malabar, Coast of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama.—*Mozambique, Island of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama.

1499—*America, Eastern Coasts of*, discovered by Ojéde and Amerigo Vespucci. (It is contended by some that this preceded by a year the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus.)

1500—*Brazil*, discovered 24th April, by Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese, who was driven on its coast by a tempest. He called it the Land of the Holy Cross. It was subsequently called Brazil, on account of its red wood; and was carefully explored by Amerigo Vespucci, from 1500 to 1504.

1501—*Labrador and River St. Lawrence*, discovered by Corterçal, who sailed from Lisbon on a voyage of discovery for the Portuguese.

1502—*Gulf of Mexico*. Some of the shores of this Gulf explored by Columbus on his last voyage.—*St. Helena, the Island of*, discovered by Jean de Nova, a Portuguese.

1506—*Ceylon*, discovered by the Portuguese. Ceylon was known to the Romans in the time of Claudius.

1506—*Madagascar, Island of*, discovered by Tristan da Cunha, and revisited by the Portuguese navigator Fernandez Pareira, in 1508. This island was first called St. Lawrence, having been discovered on the day of that Saint.

1508—*Canada*, visited by Thomas Aubert; known before to fishermen, who had been thrown there by a tem-

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pest.—*Ascension Isle*, discovered by Tristan da Cunha.—*Sumatra, Island of*, discovered by Siqueyra, a Portuguese.

1511—*Sumatra*, more accurately examined by the Portuguese.—*Molucca Isles*, discovered by the Portuguese.—*Sunda Isles*, discovered by Abrew, a Portuguese.

1512—*Maldives*. A Portuguese navigator, wrecked on these islands, found them in occasional possession of the *Arabians*.—*Florida*, discovered by Ponce de Leon, a Spanish navigator.

1513—*Borneo and Java*. The Portuguese became acquainted with these islands.

1513—*South Sea*. The Great Ocean was discovered this year from the mountains of Darien, by Nugnez de Balboa, and subsequently navigated by Magellan. The supposition of the New World being part of India now ceased.

1515—*Peru*, discovered by Perez de la Rua.

1516—*Rio Janeiro*, discovered by Dias de Solis.

1516—*Rio de la Plata*, discovered by the same.

1517—*China*, discovery of, by sea, by Fernand Perez d'Andrada.

1517—*Bengal*, discovered by some Portuguese, thrown on the coast by a tempest.

1518—*Mexico*, discovered by the Spaniards. Conquered by Cortez in 1519

1519—*Magellan, Straits of*, passed by Magellan with a fleet of discovery, fitted out by the Emperor Charles V. The first voyage round the world was undertaken by this navigator; and his vessel performed the enterprise, although the commander perished.

1520—*Terra del Fuego*, discovered by Magellan.

1521—*Ladrone Islands*, discovered by Magellan.

1521—*Philippines*. This archipelago, discovered by Magellan, who lost his life here in a skirmish.

1524—*New France*. The first voyage of discovery made by the French, under Francis I., one of whose ships, after reaching Florida, coasted along as far as 50 degrees north latitude, and gave to this part the name of New France.

1524—*North America*, travelled over from Florida to Newfoundland by Verazzani, a Florentine, in the service of France.

1525—*New Holland*, discovered by the Portuguese about this time. This immense tract was for some time neglected by Europeans, but was visited by the Dutch, at various periods, from 1619 to 1644. This fine country is now colonized by the English, and every year adds something to our knowledge of its extent and its peculiarities.

1527—*New Guinea*, discovered by Saavedra, a Spaniard, sent from Mexico, by Cortez.

1530—*Guinea*, the first voyage to, made by an English ship, for elephants' teeth.

1534—*Canada*, visited by Cortier, of St. Malo; a settlement having previously been made in 1523, by Verazzani, who took possession in the name of Francis I. of France.

1535—*California*, discovered by Cortez.

1537—*Chili*, discovered by Diego de Almagro, one of the conquerors of Peru.

1541—*Labrador*, discovered by a French engineer, Alphonze.

1541—*India*, the first English ship sailed to, for the purpose of attacking the Portuguese.

1542—*Japan*, discovered by the Portuguese, Antonie de Meta and Antonie de Peyxoto, who were cast by a tempest on its coasts.

1545—*Potosi, Mines of*, discovered by the Spaniards.

1552—*Spitzbergen*, observed by the English, but mistaken for part of Greenland. Visited by Barentz, a Dutch navigator, in search of a north-east passage, in 1596.

(To be continued.)

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURES OF EUCLES, AND PUNCH.

A CLEVER contemporary has termed these pictures the high tragedy and low farce of painting. This distinction is, in part correct; since it would be difficult to select a more touching episode from history than the Death of Eucles; so far the definition holds good: but the picture of Punch is not merely low farce, as we think we can show in contrasting the breadth of its humour with a few of the more sober accessories of the scene.

The Death of Eucles.

The subject is taken from one of the most brilliant epochs in Athenian history, and, as Mr. Haydon observes in his "Description," the particular moment hinges on a disputed passage."

"Plutarch says Eucles rushed from the battle of Marathon, as soon as the victory was decided; ran wounded and exhausted as he was, to the city, and appeared in arms and heated,—"*vals*

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ὄφρα τῶν πρώτων"—shouting, "Hail, we triumph!" and dropped instantly dead. The Greek professor of Oxford thinks τῶν πρώτων means the chief magistrates or primates; the Greek professor of Cambridge thinks it refers to the first houses he came to; and thus the most eminent scholars differing as to the exact meaning, I have taken the liberty of supposing that he ran to the houses of the first magistrates to announce the victory; and then, his feeling reverting to his family, that he rushed to his own house, and dropped dead just as he reached the threshold—huzzaing as he fell!

"This is the moment selected. In the centre is EUCLES pale, wounded, and dying:—his eye half closed—the hand which holds the shield relaxing—his limbs tottering, and, the honour of the soldier stimulating him to the last, he grasps with dying energy the broken Persian standard he has fought for and brought triumphantly from the field. He has, as a last effort, lifted his arms as he shouted, "Hail, we triumph!" but his strength has failed, and his whole weight is thrown on the right leg and bent knee and foot, which are doubled up as he falls.

"It has been attempted to give him the look of a soldier, fresh from a fierce fight: * his helmet is cleft in—his crest is shivered—his sword is displaced, and in the contest he has lost one sandal and greave.

"Right opposite Eucles, hesitating and distracted, is his wife; who is supposed to have rushed out with her newly-born infant, at hearing the voice of her husband;—his pale but smiling face—his bloody and exhausted look—his feeble attempt to fold her in his arms, and his dropping attitude, have told her at once the truth. With one foot in the act of going forward, she leans a little back on the other, and pressing her hand to her heated brain, seems afraid to believe the evidence of her convictions. Clinging below to his mother, is the eldest boy, recognising his dear father, but terrified at his appearance; and behind are the old nurse, and the aged father of Eucles,—the one thanking the gods his son is victorious though dying, while the poor old woman is weeping at what she is supposed to have felt would be the truth, the moment she beheld her master.

"In front, on a step, is a figure springing forward to catch Eucles, while a young woman, seated on the step, is looking at him with great interest, and a young girl clinging to her, is regarding him with terror. Immediately above is a Greek on horseback in the domestic dress of the Greeks, with the Chlamys (or cloak) and Petasus (or pliable leather hat,) huzzaing."

Probably, it needs little beyond this brief description to point out the tragic affliction of this picture. Powerful and painful as it is, we had almost said we could revel in its sublimity, for such an epithet it truly deserves. The figure of the "pale, wounded, and dying" Eucles is admirably drawn. Mr. Haydon explains away an objection already raised to the foreshortening of the right leg and foot, (which has been considered violent,) by observing that "if the foot was in a simple, easy, straightforward position with the leg, all appearance of weakness instantly vanishes; but the muscles having quite lost their strength, the weight of the body and limbs presses on the foot, and the foot is doubled sideways, as it is unable to keep its straightforward appearance from the muscles having lost their vigour." Thus we leave the disputed point, for the grand effort of representing a soldier "fresh from a fierce fight." This may be painfully accomplished, yet how is the woe sharpened by the opposite figure of the wife of Eucles. Over the agonies of exhaustion and death, terrifically depicted in the face of Eucles, gleams a faint and feeble smile of affectionate joy at the sight of his wife: *her* attitude and expression too are those of distraction and woe, and the struggle is still heightened by the fond boy, and the figures in the back of the scene. In short, it would be difficult to give the reader an idea of the effect with which the sublime pathos of this picture strikes the spectator. Our mind's-eye, as it were, saddens at its recollection, and we must enjoy its perfections more to ourselves than at a "private view," as on Saturday, which to say the truth, from the crowd of visiters, was more like a public day.

The picture has been purchased in fifty shares of ten guineas each; but its possessor remains to be decided.

"Eucles" has laid so strong a hold on our sympathies, that "Punch," with its gaieties and gravities must stand over

* To give an idea of the appearance of a warrior directly from a battle, Bourrienne says, in his Memoirs of Napoleon, that Marmont came directly from the batile, near Paris, to meet La Fitte, Perigeaux, and himself, to consult about the propriety of surrendering the city. Bourrienne says Marmont could hardly be recognised, he had not shaved for eight days; his great coat was torn to pieces with shot, and his face and figure so black with smoke and powder, it was frightful to see him.

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till our next number; the humour of the subject will not evaporate in the meantime.

The Naturalist.

SUGAR CANES.

1. 2.

By Dr. Macfaylen, of Jamaica.

This precious plant is supposed to be a native of the East Indies. From the East Indies it was carried by merchants, towards the close of the thirteenth century, to Arabia, whence the cultivation of it soon extended to Nubia, Egypt, and Ethiopia. The Moors introduced it into Spain. The Spaniards conveyed it to the Canaries in the beginning of the fifteenth century. From the Canaries it was imported to St. Domingo, and now forms one of the staple articles of trade of the whole of the West India islands.

The sugar cane *(saccharum officinarum)* may be considered as the production of the highest effort of the power of vegetation. In almost all other plants, it is only during the germination of the seed, the most active period of their lives, that the sweet principle is to be detected. In the cane it is at all times to be found, and *that* in quantities surpassing what exists in all other plants put together. The cane is a plant of a warm latitude, its growth being in proportion to the heat of the climate, and the fertility of the soil. In the West India islands, it is in the plains that the cane reaches all the perfection of which it is capable. Yet even here, according to report, its size and luxuriance are inferior to what it attains in Madagascar, the Isle of France, and the districts of the East, more immediately beneath the Equator. Like all gramineous plants, it delights in rather a moist climate. When the rains, however, are excessive, a rank luxuriance is the consequence, unfavourable to the maturation of the plant, the juices it affords being watery, and deficient in the saccharine principle, yielding on crystallization a dark-coloured sugar. It is a peculiarity of the sugar cane, in the West India islands, that it refuses to perfect its seed. Ever since its cultivation in the Island of Jamaica, it has been raised from cuttings of the joints. By these innumerable subdivisions it has been continued to the present time, retaining all the characters and peculiarities of the parent plant. There are, in reality, only a very few plants in the islands—the canes which cover our fields being strictly not distinct beings, but prolongations of a few individuals — their origin derived from the enlargement of one part removed by division to another. The case is different in the East. Here we can point out few varieties; there along the banks of the Ganges, its native region, it perfects its seed, and may be raised in this manner, presenting innumerable varieties, corresponding to what we observe in all plants produced in this manner—the offspring seldom presenting a strict similarity to its parent stock.

We now come to consider the peculiar method of preparing the soil previously to entrusting it with the plant cane. In the common practice, parallel trenches are dug, little more than six inches in depth, and the same in breadth; a hard bank being left on each side on which the earth removed from the trench is raised. The defect of this system is, that only a slight depth of soil is brought into cultivation, whilst the hard ridge left on each side of the cane-hole must give a very limited space for the developement of the roots, and consequently restrict the plant in its supply of nou-

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rishment. A more commendable plan is followed by a few, who are in the habit, previously to digging the trenches or cane-holes, of turning up the whole land with the plough. If the cattle pens are placed upon it, after the soil has been thus loosened, and the cane-holes are then dug with the hoe, we have a right to expect from the ground all the returns of which it is capable. Having thus prepared the soil, the cuttings of the cane are to be placed at the bottom of the furrow, and slightly covered with soil—the bank formed in digging the cane-hole being left undisturbed. It has been a question with some, whether it be of importance to take the cuttings from any particular part of the stem of the cane. The top is usually employed, being otherwise useless. We may, however, naturally ask, whether a part more rich in saccharine juices ought not to be preferred. The plant having appeared above ground, the bank left in digging the cane-hole is returned and applied to the roots of the cane. Little is done for sometime, except weeding. As the canes spring up, however, this operation is superseded; the weeds disappearing as the ground comes to be shaded. About this time thrashing becomes necessary. This is performed by removing the lower leaves of the stem, or such as have begun to fade, and laying them along the rows. The superabundant suckers are at the same time removed. The benefits of thrashing are, that the cane is enabled to shoot out; and as, after attaining a certain height, it is apt to bend near the root and lodge, the bed of thrash or dried leaves prevents its touching the ground where it would be apt to root, to the great injury of the quality of the sugar. The sun and air also are enabled to penetrate to their stems, without which they would never arrive at a proper state of maturation. The plant-cane requires from fourteen to sixteen months for its perfect maturation. The arrowing of the cane is a sign of its attaining its full growth. It takes place at the end of autumn, continuing to come out for several months. It is desirable that the cane should be cut as early after this as possible. Were it, on the contrary, cut while the arrow was about to make its appearance, it would be found unfit for the purpose of sugar-making. I need scarcely add, that as the cane only flowers at one period of the year, it is merely those fields which at that period have made some approach to maturity, that come into arrow. Thus canes which ripen in May are cut down without undergoing this process. —*Abridged from Professor Hooker's Quarterly Botanical Miscellany.* Part II.

The cuts represent two varieties of the cane:—1. The common West India cane. 2. The East Indian, or Batavian cane, with violet-coloured bark. Between the canes are transverse sections, and pieces cut and peeled, which further explain the physiology of this extraordinary plant.

The manufacture of sugar from the juice of the cane is an interesting process; but from the space requisite for its detail, must be deferred.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

CARTHAGINIAN COMICALITIES:

BY ONE OF THE PUN-IC SCHOOL.

Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise, but he who is without it.—*Swift.*

TIM TIPPLE, THE TOPER.

Tim Tipple was a drunken wight,
In fact, a downright sot,
Whose friends with grief saw every night
Tim going fast to *pot*.

Yet still he kept his *spirits up*,
By pouring *spirits down*;
And, whene'er he went out to *sup*,
He *supped* his cares to drown!

Tim drinking loved of every sort,
No matter where he went;
For *sailors'* healths he drank in *port*,
And *soldiers'* pledged in *tent*.

Of *lisbon* he would *swallow* much,
Like Lisbon's famed *earthquake*;
And *hollands* drank with all the *Dutch*,—
With *sextons*, *graves* would take.

Old *hock* he loved—nay, if 'twas new,
He could it not *decline*;
And yet 'tis said, that of the two,
He'd choose the *elder wine*.

With *millers* he'd toss *sack* each day,—
With *gardeners*, *shrub* at lunch;
And oft he'd drink old *car'away*
With *showmen* over *punch*.

In *Wales*, of *mountain* he'd his fill—
With *parsons* drank pure *rum*;
With *coachmen*, lots of *cape* would swill—
With *silent women*, *mum*!

Of *porter*, Tim could carry much,
Though not as *porters* stout;
But *ale* he seldom dared to touch,
It *ail*-ed with the gout.

Yet Tim was called a bragging elf,
And lied beyond belief;
For oft-times he would *pique* himself
On drinking *Teneriffe*.

As happy as the king was Tim,
Nor feared his royal frown,
And boasted he would not give him,
Six shillings for his *crown*.

But yet Tim was a loyal chap,
And he, to shun all harms,
Would always take his nightly nap,
Fast locked in the *King's Arms*.

And that the king oft thought of him,
By many folks 'twas said;
For every day this loyal Tim
Would run in the *King's Head*.

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Though fat as any prize-show pig,
Tim's mind on wedlock ran;
But, ah! the girls thought him *too big*
To be a *single man*.

And Tim, who never in his life
Through courtship liked to wade,
Wished a *maid ready* for a wife,
But no wife *ready made*.

Poor Tim was taken ill at last,
No hopes could physic give;
Said he, "Alas! my *die* is cast,
And long I cannot *live*."

The doctors came and looked full wise,
Which proved Tim's ills no jest;
His pipe of port within him lies,
Turned water in the *chest*.

He, therefore, ere the ills he bore
Too much his health had sapped,
Or Death *tapped* at his chamber-door,
Must have his body *tapped*.

"Ah, no!" quoth Tim, "I'll ne'er agree
To be the *butt* and scoff
Of fools, and have a *cock* in me,
To draw the liquor off.

"Besides, when I've a vessel tapped,
In one short week at most,
To fly away the *spirits* apt,
Or else give up the ghost!"

As naught could Tim's resolve subdue,
'Gainst tapping in the side,
He *day* by *day* more *weakly* grew,
And in a *fortnight* died.

No pompous funeral he had—
No friend to shed a tear;
Six *tapsters* were his *mourners* sad,
Six *porters* bore his *bier!*

Monthly Magazine.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

It was during the exterminating warfare which characterized the invasion of Spain by the French, that a small body of Cuirassiers, detached from the main division, had halted for the night at a village called Figueiras. The appearance of this company was to the poor inhabitants a source of disagreeable anticipations, actuated as they were by natural antipathy to a domineering foe, and by anxiety for the little property acquired by the toil of congregated years. "What ho!" cried the leader of the soldiery, as he stopped before the gate of the monastery, the only house in the hamlet that appeared capable of rendering any tolerable accommodation; "Open your doors, or, by my valiant Sovereign, all your Aves will not profit you," and as he spoke he struck the portal with his sword, as if to prove his threats would speedily be enforced, if a ready acquiescence were not accorded to his mandates.

There was silence for a time, as though the inmates were deliberating on what course to pursue; and then the figure of an aged man became apparent, as with trembling hands he loosed the fastenings which secured the dwelling. He bore a torch, whose gleam threw a murky glare upon the men at arms, and served but indistinctly to illume the gloomy court. "Save you!" said the French Colonel ironically, at the same time making a owly obeisance, "I bear my superior's greetings to your holy body, and expect good fare for my commands: the cellars are well stored, no doubt?" A crimson glow for a moment flushed the pallid cheek of the venerable father, as La Ville (for that was the colonel's name) concluded his address; but it passed instantly away, and he returned no response save by a gentle inclination of the head.

La Ville regarded not his emotion, but, ordering his soldiers to dismount and place their chargers in the spacious courtyard, entered the solemn pile accompanied by his brother officers. The clang of the spurs as they paced along the vaulted passages, escorted by their aged guide, too plainly announced to the monks the propinquity of their enemies—those wonted scoffers of all the sacred ordinances of religion, for such a character had they acquired: partly true, but principally founded on the misrepresentations of those who were well aware how much such a belief would kindle patriotic zeal against them.

As they entered the refectory, the assembled brethren rose from their seats, and calmly viewed the haughty intruders. "Excuse me, Fathers!" exclaimed La Ville, awed into respect by their dignified demeanour, "but my men require repose, and in these troublous times, as little courtesy is needed, I have that plea to warrant this intrusion; my men must be provided with good cheer, or else—" and he touched the hilt of his sabre significantly. "But," he continued, "I hope there will not be occasion for proceeding to extremities, the odds are too much in our favour."—"Sir," replied the abbot, "your wishes must be obeyed, were even our desire to serve you less."—"I deem, if I relied on that, my entertainment were but very poor."—"This is an unkind opinion," returned the superior; "deeds will convince you of its fallacy." So saying, he motioned them to sit down, and commanded the servitors to load the table with the best the monastery could afford.

The table soon groaned beneath the weight of delicacies, and cordiality usurped the place where distrust so lately reigned. The abbot left the apartment for a brief interval, and speedily returned, followed by two attendants bearing immense silver vessels filled with luscious and delicious wine.

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"Now, tell me candidly," exclaimed a young officer but lately arrived from the military college, "tell me if you have any pretty damsel here—you understand me, a niece or so, to benefit by your pious admonitions." The eye of the superior shone with wrathful glare at the speaker, and then a bitter smile passed across his features. "Fear not," he replied, "for this night's entertainment will be better than any you shall *hereafter* enjoy; but Heaven forbid we should harbour such polluted beings as you allude to!" "Ay," replied La Ville, "at least for irreligious laymen, who know not how to temper their love-suits with pious sighings for the great iniquity of our frail natures: but a truce with raillery, and let us taste the wine; nothing so much promotes good fellowship."

"But, good father," he continued, as he filled a goblet with the sparkling wine, "you must pledge me in a bumper, so fill your glass." "The rules of our order forbid us to indulge in wine," answered the abbot, "and therefore you must excuse me, or my brethren, from tasting of the ruby produce of the vine." La Ville smiled ironically, as though he thought it was hypocrisy on the father's part in refusing to drink any thing stronger than the liquid spring of water. He raised the goblet to his lips, but placed it again untasted on the board. The monks looked upon the movement with suspicious eye, as if to seek solution for the Frenchman's act.

"Suspicion strikes me," cried La Ville sternly, "and if my surmise prove correct, this shall be the last exploit you will enact. Fellow soldiers! taste not the wine, it may be poisoned: such deeds have been performed before, and by monastic artifice." As the speaker thus addressed his auditors, every eye was rivetted on the superior, whose countenance afforded no credit to the colonel's surmise. "Drink of the wine first," continued La Ville, "you and your brethren, and then we will follow your example." The abbot raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed for a moment buried in meditation; then taking the proffered cup, swallowed the contents. The entire confraternity also drank the potion.

"Now are you satisfied?" he inquired; "now are your ungenerous doubts resolved?" — "Yes!" replied the French; "and here we pledge to you, good fathers. Cup succeeded cup, as the elated soldiers, delighted with their superior entertainment, sought to take advantage of their present favourable quarters. "Believe me," stammered out a jovial lieutenant, "we will ever prove grateful for the kindness we have experienced, and mayhap, I may send in exchange for this Sauterne, a lovely girl of mine, the beauteous Louise."—"A poor exchange," retorted another—"nothing so true as wine, nor so fickle as woman."—"When our royal eagle waves over the entire land," cried La Ville, "the brethren of this monastery shall be amply rewarded for their hospitality, and—" "Stop your kind commendations," interrupted the abbot; "that day you shall never behold: base tools of violence, hear me, and shudder at my words: know that the wine we drank was poisoned! Start not! our country claimed the sacrifice, and willingly we did our duty—and though the pangs of death are fast approaching, yet the thought that you, our enemies, must die with us, is balsam to the tortured body. Does not the venom even now rankle in your veins? Speak, slaves! speak!"

Consternation seized the French as they listened to the dreadful declaration, and even then the agonizing throbs declared how true was the assertion. Madly they rushed on their betrayers, but death was already enacting his part, and stayed their impetuous hands. Soon the smothered groan, the frightful scream, the mingled prayer and curse, rose on the silent ear of night.—The morning came; and of the many who had entered on the previous evening into the monastery, not one remained to quit its gloomy precincts.

United Service Journal.

Notes of a Reader.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

[We are very fond of Home Tours, probably from topography being the first study with which we commenced our literary labours. The "*Garden Calls*" of Mr. Loudon in his valuable Magazine accordingly afford us much interest, and we must extract from one of them as natural a piece of writing as ever proceeded from any descriptive pen. It relates to a tract along which we travelled during seven years to our *first school*, and if we have overrated its merits, the reader will attribute such partiality to early impressions.]

No outlet from London has been more improved within the last fifteen years than the road to Edgeware, which from passing through naked grass fields, with here and there, a miserable cottage,

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farm-house, or a hay-barn, is now bordered by villas and gardens, vying with each other in architectural taste, in the display of flowers, exotic trees and shrubs, and in what no foreigner can form an idea of who has not been in the country, English turf and gravel. The hills on the road have been lowered, the direction of the road straightened, its width regulated, and its surface Macadamised. The churchyard has been enlarged, and surrounded by an elegant iron railing; we wish two dozen of exotic trees, and as many shrubs of so many distinct species, had been scattered over the surface, the walks better arranged, gravelled, bordered with trees and a few perennial flowers, and a few creepers planted against the church; but one step on the road of improvement having been taken, these and others will, no doubt, succeed in due time. New alms-houses are building a little beyond Edgeware. We confess we do not like the sight of such buildings perpetually recurring through the country, as if it were a condition of human nature that a certain portion of society must live on alms. We would rather see a parochial school-house, library, museum, and garden; and we can prophetically see such buildings rising up from the hands of local architects and builders, by command of parliament and the vestries, all over the country.

The road from Edgeware to St. Albans is very retired, and almost wholly pastoral or agricultural. Some few of the cottages and gardens which border it appear comfortable; but not many. The doors of those of the lowest class were open, and we could see mothers and their children seated at little tables, with cups and saucers and a small loaf before them, but without a table-cloth; the men, doubtless, at work in the fields, had carried with them their bread and bacon. The landlord of the public-house at Ellestree, a man apparently more than usually religious, described to us the manner in which three men had, ten days before, been drowned in the reservoir. Four companions, somewhat intoxicated, went to take a sail on the Sunday afternoon, and fell overboard; only one of them, who could swim, was saved. They were single men, and bad characters; and the parish, he observed, would be rather a gainer by their loss than otherwise. How dreadful to have such a tribute to one's memory paid by a neighbour! The very idea of it seems enough to reform a man. A new inn in the outskirts of St. Albans, in the Dunstable road, has an ample garden, not made the most of. Such a piece of ground, and a gardener of taste, would give an inn so situated so great a superiority, that every body would be tempted to stop there; but the garden of this Boniface exhibits but the beginning of a good idea. Everything that creates an allusion to home ought to be encouraged at an inn; and, therefore, every place of entertainment, from the smallest hedge-alehouse upwards, ought to have a large garden, a library more or less extensive, a book of country maps, a road-book, a Shakspeare, a Don Juan (purified copies, of course,) a newspaper, and one periodical or more. In many parts of Germany, the commonest public-houses have pianofortes, because there all are musicians and dancers. Freedom from national debt, and a thorough general school education, *high and equal* would soon render us so, and, in fact, make us every thing to which man, in our latitude, may hope to attain. The road to Dunstable has been greatly improved by the first of road-makers, as Macadam is the first of road-menders, Mr. Telford. At Dunstable, notwithstanding the number of workers in plait-straw, we could find no one to undertake the manufacture of our Epinal hat. The objection was, that the straw did not require to be plaited, that the hats were only calculated for poor people, and that the poor would never buy a thing that was in no case used by the rich; an argument from which the rich may learn how to introduce good fashions among the poor. The very small village of Flitwick is composed of as miserable cottages as any in England; the inhabitants, following no manufacture, and having very little agricultural employment, derive a great part of their scanty subsistence from the poor-rates. The men are said to be almost all poachers, and three-fourths of them, we were told, had been on the tread-wheel; some had been transported, one belonged to the Cato-street conspiracy, and one or two have been hanged.

CREATION.

A Poem. By William Ball.

[This is a work of remarkable interest and ingenuity. It has much of the depth and vigour as well as the gracefulness of true poetry, and it comes to us with the recommendation of originality. The subject is indeed a vast one, in which the most fervid fancy may

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luxuriate to repletion, and genius almost bewilder itself with its own blaze. Yet Mr. Ball does not belong to this school of poetry, whose writings have lately received quite as much attention as they merit. On the contrary, the writer before us has more of the soft-breathing soul of humility than is usually met with in such poets, and although many of his verses breathe adoration and love of his subject, yet he is never overtinged with fanatical fire, nor betrayed into ecstasies which have more of the glitter of fine words than the delightful harmony of poetical inspiration.

Our first extract precedes a delightful picture of creative beauty: thus—]

In bright or sullen layers, concentric, deep,
Are cast the bases of innum'rous worlds:
Long ages roll away, and yet no change,
No scaring harbinger of slow decay,
Hath touch'd the wondrous fabric; and shall fleet
All future to all past, and time shall end,
Ere, smoke by final ruin, shall dissolve
The solid piles tremendous, crush'd to dust,
To air, to nothing: blasted by red fire,
And swept away, all mortal things impure,
Shall cease to be for ever. Time shall stop;
His scythe despised, his grey locks unbelov'd,
To bulky Naught enchain'd, he moves no more:
That felon Death shall die; eternal peace
With life eternal reign, changeless and pure,
Perfect and firm as immortality,
As vast, as wonderful, and as divine;
Great heritage of the great heirs of God.

Again I turn to thee, oh Earth! in thee
Crescent and multiform and many-hued,
Fair vegetation, through the cloven sod,
Its million fibres pushes, warm with life.
Young flowers adorn the land, and stately trees,
With shady vesture grove, diffuse and sad,
The mountain's nakedness and shame conceal.
Wide garments green, now vivid and now dark,
Enwrap the broad, round sides of well-pleased Earth,
Fringe the deep rivers and bedeck the rocks.
Reluctant, their large limbs, with gay attire,
To ornament or hide: endless in form,
In colour, strength, and qualities occult,
In habits and in size, shoot forth all plants.
These tuft the mountain's tops, these crawl the ground;
While some frequent the dry and lonely sands,
And others plunge beneath the deepest wave
Of booming ocean: vig'rous some, austere,
Disdainful and sublime, sojourn alone;
Of frailer texture others, suppliant, cling
To natures of more poize, and, glad, accept
Dependance for protection. Human tongue
Their numbers cannot reckon; human thought
Their various shapes imagine, or their fruits,
Noxious or wholesome, name; their sapid pulps,
In flavour sweet or tart, juicy or dry,
Are destin'd for continuous repasts,
In aftertimes, to flatter or appease
Hunger or appetite, of brute or man.
Their solid trunks, soft stems, bark, fibres, sap.
Give him a shelter from inclement skies,
And ships to cross the main; engines to sail,
Decent and needful raiment, med'cine, all
That makes life grateful, makes life possible.

To our necessities some minister; but more
Unto our pleasures serve; the race of flowers,
Gentle and graceful, lend to the coarse earth
Perfume and ornament. close thickets yield
Freshness and shade or soften'd light serene,
Or playful, as when, after summer show'r,
The whole umbrageous covert twinkling shines
Glist'ring with falling gems. The fringed palm,
Solemn as orient lord, idly beholds.
Benignant the subjacent plain, and waves
His long and hairy arms in peace and joy,
Majestic and delighting: bristly the pine
Climbs, hardy, to the mountain's icy crest,
And beards the angry thunder and the storm,
Unthank'd, to lavish verdure evergreen
Upon a hideous and blasted rock,
As kindness on ingratitude, on vice,
Erring, its bounty, too profuse, bestows.
The shallow brook, penurious and slow,
Is prankt with humble rushes, water weeds
And long green grass and flowers; or, in the wave,
Flashes the dipping willow. On the tower,
Of other, later days, man's toil and pride,
Bruis'd by great Time dishonouring, and stained
Round which sad waters flow and loud winds sing,
Fair emblems of free tears and praises high,
Fantastic garlands of fond ivy creep,
Meet honours for its long enduring age:
It pictures true a warrior battle worn,
A human ruin, voiced by fame, that sleeps,
The combat o'er, locked in the vain embrace
Of laurels, in the tomb of victory.

The life-bestowing power is still on earth
Still vigorous and warm, and the gross air
And wand'ring wave it saturates and fills
With insect forms that baffle human search,
Nor tell their numbers to inquiring man,
Their ages, uses, functions, pains, or joys,
Capacities or origin or end.
A petty volume is each humble form,
Replete with wonders bound in elfin shapes;
Some horrible and foul, evil and dire,
And others, fine as air, flash sudden light,
Coloured like richest gems, shaped or misshaped
Like morning fancies, when the sleeping brain
Teems with fantastic beauty. Wings have they,
And wondrous eyes, horns, legs, and tails, and stings,
Distracting with variety immense.
Of hue, mien, habits, polity and powers.
From out their millions, chief the ant and bee,
The wisest of earth's creatures, might teach man,
Could man, conceited, learn, that all his skill
Attains not to the wisdom calm and just,
By providence in gracious bounty, lent
To these sage, grave, and happy citizens,
That ruled by few, by simple, perfect laws,
To us unknown, ne'er quit the narrow path
Of painful duties useful, nor demand
One private good stol'n from the gen'ral weal.

[A reflective passage at the close of the first book occurs to us as very beautiful:]

One thrilling truth is known, that all must die;
And though high wisdom merciful permits,
All to forget these tidings terrible,
Yet not forgets the ancient phantom dire
To seize and fling the number'd shaft that brings,
To the defenceless bosom, that last pain
That snaps the chords of life; what glorious hopes
May gild that evil day, what splendour pure,
Outglancing from the solemn mists immense
That o'er our being hover, may, sublime,
Flame through the valley dark, as sense decays
And lets its lightnings in, another hour,
Perchance, may tell; if to my willing tongue
Come the bold notes inspired; till then unsung
I leave the mighty lesson and forbear
To touch, with hand unsure, a theme so high.

[Our extracts are few, but, we hope sufficient to recommend Mr. Ball's poem to the further attention of our readers as a work which may be read with plea-

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surable advantage, and bearing in every page a strong impress of genius and high promise.]

ON EMIGRATION.

By the Rt. Hon. R. W. Horton, M. P.

THE principle of emigration is as clearly laid down in the 13th chapter of the Book of Genesis, as in the history of Greece and Rome, where it was resorted to as an expedient, self-evident, safe, and successful, whenever a practical inconvenience arose from too crowded a population. In the 13th chapter of Genesis it is stated, that "Abram went up out of Egypt, he and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the South. And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. * * * And Lot also, which went with Abram had flocks, and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle, and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. And the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen: for we be brethren. *Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me.* If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. And, Lot lifted up his eyes, and he beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and Lot journeyed east, and they separated themselves the one from the other." Is it to be understood that this advice on the part of Abram was barbarous, ignorant, wanton, and presumptuous, and a cruel and revolting expedient, and that, to avoid the charge of diabolical impiety, the suggestion which Abram ought to have offered would have been, to concentrate the population separately belonging to the two patriarchs, for the purpose of putting in action that law of nature which the author* states that he has discovered, and which he asserts to be the true principle of population, viz. that "the fecundity of human beings varies inversely as their numbers on a given space?" It cannot be pretended that the land, in a state of pasture, was not capable of producing more food for man. Consequently, when it is said that "the land was not able to bear them," it can only be asserted with reference to the manner in which the land was then occupied. It could not be that the land was not *intrinsically fertile* enough to produce more food, but that the parties would be more easily maintained in separation than in conjunction.

I would not have it supposed that I introduce this illustration of Abram and Lot, as bearing closely on the doctrine of emigration. I refer to it only as showing that the Bible records that, in the very infancy of society, the inconvenience of a crowded society was avoided by separation, rather than by concentration. In countries not separated from other countries by the ocean, this spread of population takes place naturally. In the case of an island, the only difference is, that the interposition of the ocean prevents that natural arrangement which would take place, if the dense population bordered upon fertile and unoccupied land. I was informed by M. Simond, to whom Mr. Sadler has justly referred, as a person eminently acquainted with the condition of the poor in different countries, and who is as zealous a friend of emigration as any man in Europe, that a greater expense would be necessary, to remove a pauper from New York to the back settlements of the United States, than to remove him from Ireland to Canada.

* Mr. Sadler, in his work on Ireland.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

By "the Hermit in Russia."

FUNERAL processions (says our hermit) had frequently defiled under my windows; but I had not hitherto witnessed the celebration of burial service according to the rites of the Greek church. At eleven o'clock this morning I paid a visit, therefore, to the monastery of Newsky, for the purpose of attending the interment of Count Peter Razoumovsky. My sledge followed swiftly the track which the train had taken; branches of cypress were fixed in the snow, and indicated the course which the funereal car had pursued: I entered one of the five churches, where prayers had already begun; the door of a pew was opened to me, and my eyes were immediately attracted by the bier and the host of assistants which surrounded

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it. The choristers of this convent stand next in name to those belonging to the court; they were chanting the Kyrie elieson; the sacred portal flew open, and the archbishop metropolitan pronounced a blessing on the congregation, saying—"*Mio vsem!* Peace be with you all!" He had two candelabra in his hands, which were crossed over his bosom. The bishops of the holy synod, the arch-priests, deacons, and monks, clad in their funeral vestments, encircled the altar; the body of the deceased was deposited in the centre of the nave, the bier being covered with cloth of gold and silver, and surmounted with a canopy; the count's coronet was placed upon it; but there were neither sable draperies nor a catafalque: the relatives and friends of the deceased, together with several state dignitaries, were grouped on each side of the nave, and his servants, in mourning attire, occupied the lower part of the church, where a large concourse of people had assembled.

After the epistle and gospel, and prayers for the royal family had been said, the sacred portal was closed, and the scarlet curtain which conceals it fell and closed the sanctuary from observation. While the holy mysteries were celebrating, the choir performed a sweet and plaintive chorus in that beautifully simple style which is peculiar to religious melody in Russia. The music having ceased, a curtain drew up, and the pontiff and high altar stood before us: after the mass was over, the officiating prelate, escorted by a long train of clergy, passed through the sacred portal, arrived in solemn procession behind the bier, and recited the prayers for the dead; the prelate bearing a cross covered with crape. I never witnessed a more imposing sight; the whole of the ecclesiastics were ranged in two files, and, in an instant, the holy temple blazed with the light of a thousand tapers; for every person who took part in the ceremony had one given to him. The deacons then sang couplets, to which the choir responded; a ceremony far exceeding in length the absolutions of the Catholic church. The officiating minister now drew forth a parchment, which contained the remission of sins; he read it to the collected throng, and placed it in the hands of a priest, who, by means of an aperture left in the bier, deposited it on the breast of the deceased. This done, a deacon approached the bier and called the deceased by name in a loud voice; every light was instantaneously extinguished; and this was a signal for conveying the body to the cemetery, which is situated in the interior of the convent. — *Translated in Foreign Literary Gazette.*

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

From the same.

We were taking our tea with Mdme. ***, when M. d'Erbain raised his creeking voice and pronounced the Russians to be the most superstitious people on the face of the globe. "Don't you know," said he, "that in many houses salt, sans a seller, is put upon table, in order to prevent an unlucky capsize? Are you not aware that nothing of importance is undertaken on a Monday? Have you never seen a nurse shrink in dismay when you have extolled the freshness and good looks of her child, and don't you know that she is convinced your praise will dry the babe to a mummy? Have you never seen the common people spit behind them to drive away the devil? Don't you know that persons in mourning are deemed of fatal augury in all societies, particularly at christenings, nuptial doings, and festive banquets?" When the Russian peasantry perceive that they do not succeed with beasts of one colour, they change them for another; chickens, turkeys, ducks, and all that fry, are comprised in the sentence. Nay, were you to give them a cow, differing in the slightest degree from their favourite tint, they would get rid of it, for fear she should place the whole establishment in jeopardy M. d'Erbain upbraided the Russian ladies also with their taste for ghost stories. Every region has its story-teller: Prince Belloselsky, a man of extremely amiable character, had a most delightful imagination in all that concerned the "bogles:" he was one evening at a large party, when the ladies stormed him *en masse*, with—"Dear prince, pray set our hair on end!" The prince required that every light should be put out, excepting a single candle, which was to be left in an adjoining apartment. He began his tale, which depicted a ghost advancing slowly, on solemn tiptoe, to the side of a certain person's bed. The narrator had been spreading out his hand on a marble table for some minutes; the tone of his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on a sudden, he clapped his ice-cold hand on the naked shoulder of the mistress of the house; a shriek of horror burst from her; the whole party sprung on their legs, and rushed into the next apartment: one of the ladies, in her fright, overset the light, utter darkness ensued, and the

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general panic was redoubled: their cries brought the servants with the blessing of light; and the prince had enough on his hands before he could persuade them there was nothing to fear. "Why, ladies," said he, "'tis your own fault; you ordered me to set your hair on end; how then could I refuse to make a draft upon my imagination and endeavour to please you?" —*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

SIR BOYLE (the Irish member) was a staunch courtier, who voted uniformly on the ministerial side, and it was universally allowed he did it more essential service by his address, than many others of equal zeal, and perhaps greater ability. "I wish," said he, one day, when opposing an anti-ministerial motion, "I wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of the bottomless pit." At another time, in relation to English connexion, he observed—"England, it must be allowed, is the mother-country, and, therefore, I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together like sisters as they are and ought be!" A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration—"I would," said Sir Boyle, "have two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept every thing that should attempt to pass between." These effusions never failed to excite laughter; but though that national figure of speech, vulgarly called a *bull*, was that in which he most delighted to indulge, and which flowed most naturally from his tongue, he sometimes displayed, if not genuine wit, yet something akin to pointed satire and repartee. This was exemplified in his remarks upon a speech of Mr. Curran, containing the following passage: "The honourable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour; I wish him joy on his sinecure." —*New Monthly Magazine.*

EPITAPH ON A MAGISTRATE, WHO HAD FORMERLY BEEN A BARBER.

HERE lies Justice;—be this his truest praise:
He wore the wig which once he made, and learnt to shave both ways.

SUPERSTITION RELATING TO STAIRS.

PALLADIO tells us—"The ancients observed not to make the number of steps even to the end—that beginning to ascend with the right foot, they might end with the same foot, which they took to be a good omen, and with greater devotion so to enter the temple."

P. T. W.

AT the battle of Fornova, under Charles VIII., there were a number of Italian knights, who, although overthrown, could not be killed, on account of the thickness and strength of their armour, till broke up, *like huge lobsters*, by the servants and followers of the army, with large wood-cutters' axes, each man at arms having three or four men employed about him.—*Grose*, vol. i. p. 106.

OVER the door of a vendor of varieties in a country village is—"Licentious dealer in Backy and Snuff."

A COUNTRY paper announces that a calico printer—"one day last week fell down dead and instantly expired."

THE K—— Gazette gives in its obituary, an account of the death of a gentleman "who was killed by the upsetting of a coach aged forty-five."

A WIT remarked the other day that the Professors of a certain University bid fair to become *wranglers*.

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

UPON a black board, besprinkled with white tears, and hung up in a public-house, in England, is the following inscription:—"This monument is erected to the memory of *Trust*, who was some time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit*; a fellow who is prowling about the country plotting the ruin of all publicans."

AN ERROR IN GRAIN.

A WOMAN having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers said she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he therefore supposed for certain, that she was the same at her death.

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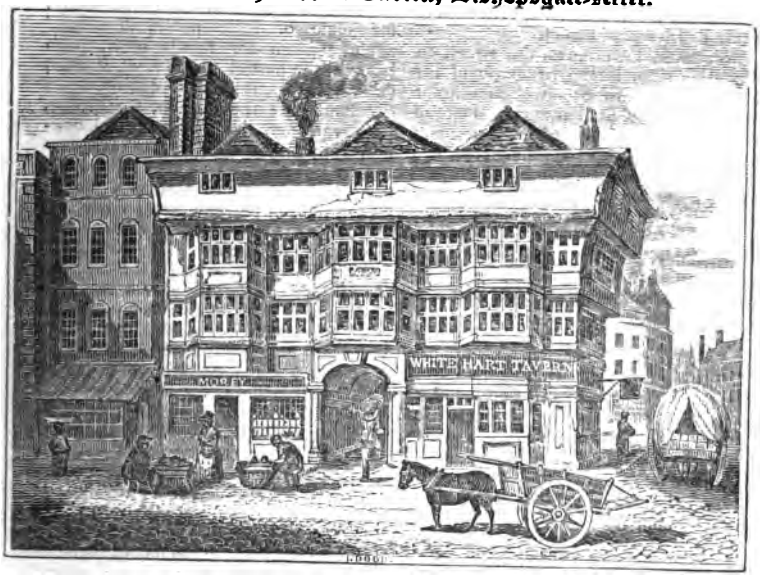
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 419.] SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1830. [PRICE 2d.

Old White Hart Tabern, Bishopsgate-street.



FEW parishes of the metropolis contain so many relics of London in the Olden Time, as that of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, in which till very recently stood the subject of the above engraving. The old church, it appears, escaped the fire of 1666, and stood on the very brink of the Tower Ditch. Here also was "Petty France," so called from "divers Frenchmen dwelling there. Houndsditch and Spittlefields are in this parish, and in the same neighbourhood is Crosby House, notorious as the lodging of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and said to have once been the highest house in London. In this parish also stood the Hospital of St. Mary, Bethlem, the locality of which, as well as of the Old White Hart, will be illustrated by the following passage from Stow:—

"Next unto the parish church of S. Buttolph was *a faire Inne for receipt of travellours*; then an Hospitall of Saint Mary of Bethlem, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sheriffes of London, in the *yeere* 1246. He founded it to have beene a Priory of Canons, with Brethren and Sisters; and King Edward the Third granted a protection (which I have seene) for the Brethren, *Militiæ beatæ Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the Citie of London, the 14 yeere of his reigne. It was an Hospitall for distracted people. Stephen Gennings, merchant taylor, gave £46. towrd purchase of the patronuge, by his Testament, 1525. The Maior and Communalty purchased the patronage thereof, with all the Lands and Tenements thereunto belonging, in the yeere 1546."

The "faire inne," mentioned in the preceding extract, stood upon the site of the above White Hart. Pennant states that none of the original building was left; indeed, from the date on the front being 1480, the inn would not appear to have been an adjunct or part of the priory, as has been supposed,* but

* Bethlem Hospital was removed from this spot to the southern side of Moorfields, where it was rebuilt in the reign of Charles II. At that time it must have had a very fine effect from the fields, then the constant resort of the Londoners, whose prospect extended to Islington. Finsbury Fields were once celebrated for Archery; and in the year 1628, was published by James Pastridge, "Aim for Finsbury Archers, or an Alphabetical Table of the names of every mark within the Fields." Many of our readers, doubtless, re-

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to have been built in the reign of Richard III.

During the past year (1829) the old building has been taken down, and on its site the inn has been rebuilt in a style of architectural elegance quite equal to the importance attached to taverns in our times: the new building forming the angle of Liverpool Street.

Somewhat lower down the street, on the same side, is the residence of Sir Paul Pindar, now occupied as a liquor shop. The original owner was one of the richest merchants of his time, and, like many other good subjects, was ruined by his conscientious attachment to Charles I. An old house, still remaining in Half Moon Street, running from Bishopsgate Street towards Long Alley, and distinguishable by its raised figures upon the front, was, according to tradition, that of Sir Paul Pindar's gardener.

Pennant relates a few anecdotes of the worthy knight:—

"This great and wealthy merchant was early distinguished by that frequent cause of promotion, the knowledge of languages. He was placed apprentice with an Italian master, travelled much, and was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seignior by James I. in which office he gained great credit by extending the English commerce in the Turkish dominions. He brought over with him a diamond valued at £30,000.; the king wished to buy it on credit: this the sensible merchant declined, but favoured his majesty with the loan on gala days; his unfortunate son became the purchaser. Sir Paul was appointed farmer of the customs by James, and frequently supplied that monarch's wants, as well as those of his successor. He was esteemed worth £236,000. exclusive of bad debts, in the year 1639. His charities were very great; he expended £19,000. in the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was ruined by his connection with this unfortunate monarch, and if I remember rightly, underwent imprisonment for debt. It is said that Charles owed him and the rest of the old commissioners of the customs £300,000.; for the security of which, in 1643, they offered the parliament £100,000. but the proposal was rejected. He died August 22, 1650, aged 84. He left his affairs in such a perplexed state, that his executor, William Toomes, unable to bear the disappointment, destroyed himself, and most deservedly underwent the ignominy of the now almost obsolete verdict of *felo-de-se*."

Sir Paul was a liberal benefactor to the poor, as the parish books amply prove. He must too have been an excellent neighbour; for among his gifts we read of "a pie to the parishioners, for some of their public dinners;" again, "given Sir Paul's cook, who brought the pastie, 2*s.* 6*d.*;" "paid, (which was spent at the Dolphin), when Sir Paul gave the venison, for flowre, butter, pepper, eggs, making and baking, as by bill, 19*s.* 7*d.*" He often furnished "the parish venison;" yet the churls, according to Malcolm, "after all the venison he sent them, made him pay for a license for eating flesh, for three years past, 2*l.*" The honours at his funeral were very great, for the people in their curiosity to have a last look at the enclosure of his ashes, broke "windowes," for "mendinge" which was charged, "by bill, 16*s.* 2*d.*"

It would be ungrateful to forget so substantial a benefactor as Sir Paul, and his old residence is accordingly known by the sign of "the Sir Paul Pindar." His portrait was formerly over the door, but has lately disappeared; and *stat nominis umbra*. We saw an *omnibus* at the door, and this upset all our meditations on Sir Paul's hospitality; yet as Malcolm observes, "old and decayed as his house now is, may it be preserved for many years in veneration to this good Samaritan!"

collect the pulling down of Old Bethlem, and the building of the New Hospital in St. George's Fields.

SPIRIT'S SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

"She died in early youth,
Ere life had lost its rich romantic hues."
DIRGE, BY "DELTA."

Without a wing I soar away,
And leave behind the starry world;
And on me pours a flood of day
From the great fount of brightness hurl'd.

What glorious scenes, for ever new,
Are spreading, far and wide, around me;
And bursting on my dazzled view,
Heaven's blest inhabitants surround me.

From countless harps, what music swells!
The soul of harmony is there:
Awhile around its sweetness dwells,
Then rises on th' ambrosial air.

Still rising, let me join the song,
That from the myriad hosts ascended;
My humble offering pour along,
To be with strains angelic blended.

That distant world I scarce can see
Where late I liv'd and breath'd a day:
A little day—for soon from me,
Its sunny morning past away.

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And I have left, for ever left,
Its fle-tting sorrows, tears, and smiles;
Its golden hopes, how soon bereft
Its dear deceivings and its wiles.

Yet lovely were its skies of blue,
Green, sunny hills and vales beneath;
But ever-changing were its hues,
And fading flowers were in the wreath.

I lov'd, and was belov'd again!
And friends I had, and friendships gave:
Not mine affection's severed chain,
Its garlands flourish o'er my grave.

Oh yes! for o'er that grassy mound,
Fond tears were shed from friendship's eye;
And love, with footsteps thither bound,
Wept till woe's very fount was dry.

At dewy morn, at dusky eve.
I've hovered near and mark'd their sorrow;
And wondered why they e'er could grieve
My entrance on this glorious morrow.

Dry, dry your eyes, ye weeping few,
Who wander near my grassy bed!
Or falling soft, as evening dew,
May Time his healing on you shed.

And raise from that dark earth your vision,
To this bright peopled home of mine;
Where *Faith* has found her full fruition,
Beyond the fading scenes of Time.

Kirton, Lindsey. ANNE R.

THE TWO HERVEYS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERMIT me to correct a material error in the biographical sketch relative to *Dr. J. Hervey*, said to be taken from Colman's *Random Records*, No. 416, page 140, of the *Mirror*.

It was the *Rev. James Hervey*, Rector of Weston Favell, who wrote the *Meditations*, and not Dr. J. Hervey, Registrar of the College of Physicians, with whom and his brother William, nephews to the author abovenamed, I was schoolfellow under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Green, about sixty-five years ago.

Availing myself of this opportunity, I subjoin an Epigram more laconic, and with more point than the one inserted as above, from my friend Mr. B., a quondam member of the *crack-club*, held at the Black Dog, for tickling the palates of which, Peter would exert his utmost gastronomic powers.

A small error of the press appears in No. 417, page 160, article, *Pastry*—it should be Kidder, not Hidder; his shop was at the corner of Furnival's Inn Court; his work, a thin octavo, is in my possession; the whole is engraved on copper.

Z.

Epigram.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish,
To please in separate stations,
The *one* invented *sauce for fish*,
The other *Meditations*:
Each had his pungent power applied
To aid the *dead* and *dying*;
This relishes a *sole* when *fried*,
That saves a soul from frying.
SUPPOSED TO BE BY G. COLMAN.

HISTORY OF GREEK FIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F. A. S. in his *History of Great Britain*, says, "A. D. 882, the Saracens of Crete sent a navy to assault Constantinople. Nicetas, the high admiral of the Eastern empire, attacks and utterly defeats them, burning twenty of their ships by *Greek Fire*." At the celebrated siege of Acre, which lasted two years, 1190 and 1191, both parties made use of the "*Greek Fire*;" a diabolical species of flame, which burnt the fiercer for the application of water. The idea which the French knights formed of this destructive fire, seems to have been almost unutterable. "Each man, (said Gauthier de Cariel, an old and experienced warrior,) should throw himself on his elbows and knees when that fire is thrown, and beseech the Lord (who alone can help him) to avert the dreadful danger." This counsel was practised by Phillip himself, who as often as he heard the Greek Fire discharged in the night, raised his body from the bed, and with uplifted hands, prayed "Lord preserve my people! Beau sire," &c. Joinville, a gallant officer who was present, thus describes the Greek Fire:—"It was thrown from a 'Petrarie.' It was as large as a barrel of verjuice, had a flaming tail like a broad sword, made a report like thunder, and appeared like a dragon flying through the air; giving such a light that, in the camp at midnight, one might see as well as at noonday." G. de Vinesauf, a brave and learned French baron, thus expresses his horror at this destructive pest:—"This fire has a most fetid smell with livid flames, and consumes even flints and iron. Water quenches it not; sand checks its force; but vinegar alone can extinguish it."

"To complete the story of the Greek Fire," says Andrews, "we will forestal the order of time: Phillip of France, finding a quantity of this odious ammunition ready prepared at Acre, took it with him to Europe, and merely made use of it (so says Pere Daniel) against the fleet of England at Dieppe." It was afterwards used in France, and one

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Gaubert, of Mant, gained the secret of making it; but with him it expired. In 1380, the warlike Bishop of Norwich and his army in Flanders suffered great annoyance from a composition of this inflammatory kind. And it is asserted by the most diligent of antiquaries, Grose, "that a chymist still enjoys an annuity from government on condition of keeping secret a composition of the same destructive class." This species of fire is perhaps very ancient. In the history of the Goths, Procopius speaks of an infernal mixture, called "Medea's Oil," which had much the same properties. And the Kilan Tartars are said to have introduced it to China, in 917, under the name of "The oil of the Cruel Fire." P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

HERE is a little batch of humour and frolic from the second volume of *Angelo's Reminiscences*. The writer it will be recollected, was the most celebrated fencing-master of his day. His book is real gossip and amusement.]

INCLEDON AND MUNDEN.

AT Mat. Williams' coffee-house, Bow-street, once a week, there was a public dinner; on the Saturday, when some of the performers usually took the chair. This was not *un jeu de théâtre*, but *un jeu de cabaret*, a trap for country gentleman to see actors off the stage. Incledon, who happened to be president one day, found great fault with the wine, and though by his order it was often changed for better, he was always dissatisfied, at the same time boasting what very fine wine *he* had in his cellar, "bin No. 2." brandishing in his hand his nectar key, as he called it. My friend Munden, who sat next to him, when he put it into his coat pocket, whilst he was singing, adroitly took it out, and leaving the room, forwarded it to Mrs. Incledon, by a person whom he could trust, with a message to deliver to the bearer six bottles of the old Port wine, bin No. 2. When the man returned, Mat. Williams, who was in the secret, brought up one of the bottles himself, and said he hoped the company would find it better, he had only six bottles of *that* wine in the house. Incledon still persisted that it was worse than any of the others. The joke continued till the last bottle made its appearance, when a bumper was drunk to the president, as donor of the last six bottles, not a little to his astonishment, as may be imagined.

As I was walking one night with Theodore Hook from the play, passing along Coventry-street, a sewer was being repaired at the time. Several men with lighted candles were below, at a considerable depth, and were busily employed at work. At the top was a railing over the cavity where they descended, and a crowd standing round. Theodore Hook, not preferring to make any inquiries of them, had placed his head over the rails, calling out, "What are you about? What are you looking for?" when those at the bottom, much engaged, and not willing to answer his repeated calls, replied, "We are looking for a seven-shilling-piece, which perhaps you want more than we do," to the no small amusement of the bystanders.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE last time I was at Eton College, visited Mrs. Raganeau, who kept one of the first boarding-houses in the place; she informed me that the Duke of Wellington, when he took Lord Douro and his brother there, having boarded himself in the same house, and when looking over his bedroom, after making a number of inquiries, was very desirous to go into the kitchen, and there, to the astonishment of every one, pointed out to them where he had cut his name on the door. Such a valuable memento in a kitchen, (if remaining still there) must be gratifying to the lady of the house, and I should think would far better become a frame in the parlour.

THE WIG.

SOME years ago, when debating societies were the rage, I was occasionally in the habit of attending them, and remember being present at a very riotous one, when a mischievous wag, snatching off the president's wig, ran off into the street, threw it away, and cried "stop thief!" The company followed, the watchman rattled, and the president, wandering in search of his property, was taken up for stealing *his own wig*, and passed the rest of the night in the watch-house.

AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

AT the time I attended at the Charter House, a gentleman, who had called there to see his son, remained some time in the school-room whilst I was giving a lesson, and seemed to eye me very much. When I had finished, he said to me, "It is a long time, Mr. Angelo, since we last met." Not having the least recollection of his person,

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I requested the favour of his name, when he mentioned our fighting at Eton, and that, after a long battle, I had beaten him. "Then," I replied, "you must be Dick Harding." This must have been more than fifty years previous to the time when he mentioned the circumstance.

PETER PINDAR'S FEELINGS.

DOCTOR WOLCOT told me, that, when a boy, he was serving his time at an apothecary's shop in Jamaica, and that when pounding in a brass mortar, it so far hurt his feelings, that before his apprenticeship expired, he ran away; for the noise it made continually put him in mind of the poor patients, it was always "Kill'em again! kill'em again!"

FINE TASTE.

I CANNOT avoid mentioning an anecdote that a duke (to whom I made my obeisance on lately meeting him in Bond-street) related to me some years ago on his return from Italy. "When I was at Naples, Sir William Hamilton had a cassino at Portici, some little distance from Mount Vesuvius, as he was in the habit of approaching the crater as near as he could venture. He often took up his residence there expressly for that purpose, and was engaged on one occasion that had particularly attracted his attention. I was left alone to dine with Lady Hamilton and her mother, who had followed her from England. In the course of conversation, after dinner, when speaking of the excellence of the lacryma christi, a famous Italian wine, the mother ejaculated, "Oh! as how I had but some English gin here!" The duke who luckily had taken some with him, directly forwarded his servant to his hotel at Naples for it. At his return, the *madre*, delighted with the *vero gusto*, by her frequent tasting did not a little convince his grace of the improvement the juniper berry had upon the vulgar tongue (in which she particularly excelled,) and the glass increasing, she said, "she had not never enjoyed the *good creature* (gin) since she left England; it was far betterer than all your outlandish wines."

COUNT DIP.

THE first time I saw Holman the performer was when at school, in Soho-square, at the Rev. Dr. Barvis's. Hamlet was the character. It was the Christmas holidays: there was afterwards a dance in the school-room. A young lady, whom I knew, was there; and boasted very much that she had danced with a handsome young man, a French nobleman, *Count Dip*, and that he spoke English as if he had been born in England; but when I told her who it was she had danced with, though before she was enraptured with his figure, and seemed quite captivated with him, she instantly changed her tone, and said she was shocked at having danced with such a plebeian, "Ah! le bourgeois affreux." The nobleman alluded to was a Mr. Sherwin, commonly called Count Dip, the son of a tallow-chandler, at the time living in Drury-lane, a few doors from Long-acre. Sherwin was a great favourite with the ladies; and though his manners might have discovered him to some, it was not so with all the ladies. My acquaintance was one who had not found him out. My friend (as far as acquaintance goes) had an excellent voice, and being a pleasant companion, he was welcome in most companies, *au cabaret*, where singing and late hours were the order of the night, especially at the Brush, in Long-acre, a club that originated in the time of Hogarth, and the coach-painters, as well as Alexander Stephens (a character well known there by his songs, and like Captain Morris in *some* of them.)

At that time, Darling, printseller, Newport-street, St. Martin's-lane, had his print-shop full of humorous caricatures of the day (I shall not say dandies—we knew of no such word then.) Count Dip, the tallow-chandler; Watts, the butcher—"Watt's you want—Watt's you buy?"—Prior, the builder—prior to all the macaronies; Lord Cork (I forget his name, but the same shop is at this time existing in Piccadilly,) a cork-cutter; the Master of the Rolls, a baker, in Down-street, Hyde Park-corner. These were the bourgeois macaronies, a term given then to the queer characters of the day; something being written under, to allude to the person exposed to ridicule. Nor did the men of fashion escape, Lord Littleton, &c. At the time, having some quizzical ideas myself, and sketching, occasionally, those whose singularity excited my attention, I exhibited several in the shops, particularly Soubise, the black, protected by the Duchess of Queensbury; Old Laurington, of Windsor, who kept the billiard-table, well known to the Etonians of that period; when many an evening, five minutes before the time of absence at the boarding-houses, at the hour of eight (so called,) *then* in the middle of a game, I have got in time to college, to

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avoid being flogged the next morning, for my non-appearance. These, then, were the caricature efforts of my juvenile days.

MACKLIN.

I SHOULD think it must have been the last time that Macklin performed the part of Shylock, when, his memory failing him, he stood for a long time speechless. After a long pause, the audience becoming out of patience, a general hissing ensued, regardless of his old age—then approaching to ninety. Not being able to proceed, he retired. I was in the pit, near to the orchestra, and was hurt to see the old man come forward on the stage; in one hand holding a candle, and in the other a paper, which he read to the audience. I do not recollect the contents further than that he justified himself; Macklin brought an action against a lawyer, named Alderton, who had hissed him, and recovered damages; which, on his refusing to accept, the judge complimented him, saying, "Mr. Macklin, this is one of your best performances."

AWKWARD MISTAKE.

LORD PEMBROKE excelled in horsemanship, which was his daily amusement in his manége; he did not neglect the exercise of fencing, and by way of varying it, he had Henkley, a famous quarter-staff master. Henkley, in his opinion of his abilities and in his temper, was not like some French fencing-masters *politique* (servile,) whom I have known in this country, to put *de gina in dere pocate*, pocket the hits; not so this Robin Hood, who had often given his lordship a good thrashing. Desiring him (Lord Pembroke) in one of his lessons, to make a *full* stroke at his legs, at the same time prepared to guard them, Lord Pembroke made a full blow on his head, and laid him flat on the floor, leaving on it a purple memento of his mistake. The enraged master called out, "I said the legs!" when his lordship replied, "I thought you said the head; I see I never shall make any thing of this exercise, so I had better pay you for your lessons, and leave off."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LAY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

"*She never told her Love.*"

A SIGH went floating on the breeze,
Freed from its fetter'd stay:
Then, like the wind o'er summer seas,
Died fitfully away:

A stifled sob of grief was heard,
A breath as from above;
She did not lisp *one* lonely word,—
She never told her love!

Sighs are the treasur'd thoughts which rise,
Like perfume from the flow'r,
When the lorn spirit's broken ties
Leave grief for beauty's dow'r;
But oh! as bitterly they spring,
When maiden thoughts are wove,
Like hers, to joys which bless—yet wring,—
She never told her love!

A tear-drop glisten'd in her eye,
A gloom was on her brow,
And her young heart throbb'd tremblingly,
As leaves when storm-winds blow;
A sigh—a tear—twin marks of pain,
Were all her heart could prove,
Her soul's best chords were rent in twain,—
She never told her love!

She wept—how could she else but weep?
Tears bless the spirit's dearth,
And, when the frozen heart would sleep,
To brighter hours give birth:
She wept,—but dark thoughts still will cling,
As grief to joy were wove,
She yet must curb her spirit's wing,—
She never told her love!

Oh, love broods on in silence still,
More deep but from its rest,
Crowds cast a chain upon the will,
And chill the feeling's zest;
But oh, the heart's frank incense burns
More bright when still thoughts move,
And she—what throbs *her* breast inurns:—
She never told her love!

Perchance 'tis well. Affection's name
Scarce finds a place on earth,
And better thus to quench the flame,
Than chill its zeal by dearth:
Quench!—Canst thou bow the might of heav'n?
There love in light doth move;
No, such as hers may ne'er be riv'n,—
She never told her love!

'Tis ever thus, hope twines a bow'r,
Which fades before the storm,
Whilst forms more cold resist its pow'r,
They shrink—the lov'd—the warm;
Love lingers but a moment's space,
The deep—as from above,
How could she dream such thoughts to trace?
She never told her love!

And she must die—so young—so fair,—
A wave upon the deep!
And few shall grieve her love so rare,
Few turn aside to weep:
Save when some youthful heart like mine,
A kindred flame doth prove,
And whispers o'er her mem'ry's shrine,
"She never told her love!"

London University Magazine.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

"There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sate he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing which once befell
To a ship upon the sea.'"

THE Rev. Cotton Mather, D.D. and F.R.S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled "Magnalia Christi Americana," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," dur-

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ing which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and Reverend Doctor's book, is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses, and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. "Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true—nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena." And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during the time of Dr. Mather. He describes noises and hurtlings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship, called "Noah's Dove," was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town; but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious appearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to revisit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their two questionable fellow-passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last, the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharfs, to see their relations embark—all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations, to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, (the ship being cast loose from her moorings), made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes; and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and

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three nights, the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and frenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendour—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; insomuch, that an old gray-headed sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbour that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time the twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her, and upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question, for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noon-day, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

Whilst the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbour, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr. Mather at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Livian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestible proofs."

Blackwood's Magazine.

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF PUNCH.

More than once or twice have we thrown together a few ideas of the *immaterialities* of Punch. His freaks are all epigrams, and he is an epitome of human life. Like the Opera, he came from Italy, yet his humour is more attractive than all the "fine stuff" of the King's Theatre. His cracked trumpet beats hollow the finest orchestra of

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Rossini, and his sallies are worth the best witticisms of the best comedies. The story is better than all the versions of Cupid and Psyche ever produced on any stage; his quarrel with Judy is unequalled. Brutus and Cassius—Peachum and Locket—and Lord and Lady Townley—are but mouthy heroes compared with Punch and Judy. Sir Richard Steele, and the fine people of his day panegyrized Punch in the *Spectator*, where his merits are as highly told as are the rarities of the *vice-versâ* menagerie of Waterloo Bridge, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

Mr. Haydon has, therefore, very properly thrown the humours of Punch and Judy into a fine picture. The painter is a man of very sensitive mind; for he tells us he has "endeavoured to bring into one moment, characters and passions, sorrows, and joys, hopes, and happinesses, such as happen daily in the same moment in life, and will continue to happen so, while 'this dim spot which men call earth' exists, and is peopled by beings, physically and mentally different, some by education, some by nature, and some by a combination of both." The artist's materials were at hand; and he could not walk along the New Road any day in the year without finding a touch for his pictures. But we will quote his description:—

"In the centre is an old farmer fresh from the country, with a rose in his bosom, heated from walking, his hat off to cool his head, and attended by his faithful sheep dog. Enchanted by the wit and humour of far-famed Punch, he regards his freaks with the credulity and simplicity of a true believer; one hand is up in utter astonishment. On his right is a London sharper, who, with genuine politeness, engages his attention, pointing out and explaining to the farmer the meaning of the two puppets, while a girl behind is sheltering an urchin, who, under the protection of her cloak, is picking the farmer's pocket of his pocket-book, which is imprudently too high out of his pocket, as well as the last number of Cobbett's *Address to the Farmers*. Right behind the farmer stands a sailor, who is puffing out the smoke of his pipe, and smiling at Punch. *Trafalgar* is printed in gold letters on the blue ribbon which encircles his straw hat. He is loose and lounging, and paying no regard to the lady who is coquetting by his side. It is intended to contrast the air of the sailor with the dignified, stately, self-command of a life-guardsman behind him, a Waterloo hero; both sailor and soldier being a fair representation of the respective noble services to which they belong.

"The object of attention, Punch, is beating his interesting wife for supposed levity of conduct! She entreats mercy; but Punch is inexorable. It is hoped that the malevolent but interesting grin, the blank but terrific stare, the hook nose and fierce expression of Punch's immortal face, have not been missed by the artist; while the helpless impotence with which he wields the club, being obliged to swing his whole body before he can strike with it, are touches of character and beauty, it would have been a pity equally to have overlooked.

"Below this interesting and animated couple are two boys, one looking intently up, and the other smiling at his little brother, (an infant,) whom the servant girl is jumping up, regarding the child all the time with serious anxiety lest he should leap out of her arms. Two young men of fashion on horseback are looking on, while at the moment Punch is playing his jests, the funeral of a sweet girl is passing towards Mary-le-bone Church, just as the wedding of another is coming from it; and sooty and his lady, with Jack-in-the-Green, in all the regular paraphernalia of a May-day, are burying their sorrows in glee, clatter, and dancing. Such is human life.

"Beneath the sailor is a street-sweeping little dog mimicking Punch with his broom. By his side the farmer's thorough-bred sheep dog is growling and curling himself up for a bark. In the left corner is one of the Punch show men, indifferent and callous to the scene; while an apple girl below, quite used to London and its varieties, is dozing over her table of fruit.

"Behind the horse-guardsman is a High-street Police officer (Forster) with his hat up, and mace in hand, watching the urchin who is picking the farmer' pocket, and ready to pounce on him like a terrier-dog.

"The scene is laid in the New Road, near Mary-le-bone Church, and the buildings and church painted from sketches made on the spot.

"The new married couple are amiable, and anticipating, as they ought to be on entering a condition, which if happy, is the only evidence left us of lost Paradise, and if unhappy, a certain anticipation of undiscovered hell; the black servant behind is proud and glorious, the coachman slyly peeping at Punch—and the very lamp adorned with ribbons.

"The arms on the new married

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couple's coach are three pierced hearts, and two anchors, with Cupid blowing bubbles form the crest."

The reader will perceive that *Punch* is of the same character as the *Mock Election* picture. Yet the subject is more familiar, and the humour will be more extensively appreciated. The best figure is, perhaps, the farmer: the wonder, and delight of his face are admirably expressed. Some over fastidious persons may think his credulity is overdrawn; yet, ask any sub-actor in a pantomime, and he will tell you that there is some simplicity abroad in spite of the rod and the steam engine. Next are the sailor and soldier—the height of the characteristic. The theatre and actors—Punch and Judy—are excellent; the child and nurse are just as the painter describes them; but the self-satisfied chuckle of the "street-sweeping little dog, mimicking Punch with his broom," is superior to the last group. Rags and shoeless feet—damp and cold—pelting showers, mud and snow—all these cares are forgotten in the moment of the little urchin's success. The carnival of the sweeps needs not our praise; for the reader may form some idea of the excellent burlesque which they add to the scene. The dingy finery and sooty glory—and the hoyden mirth—the sleek and plump-faced girl in crimson, with her brass bowl, need only be mentioned.

The bye-play of the picture, or the little game of cribbage between the sharper, the girl, and the pick-pocket urchin, and Forster the police-man, strengthens the incident and interest; and the carriage of the newly-married pair, and the funeral of the sweet girl, are vicissitudes almost too strong to look upon without giddiness. But the apple girl in the left corner of the painting is, perhaps, the loveliest association of nature and art among all the figures. Her dozing indifference and her shoeless feet are past all praise. The delighted leer of the coachman and footman of the newly-married pair is a fine contrast to the sleeping girl: although they might be expected brimful of joy at the happiness of the wedding, yet their delight at Punch and Judy is oozing out at every pore.

In the room are several others of Mr. Haydon's pictures—a few of them with the little trophy "sold," in the corner. His Gallery, for such a name the collection deserves, will doubtless be one of the most attractive of the season; for genius and sterling patronage should always go hand in hand.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

BATTLE OF CORUNNA, AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

January, 1809.

THE preparations for embarking were completed on the morning of the sixteenth, and Sir John Moore gave notice, that, in case the enemy should not move during the day, the embarkation of the reserve should commence at four o'clock. The tranquillity of the armies remained undisturbed till noon, when the general, mounting his horse, rode off to visit the outposts. He had not proceeded far, when he received a report from General Hope, stating that the enemy's line were getting under arms; and a deserter who came in at the same moment confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. The piquets had already opened fire on the enemy's light troops, which were pouring rapidly down on the right wing. A heavy fire was shortly opened from the French battery on the height; the piquets were driven rapidly back; and four strong columns of the enemy, supported by a reserve, were observed descending the hill. Two of these—one emerging from a wood, the other skirting its edge—threatened the right of the position; another directed its march on the centre; and the fourth on the left. The two first of these columns advanced with rapidity, and, by a bold attack, at once carried the village of Elvina. Thus far successful, they endeavoured to turn the right of the position. It was defended by Lord William Bentinck's brigade, having the brigade of Guards in their rear. In order to prevent the success of this manœuvre, General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and take post on the right of the line.

Lord William Bentinck's brigade received the attack with firmness; and the fourth regiment, being thrown back *en potence*, met the enemy with a well-directed fire. The order was at length given to charge; and the forty-second and fiftieth regiments advanced to regain the village of Elvina. The ground around the village was so intersected by walls and enclosures as to prevent any general collision. A severe but irregular fight ensued, which terminated in the French being driven back with great loss. The fiftieth regiment, led by Major Napier, rushed into Elvina, and with

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great gallantry drove out the enemy with the bayonet, and pursued them for some distance beyond it.

In the meanwhile, from some misapprehension, the forty-second had retired; and the enemy being reinforced, took advantage of that circumstance to renew the conflict. Elvina became again the scene of struggle; the forty-second, after a brief but animating address from the general, returned to the attack; and the Guards being brought up to their support, the enemy gave way.

It was at this period of the action that Sir John Moore received his death wound. He was engaged in watching the result of the contest about Elvina, when a cannon shot struck him on the breast and beat him to the ground. He raised himself immediately to a sitting posture, and continued with a calm gaze to regard the regiments engaged in his front. Captain Hardinge threw himself from his horse, and took him by the hand; then, observing his anxiety, he told him the forty-second were advancing, and on this intelligence his countenance was observed to brighten.

His friend Colonel Graham now dismounted, and from the composure of his features, entertained hopes that he was not even wounded; but observing the horrid laceration and effusion of blood, he rode off for surgical assistance.

Sir John Moore was removed from the field by a party of the forty-second. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword became entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but he stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Sir David Baird had previously been disabled by a severe wound; and the command of the army now devolved on General Hope.

In the meanwhile, all went prosperously in the field. The reserve pushed on to the right, and, driving back the enemy, continued advancing on their flank, overthrowing every thing before them. The enemy, perceiving their left wing to be exposed, drew it entirely back.

An attack made on the British centre, was successfully resisted by the brigades of Generals Manningham and Leith. The ground in that quarter being more elevated and favourable for artillery, the guns were of great service.

On the left, the enemy had taken possession of the village of Palavio on the road to Betanzos. From this a fire was still kept up by their troops, till Colonel Nichols, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, attacked it and beat them out.

Day was now fast closing; and the enemy had lost ground in all parts of the field. The firing, however, still continued, and night alone brought the contest to a close.

Thus ended the battle of Corunna. Let no man say that it was fought in vain, because it was attended with no result of immediate benefit to the victorious army. It gave a glorious termination to an inglorious retreat. It vindicated, in the eyes of Europe, the character of the army. It embalmed the memory of their commander in the hearts of his countrymen. It erased a dark stain from the military blazon of England. It gave to the world an imperishable proof, that, after a retreat of unexampled suffering and privation, the firmness of British troops remained unshaken. The courage of her sons was assayed by the ordeal of fire, and it is, and will be, the pride of England, that it came forth pure gold from the furnace.

While Sir John Moore was removing from the field, the expression of his countenance remained unchanged, and he gave utterance to no expression of pain. From this circumstance, Captain Hardinge gathered temporary hope that the wound might not be mortal, and expressed it to the dying general. Hearing this, he turned his head for a moment, and looking steadfastly at the wound, said, "*No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might gaze on the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he signified his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

On examination by the surgeons, the wound of Sir John Moore was at once pronounced to be mortal, and from increasing pain he could speak but with difficulty. Observing his friend Colonel Anderson by his bed, he asked if the French were beaten, and then said. "*You know, Anderson, I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother*"—Here his voice failed from agitation, and he did not again venture to name her. When his strength was fast waning, and little more than a glimmering of life remained, he said to Colonel Anderson, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.*" After awhile, he pressed the hand of Colonel Anderson to his body;

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and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

Thus fell Sir John Moore. Kind in feeling, generous in spirit, dauntless in heart—no man was more beloved; none more lamented. Other leaders have been more fortunate in life; none were ever more glorious in death. Whatever may have been the military errors of such a man, however little the cast and temper of his mind may have fitted him for the task he was called on to discharge, at a crisis of peculiar difficulty, what is there in this—what is there in any failing which even malice has ventured to charge on Sir John Moore, that England should quench her pride in so noble a son? Columns may rise to others, and temples and triumphal arches may consecrate a nation's gratitude in the memory of posterity to warriors of prouder fame and more brilliant achievement; but the name of Moore will not die. It will be loved and honoured in all after generations, and his memory will stand undimmed by time κτημα εις αει.

The night succeeding the action was passed in the embarkation of the troops. At ten o'clock they moved off the field by brigades, and marched down to Corunna. Major-General Beresford was posted with the rear-guard, on the lines fronting Corunna, to watch the motions of the enemy. Major-General Hill, with his brigade, was stationed on an eminence behind the town, ready to afford support to Beresford, if necessary. The embarkation proceeded rapidly during the night, and no attempt was made to molest the covering brigades. On the following morning, however, the enemy pushed forward a corps of light troops to the heights of St. Lucia, which commanded the harbour, and, planting a few cannon, fired at the transports. At three o'clock General Hill's brigade was withdrawn, and at night the rear-guard embarked without molestation from the enemy.

At twelve o'clock, on the night of the sixteenth, the remains of Sir John Moore were removed to the citadel of Corunna. He had often said, that, if killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell; and it was determined that the body should be interred on the rampart of the citadel. A grave was dug by a party of the ninth regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the body, without being undressed, was wrapt by the officers of his staff in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, the sound of firing was heard, and they feared that, in the event of a serious attack, they might be prevented from paying the last duties to their general.

The body was borne to the grave by the officers of his family; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; the corpse was covered with earth; and Sir John Moore "was left alone with his glory."

During the retreat to Corunna, his country sustained a severe loss in the death of Major-General Anstruther. No man had more honourably distinguished himself by zeal, gallantry, and talent. He died of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to the extreme inclemency of the weather. His devotion to the service induced him to neglect the precautions and remedies his situation required; and he continued to perform his duty till approaching dissolution rendered farther exertion impossible. When no longer able to mount his horse, he was placed in a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna. There he expired, amid the universal regret of his fellow-soldiers; and his remains were deposited in a grave on the ramparts, near that of his commander.

The campaign of Sir John Moore has perhaps given rise to greater differences of opinion than any other portion of the Spanish war. Almost every operation by which its progress was marked has been made to furnish matter for vehement and angry discussion. By one party, the combinations of the general have been indiscriminately lauded as a masterpiece of strategy; by another, the misfortunes of the army are considered to have solely originated in the vacillation and timidity of its leader. Friends have praised, enemies have abused, and both have at last rested in conclusions from which more unbiassed reasoners will probably feel inclined to dissent. The indiscriminating defenders of Sir John Moore are actuated by motives, generous though mistaken; his opponents, by somewhat more of personal and political prejudices, than can be made to comport with the character of disinterested and impartial inquirer after abstract truth.

But, thank Heaven! party spirit is not eternal, though truth is. Twenty years have passed since the retreat to Corunna; and the time has at length come, when it is possible to write with strict justice and impartiality of Sir John Moore. In doing so, there is no fear of derogating from his just and well-earned reputation. The fame of Moore is not, as the injudicious eulogies of his friends

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would leave us to believe, a sickly and infirm bantling, which requires to be nursed and cockered into life by praise and puffery. The column of his honour rests, not on any single achievement of extraordinary genius, but on the broad pedestal of a life actively, zealously, and successfully devoted to his country's service—of a character marked by a singular combination of high and noble qualities, and of a death worthy of such a character and such a life.—*Gleig's Annals of the Peninsular War.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. NO. C.

[The Hundredth Number, and yet full of vigour and research—after a quarter of a century, chequered by the political storms and controversies of the most troublesome times in history—truly, our friend of the blue and yellow wears well. The number before us is, perhaps, the best that has appeared for many months: there is no leaven in it—for every paper is full of interest—and we have penciled from each.]

ASTROLOGY AND PROPHECY.

Sir Isaac Newton paid the penalty to human weakness on the subject of prophetical interpretations, to a degree that seems almost allied with the unfortunate eclipse of mind under which he suffered for a period. Yet nobody has more deprecated the unwarrantable presumption of the new sort of witchcraft which thus tampers with the dark sayings of God's word, and the secrets of futurity, "as if God designed to make them prophets." The ludicrous ill fortune that, wherever a mistake was possible, has attended these anticipations, is in itself their condemnation. Grave scholars, telling in this way the fortune of a kingdom, have made as little out of their materials as astrologers of the conjunction of the planets, or gipsies from the lines of the Sultan's hand. Charles the First is said to have consulted Lilly. He certainly did not get much by it. Our greatest speculators in prophecies were among our latest dabblers in astrology. If Mr. Irving and Mr. Varley were to be taken into the pay of government at present, and a Prophecy Department established at the Foreign Office, the success of the experiment would not long preserve them against the sceptical economy of Mr. Hume. However, if there is any foundation for a tenth-part of the positiveness of their predictions, the experiment ought certainly to be made, both that the stars may not be found fighting against Sisera, nor Sisera fighting against the stars. An astrologer was formerly as necessary to a court, as a piper to a Highland chieftain. The University of Oxford seems to have employed its soothsayer up to enlightened days. Walton, treating of the Wottons, as of a family that seemed to be beloved of God, "who did speak to many of them in dreams," mentions, among sundry instances, "one short particular of Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and in discovering things past." His son, the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, being at Oxford, "when the University treasury was robbed by some townsmen and poor scholars, his father wrote him a letter out of Kent, dated three days before it happened, which threw such a light into this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure."

Those successive "cobwebs to catch flies," which are annually suspended by our zealots on every road side, have been, for the chief part, most unmercifully smashed by the uncourteous contradiction of directly opposite events. The weavers of them, however, are above being detered by the fatality which has thus reduced their per centage of plausible prognostications below the luck of Moore's Almanac in any ordinary year.

GIPSIES.

There seems no resisting the conclusion that the Gipsies are either Hindoo fugitives driven originally to emigration, or the remnants of native troops which were brought (probably by Tamerlane) from India, and left behind on his return.

TEA.

Tea is so little drunk in Germany, that it acts like medicine when taken by a native: and we have known persons in that country decline a cup of good bohea, with the excuse, "No, I thank you; *I am quite well at present.*"

England is the richest country in Europe, the most commercial, and the most manufacturing. Russia and Poland are the poorest countries in Europe. They have scarcely any trade, and none but the rudest manufactures. Is wealth more diffused in Russia and Poland than in England? There are individuals in

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Russia and Poland, whose incomes are probably equal to those of our richest countrymen. It may be doubted whether there are not, in those countries, as many fortunes of eighty thousand a-year, as here. But are there as many fortunes of five thousand a-year, or of one thousand a-year? There are parishes in England, which contain more people of between five hundred and three thousand pounds a year, than could be found in all the dominions of the Emperor Nicholas. The neat and commodious houses which have been built in London and its vicinity, for people of this class, within the last thirty years, would of themselves form a city larger than the capitals of some European kingdoms.

(To be continued.)

A HINT TO MATCH-MAKERS.

It may not be always much amiss to employ a friend to buy one a shandrydan or a trotting pony, though even then a man had far better go about the bargain himself in a business-like way; but when the transaction regards a wife, pray keep the pen in your own hand, fold and seal with your own hand, put into the post-office even with your own hand, read the answer with your own eyes, and, beg your pardon, begin from the beginning with consulting your own seven senses, and your seven thousand fancies, and the innumerable thoughts and feelings resident all the year through in your brain and your heart—begin with liking, loving, longing, desiring, burning for one object, to you incomprehensibly different from all objects of the same name and nature—Woman—and end with suddenly pressing her, by moonlight, gas-light, or candle-light, or even sun-light, to your bosom, and beseeching her, by the pity in the heaven of her eyes, to promise, in due season, to become your wife. In all probability you will thus be happy in wedlock, and cut a respectable, or even shining figure in life, not only as a husband, but absolutely as a father. Your children will be all like you as so many peas—and your funeral will be attended by heaven knows how many scores of posterity all legitimately descended from your honourable loins. But if you employ an amanuensis—a secretary—a clerk, not only to write your proposal of marriage to your intended, but commission him to put his finger on the object proper for your choice—you have only to look along the "vista of your future years," and 'tis shut up by that impressive temple—Doctors' Commons.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

INTERESTING PICTURE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

[We take to ourselves some blame for overlooking, or rather, for not before quoting a portion of an article on the Aboriginal Natives of Australia, contained in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. This paper is enriched from the valuable MS. Journal of Mr. Dawson, the late agent to the Australian Agricultural Company. Illustrative of some of their customs respecting the Dead we find the following affecting scene:—]

On reaching a place where I had established some sawyers, about four miles from the harbour, (Port Stephens,) I found that two of the wives of our imported servants had eloped with two emancipated convicts; that their husbands, accompanied by a constable, had been in search of them, but in vain; that in returning home with some natives, who also assisted in the search, the constable had either accidentally, or by design, killed the principal black of all the tribes in the vicinity. The sawyers appeared dreadfully alarmed, saying that vengeance would certainly be taken; that as they were at the outposts, they would be the first to be speared; and that they must immediately be furnished with fire-arms to protect themselves. To this, however, I did not agree, as I believed my influence over the natives, and the power I possessed to send off the offender, would satisfy them, and preserve the peace.

The two natives who accompanied me stood mute on hearing the news. Their features betrayed no unusual concern, and they said not a word till we took our departure for a station where I had established a farm. After leaving the sawyers I began by saying I was sorry that poor Tong had been killed; that I had liked him and all black fellows much; that I had sent two white fellows off to be hanged, for killing little Tommy of the Myall; and that I would have the constable hanged too. This seemed to satisfy them in some measure, and we at length arrived at the farm. Their cheerfulness, however, had fled, and they sat down by the fire in the hut, sad and pensive, expressing no anxiety to eat, although before they had heard the news they had been longing for their dinner. They spoke not a word except when spoken to. I anxiously watched their motions and appearance, although I had no apprehension of danger from them. In a short time two others, whom I had made constables, came in with sorrowful

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countenances; and I began to converse with them about what had happened. When I had done speaking they shook their heads in a sorrowful way, and then went up to the other two natives, and began to converse with them.

On my arrival at the spot where the accident or crime had taken place, I found that as soon as the death of Tong had been made known to his countrymen, they all crowded to the place. They tied a handkerchief over the wounds in his head, which had been shattered to pieces, and then two natives carried him off upon their shoulders, the whole multitude following, and crying and howling most piteously. They were moving on in this way, in the most regular and decent order possible, when the surgeon and my nephew arrived to examine the body. This would not have been permitted to any other white people, as they never allow the bodies of the dead to be seen if they can avoid it. Respect for us, however, induced them to put down the body after a little explanation, but the examination appeared to excite a good deal of uneasiness, and called forth a few wild and plaintive expressions from one of the natives before mentioned, "Bail (not) dat, massa, bail dat, black fellow no like it." The surgeon left them as quickly as possible, not wishing to hurt their prejudices.

Before my return all the natives, except about eight, who had always been employed about my tent, had left the settlement. On expressing to them my surprise that their friends had left us, they replied, "Bail dat, massa, they come back again by and by. They go udder side harbour to get pipe-clay. They cry murry long time—put on pipe-clay—then come back;" and so they did. What became of the body of the deceased no white person knew, for they carefully concealed the place of interment. The oldest man of the tribe made his appearance one day, after a week's absence; and having welcomed him, I inquired why he had staid so long away. He made no answer; but one of my native domestics whispered, "Dat make it house for black fellow dat die;" meaning that he had been preparing and earthing up the grave of the deceased, whose name has never been mentioned since his death. They make their graves where they can, in a soft, sandy, soil, where they dig with their hands to a considerable depth, and as near to the birthplace of the deceased as possible.

After a week's absence they returned in their canoes from the opposite side of the harbour, a few at a time. The women were plastered over the head, face, and breast, with pipe-clay, and those who were nearly related to the deceased were covered over with it as far as the hip bones. Their appearance was frightful, and represented the extreme of wretchedness and despair. When any of the women met me, particularly the old ones, they held up their hands, shook their heads in token of grief, and appeared to express an affection for me. I condoled with them and I always thought that we parted mutually satisfied with each other. When I inquired after the deceased's wife and son, a boy about eighteen months old, the answer was, that she was gone to the Bungwall Ground, to patter (eat) Bungwall, and to mourn; that she would return one day, but not yet. It is not usual for them soon to return to the place where any near and dear relation has died. Bungwall is fern root, which they roast in the ashes, pound to a paste between two stones, and are very fond of. It appears to be nutritious. On inquiring for the deceased's mother, and younger son, about six years old, I was told she would soon be here, when she would come and see me. A few days ago (this account was written on the spot) I saw a miserable object coming up the hill towards my tent, pipe-clayed all over, resting at intervals, and leaning against the trees, as if too weak to come on. While I was surveying this object at a distance, the little boy came running towards me, exclaiming with all the eagerness and vivacity of a boy—"Mamma come, massa! dere mamma! look massa! you see?" — "Yes, George," said I, "I do see," and I immediately went to her. As soon as she saw me, she held up her hands, with her body bent half forward, and wept till the tears overflowed her white-washed cheeks, in streams of unaffected grief. I did every thing in my power to assuage her sorrow, and gave her a home at the farm.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SHERIDAN.

Of all orators in the House of Commons, Mr. Sheridan most excelled in exciting merriment, and thus relieving the sombre character of grave and serious debate. He sought to amuse with as much avidity as to convince; he never rose in the

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house without producing laughter by some stroke of wit before he sat down; and the audience would have been disappointed in his speech, however eloquent, had he concluded without making the attempt. With all the resources a fruitful genius and brilliant fancy could supply, he did not disdain to resort to even a practical joke to effect this purpose. An instance of this kind occurred in a debate upon the Dog Tax, in which he either had, or made occasion to pass on the floor between Mr. Pitt and the table. Mr. Pitt was sitting in his usual seat on the Treasury-bench, and in his usual attitude, with his head thrown back and his legs projecting, which not being withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan, as he approached, stooped down, with intent as it were to nip them, accompanying the action with the appropriate canine bark of "bow, wow, wow!" sounds well imitated, and loud enough to be heard in every part of the House. This sally, so aptly associated with the subject of debate, had the desired effect. The House was convulsed with laughter.

CHARLES BANNISTER was a bon vivant, and was remarkably fond of blackstrap. A friend said to him one day, "Why, Charles, I never heard you complain of a sore *throat?*" "How should you, when I am always gargling my throat with red port?"

FRANK NORTH made it a rule, whenever he passed a trunk-maker's, near Charing-cross, whose name was Lot, and who had two daughters (the name attracting his attention,) always to stop and ask him, "Pray, Mr. Lot, how are your two daughters?" "Sir, what have you to do with my two daughters?" when, laughing at him, "Mr. Lot, how is your pillar of salt?"

BLOW YOUR NOSE.

OLD Slaughter's coffee house was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown; during this time, Sir William, who was a snuff taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the general said, "Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself, 'tis as near you as me!"

Angelo's Reminiscences.

"TAKE that fellow," cried the great Condé, "take that fellow, who is making a noise in the pit, and carry him to prison." "I am not to be taken, please your highness," said the man, as he was running away; "they call me *Lerida.*" Lerida was the name of a Spanish town, which the Prince Condé had besieged in vain.

THE NATIONAL TIGER.

AFTER the French Revolution, Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the story of the national tiger. A man who showed wild beasts at Paris, had a tiger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called the Royal Tiger; but when royalty, and every thing royal was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism, and instead of *tigre royal*, put on his signboard *tigre national.*

THE Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard, and they were so poor, that they took the resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced *to sell her hair* to furnish the entertainment. Long *wigs* were then in fashion, and her hair being fine, long, and fair, produced her *twenty pounds.* J.B.

HUMAN OWL.

A YOUTH is at present living at Seville, who loses his sight in the day time, and recovers it at night. His vision is so perfect when his eyes are totally deprived of light, that he can read the smallest print, all around him being involved in obscurity.—*Spanish Papers.*

CHOICE OF A FAULT.

DEAN SWIFT having a shoulder of mutton too much done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," said the dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," said the dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be amended."

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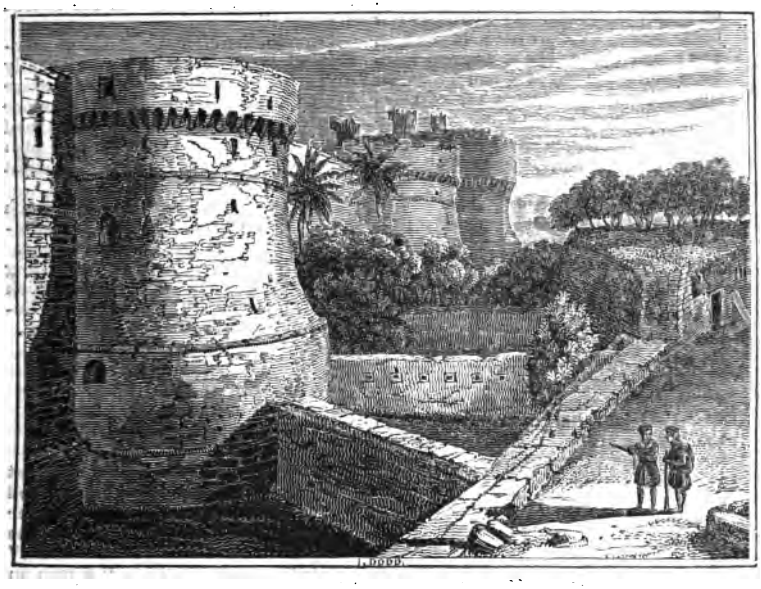
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 420.] SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

The Castle of Otranto.



By the Genius of Romance, and the Spirit of Horace Walpole, here is the veritable Castle of Otranto; so that the "Gothic story" of the "Noble Author" is not altogether a castle-building affair.

Otranto, it appears, is situate at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples. Thither Mr. H. W. Williams journeyed from the city just mentioned, a distance of 255 miles, in six days; and our traveller being an excellent artist, brought home a portfolio of drawings, many of which were engraved in his "Travels" published in 1820, whence our print is copied.

The journey from Naples to Otranto is through a country not frequently visited by Englishmen; neither should it be, for Mr. Williams, intending to embark at Otranto for Corfu, says—"We left Naples on the night of the 15th-16th of February, having sent our baggage in a ship of war returning from Naples to Corfu, so that we retained little to excite the cupidity of the banditti we were assured we should meet with before we reached Otranto." This, it must be owned, was no temptation for a traveller; and his recollections of the castle would enable him to sup on horrors at the end of each day's journey. The first day is described through defiles of the Appennines, "full of the grandest scenes, romantic villages, and castellated mountain-tops. The hills were covered with brushwood, and the valleys with vines; yet the people are wretched, and, though not perhaps naturally vicious, are driven to the highway by extreme want. Our heavy lumbering diligence was always escorted by a couple of gens d'armes."*

About twenty-five towns are included in the route; and at a Greek village, towards the close of the journey, Mr. Williams says—"For 1*s*. 4*d*. we had as much bread, cheese, and excellent red wine, as *seven people* required." He describes the country towards Otranto as desolate and bare, extensive downs covered with thyme, with occasionally the dwarf holly, the rosa marina, and lavender, stretch around like wild moorlands. Nothing is seen of Otranto till we drop down upon it unexpectedly. "It is a poor looking town, situate on an elevated projected point, between two

* Williams's Travels, vol. ii.

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small boys, and is walled and mounted with cannon." The bread, cheese, and wine on the road might be good and cheap enough, but hear what follows: "Finding, on our arrival, that there was no inn, we sent to the British Vice-consul, who lodged us in the house of an Italian Marquess. We laid down our beds, which we borrowed, in a large, damp, and comfortless apartment, without furniture of any sort, and in another squatted ourselves upon a pan of charcoal. During the night we were disturbed, and most of us kept sleepless, by the swarms of musquitos and fleas, the room having, probably, not been visited by a broom during the time of the present generation of the noble proprietors of the palace."—What would Dr. Kitchiner have said to such a state of things!

Mr. Williams describes the celebrated Castle of Otranto as "an imposing object of considerable size. It owes all its reputation in England to the interesting romance of that name." This attractive fiction first appeared in the year 1765, and its great success led to the prolific school of the Radcliffe romance, and a vast variety of similar invention. Horace Walpole, a man of exquisite taste in the fine arts, and above all a passionate admirer of Gothic architecture (of which his villa at Strawberry Hill is a proof), has not only taken the title of this romance from the Castle of Otranto, but has retained, with characteristic accuracy, the several portions of the building.

Mr. Williams made "drawings of the castle from every point of view, not omitting the courtyard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. The gateway is particularly splendid, and has a dignified and chivalric air, as has indeed the whole building. Some palm trees, which are opposed to the aged and crumbling walls, had a fine effect, and heightened the sentiment inspired by the romance and the building itself." Our readers will, we are persuaded, participate in this interest; and those few who have not read the romance may purchase that gratification at a much cheaper rate than could be done in Walpole's time.*

Otranto, according to Mr. Williams, though a miserable place to live in, affords some excellent subjects for the pencil, "such as Gertin would have painted upon the spot, or Blore would delineate with scrupulous accuracy.—The principal church, with its round Gothic window, and some houses near it, with their brackets, balustrades, and rich friezes, are most attractive objects. In the crypt below, which is very ancient, are two curious marble columns, said to have been brought from the Holy Land; the shafts are richly covered, and have inscriptions from the Sacred Writings."

Otranto, therefore, possessed no common attractions for a man so eminently gifted with correct taste as was Horace Walpole. A fitter scene for his romance he probably could not have chosen; and the fact of his adhering to the very plan of the castle invests his highly-wrought fiction with an extra charm.

The harbour of Otranto is very much frequented, on account of its advantageous situation for the Levant trade.

This country, it may be interesting to know, was the first place which Pythagoras enlightened, by the philosophical principles and arts he taught.

* Our Publisher has "The Castle of Otranto" in his "British Novelist," at 6*d*pence!

MAXIMS, &c. RELATING TO HEALTH.

(For the Mirror.)

It is observed by Dr. Hufeland, that "the more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence."

Dr. Wainewright says, "a man in perfect health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite," and that "if either the body, or mind, be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit either for labour or study, he hath exceeded in the quantity."

Dr. Arbuthnot asserts, that "all the intentions pursued by medicines may be obtained and enforced by diet." And Dr. Buchan says, that "there is no doubt but the whole constitution of body may be changed by diet."

"It may be laid down (says Dr. Hufeland) as a fundamental principle, that the more compounded any kind of food is, the more difficult it will be of digestion; and what is still worse, the more corrupt will be the juices which are prepared from it."

It is observed by an ingenious writer, that "they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness, or voraciousness, attain generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themselves nothing they can relish, and conveniently procure." And it has been remarked, in favour of temperance, that "misers, who eat and drink but little, always live long."

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Cheyne observes, that "water is the most natural and wholesome of all drinks, quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most."

Volney says, "Cleanliness has a powerful influence on the health and preservation of the body. Cleanliness, as well in our garments as in our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects of dampness, of bad smells, and of contagious vapours arising from substances abandoned to putrify; cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes the blood, and even animates and enlivens the mind. Whence we see that persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and their habitations, are in general more healthy, and less exposed to diseases than those who live in filth and nastiness; and it may moreover be remarked, that cleanliness brings with it, throughout every part of domestic discipline, habits of order and arrangement, which are among the first and best methods and elements of happiness."

The ancients personified and even deified health. Salus was the goddess of health and safety, to whom there were erected several temples dedicated at Rome.

The following proverbs relate to health:—

"The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman."

"Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark."

"A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day."

"Change your clothes in May, and you will repent many a day."

"One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after."

"Feed sparingly and defy the physician."

"Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty years of age."

P. T. W.

CRESTS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The horn—
It was a crest ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it."
As You Like It.

The ancient warriors wore crests to strike terror among their enemies, at the sight of the spoils of animals they had killed, or to give them the more formidable mien by making them appear taller. In the ancient tournaments, the cavaliers had plumes of feathers, especially those of ostriches and herons for their crests; these tufts, which they called *plumarts*, were placed in tubes on the tops of high caps or bonnets. Some had their crests of leather, others of parchment, pasteboard, &c. painted or varnished to become weather-proof; others of steel, wood, &c., on which was sometimes represented a member or ordinary of the coat; as an eagle, fleur de lis, &c. but never any of those called honourable ordinaries, as pale, fesse, &c. The crests were to be changed at pleasure, being reputed no other than as arbitrary devices or ornaments. Herodotus attributes the rise of crests to the Carians, who first bore feathers on their casques, and painted figures on their bucklers, whence the Persians denominated them cocks. The Etruscans were also famous for their crests, and modern artists have given similar additions to the helmets of the three Horatii. Antique helmets were sometimes divided from the base, spreading like two horns, while the interval was filled with the flowing mane of a horse, and a plume arose on each side.

Of what esteem crests were in temp: Edward the Third's reign, may appear from his having given an eagle, which he himself had formerly borne for a *crest*, to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

We hear also of golden crests which knights put on when they sought to endear themselves in the eyes of their "*Ladyes faire.*"

Crests of renowned men were at their death, frequently, with other parts of their armour, hung over the altars of the church, or used as a decoration to their monuments:

"O'er my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest."
Shakspeare.

W. H. H.

The Sketch-Book.

VISIT TO WATERLOO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Noticing in one of your recent numbers, an interesting sketch and account of the state of the Chateau of Hougomont, at Waterloo, I am induced to offer you a few observations made by myself during a short stay at Brussels, in the month of July, 1828, when I twice visited the field of battle.

My first visit to Waterloo was on the 27th of July, 1828, in company with three ladies and two gentlemen. We engaged a carriage at Brussels to convey us there and back. The morning promised a fine day, but on our journey

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through the Forest of Soignes we had occasional heavy showers. We had, however, sufficient opportunities of noticing the fine timber of the forest; all of it being as straight as poplar, and in appearance at least from 80 to 100 feet in height. Emerging from the forest, we suddenly came upon the little village of Waterloo, where we were assailed by a number of peasants offering their services as guides over the field of battle, one of whom we engaged for five francs. I should, however, inform you, that Waterloo is at least two miles from the spot where the battle was fought; previous to our arrival at which, we came to a second village called Mont Saint Jean; here we left our carriage and proceeded on foot about half a mile to the plain.

The road from Mont St. Jean crosses the spot which was occupied by the two armies, and on entering the ground to the right, which is rather hilly, we came in sight of a neat and plain monument, raised to the memory of Col. Alexander Gordon, on which spot, it is said, he fell, whilst receiving the commands of the Duke of Wellington. We proceeded to the right and came in view of a large conical mound of earth upwards of 100 feet in height, raised since the battle, to commemorate the spot on which the Prince of Orange was wounded. On the top of this mound (which commands an extensive view over the whole field,) is a stone pedestal, on which is placed a colossal lion: the whole of this is conspicuous at a great distance; but in my opinion it takes off much of the original appearance of the ground, as it has been raised from the earth in its immediate vicinity. Proceeding still onwards to the right, over corn fields, we descended from the high ground to a valley; at the extremity of this valley, where the right of the British lines were placed, stands the Chateau of Hougomont, or rather the remains of it, which having been well described by one of your correspondents, I need hardly notice here; I must, however, observe, that approaching it from the eastward, we came to a high hedge surrounding an orchard, in which, it is said, some thousands of brave men in its defence, met an untimely but glorious death. On entering this orchard, which is very extensive, we were much struck with the still fresh appearance of the wounds caused on the apple trees, from cannon balls or bullets. Many of the trees were partly broken down and were still bearing fruit; in the left part of the orchard near the hedge, we were shown a mound of earth (on which were growing rank stinging nettles) extending perhaps 100 feet in length by 12 in width, and raised about a foot above the level of the other ground, under which, we were informed, most of the bodies of those slain there, were buried; and our guide, to satisfy the curiosity of myself and one of my female companions, with a short stick which he cut from the hedge, removed about six inches of the earth, and exposed the ribs and scull of one of the sufferers to view. Human bones were still lying about in all directions in the orchard, and indeed all over the plain. We passed on westward to what had once been the pleasure garden and shrubbery belonging to the chateau, the walls around which had been perforated for the purpose of enabling the occupiers, at the time of the battle, to defend the place. The roots of shrubs and serpentine walks were still discernible through the uneven appearance of the grass.

The chateau is in ruins, as described by your correspondent, but I may be permitted to notice, that there is still a house adjoining the ruins, which has evidently been repaired, and which is occupied. The great gates entering the yard, on the south side, are still standing, and appear to have been perforated by at least 150 shots of different descriptions; in other respects we were told the ruins remained just as they were the day after the battle. We returned over that part of the corn fields which had been occupied by the French during the battle. The corn was in many places cut, and the land ploughed again; in other parts where it was standing, we observed it to have patches as green as grass, and were told it was where they had buried the dead, after the battle. Some of our party picked up leaden bullets, gun-flints, buttons, &c.

From the cloggy state of the ground caused by the rain during the morning, my companions were much fatigued with their walk, but highly gratified with what they had seen.

E. J. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES; OR, VALENCIENNES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE city of Valenciennes anciently possessed the right of granting sanctuary to the stranger who fled from justice upon the committal of homicide. After the

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observance of some trifling formality, the fugitive was permitted his full liberty; but if any one came forward openly to accuse him of the deed, and to charge him with having perpetrated it through malice or treachery, he was then compelled to meet the accuser in single combat, and, armed with buckler and staff, to fight till death ensued. This custom, of which the origin is unknown, was regarded by the inhabitants of Valenciennes as one of their proudest privileges, and became, in 1455, the occasion of a contest so extraordinary, and so illustrative of the barbarous manners of the period, as to be well worth transferring to our columns. In our account of it we shall follow Matthieu de Coussy, a contemporaneous writer; and we shall also avail ourselves of the assistance of Pierre d'Oultreman and Simon Leboucq, the historians of Valenciennes. Mahuot Cocquet having murdered Philippe du Gardin, at Tournai, for having refused him his daughter in marriage, fled to Valenciennes, and demanded the privilege of sanctuary. He resided there for some time peaceably, until a certain Jacotin Plouvier, a relative of the murdered man, made his appearance, and thus publicly addressed him: "Traitor, you have treacherously and wickedly slain and murdered my kinsman; beware of me; it will not be long before I avenge his death." Cocquet, on this, went and preferred a complaint to the magistrates, who summoned Jacotin before them, and acquainted him that the words he had uttered were an infringement of the city's franchise. "Gentlemen," said he to the mayor and jurats, "I hold and maintain, that Mahuot Cocquet has falsely and traitorously murdered my kinsman, lying in wait for him with malice prepense, and without reasonable cause."

The mayor replied, "Be careful what you say; for unless you prove, hand to hand, against the said Mahuot, what you have just spoken, we shall without fail, for the maintenance of our city's liberties and franchise, cause justice to be executed upon you, as an example to all others."

Mahuot Cocquet was then called into their presence; and when Jacotin beheld him, he threw down his gage. The two adversaries were conveyed to separate prisons, and a Breton was appointed to each, to instruct him in the laws of battle. The preparations for this duel came to the knowledge of Philippe-le-Bon, duc de Bourgogne, who, previously to sanctioning it, sought to be acquainted by what authority the city of Valenciennes arrogated to itself so strange a privilege. The Comte de Charolais, his son, wrote to the magistrates to postpone its taking place until his father and himself could be present. At length, after much delay, and many adjournments, the combat was fixed for the 20th of May, 1455. The duke, accompanied by his son and a numerous train of nobility, were present. A triple ring was enclosed in the market-place. The centre, where the contest was to take place, was covered with a thick layer of sand. The second ring was appropriated for the mayor, jurats, municipality, and persons of high distinction. The third was destined for knights, esquires, burgesses, and others, to the number of three hundred. The halberdiers of the city were ranged along the barricades which protected the Hôtel de Ville. A passage was also contrived, that the combatants might enter the lists without being exposed to the observation or gaze of the multitude. The Duc de Bourgogne, who was lodged with Melchior du Gardin, the mayor of the city, would not quit the house to view the combat; he confined himself to beholding it from the windows of his apartment, which looked upon the scene. At nine o'clock in the morning the champions entered the lists. Their heads had been previously shaved, and their garments consisted of short leather doublets, fitted close to the body. Jacotin Plouvier, the challenger, entered first, attended by his Breton, and another man carrying his buckler in a bag. On entering the enclosure he several times made the sign of the cross, and sat down upon the seat prepared for him, covered with black cloth. Mahuot Cocquet followed, with the same equipment. On his entering he threw himself upon his knees, making the sign of the cross, kissed the ground, and did the same at all the four corners; after which, he placed himself on a similar seat to that prepared for Jacotin. The two champions received each his buckler, made of willow wood, and covered with sheepskin: they were both blazoned alike—argent, with a cross gules. The staffs were made of wood from the medlar tree, three feet long, and pointed at each end. When the combatants were thus prepared, the magistrate, who had remained in the second enclosure, entered the lists to administer the usual oaths to them. Jacotin received the sacred volume, kissed it, and, placing his hand upon it, swore that his cause was just. Mahuot went through the same ceremony, adding, that Jacotin was a false

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and villanous liar; but, wishing to kiss the book a second time, he was observed to change colour and become extremely pale. Their bodies were then anointed from head to foot with grease and oil, to prevent their laying hold of each other. After this was finished, they brought them food in silver dishes; and before they ate, the aliments were closely examined and tasted in their presence, to satisfy them that neither drug nor poison had been introduced. Then the mayor, Melchior du Gardin, standing at the barrier of the lists threw down Jacotin's glove, and cried three times, with a loud voice, "Faites votre devoir." At this signal the combatants encountered each other. Mahuot commenced by throwing a handful of sand in his adversary's eyes; and, striking him at the same moment with his staff, inflicted a severe wound on his head. Jacotin, nothing daunted, rushed in his turn upon Mahuot, tore his buckler from him, and threw him upon the ground. Mahuot rises, and is thrown a second time. Jacotin then went tooth and nail to work upon his prey; he began by throwing the sand in his eyes, biting his ears, and beating him in the face with his fists. Philippe-le-Bon, who witnessed this barbarous scene through the blinds of a window, and heard the lamentable cries of Mahuot Cocquet, was moved to compassion. He sent one of his officers to ask if it was not possible to extend mercy, and spare the unfortunate man's life. The magistrate was inflexible: he alleged the privileges and customs of the city; and nothing more could be said. Jacotin still continued to torture his victim. After tearing his flesh with his teeth and nails, he observed that his yells for mercy began to excite the pity of the crowd; he therefore thrust handsful of sand into his mouth, and turned his face to the ground; which he was only able to effect at the expense of a finger, which Mahuot bit off with his teeth. Jacotin's rage was excited anew by this mutilation; with his feet joined, he jumped upon his adversary, fracturing his arm and the spine of his back, and crying out aloud, "Yield then, traitor, murderer, and confess thy guilt; acknowledge you murdered my kinsman." To which, at length, Mahuot answered, "I confess it." "Speak louder," cried Jacotin, "that all may hear you." "I am guilty, I am guilty," said Mahuot; and turning towards the house which the duke inhabited, "Oh! my lord of Burgundy, I served you faithfully in the Ghent war!—Oh! my lord, I beseech, I pray for mercy, for the love of God, spare—save my life."

The duke's heart was touched; he sent once more to beg the magistrate to accord him the man's life, or at least to permit him to be interred in holy ground. He obtained no part of his request; it was necessary, said the man in authority, that the law be fulfilled to its very letter.

Jacotin at last finished his adversary, by four blows on the head with his staff; then laying hold of him by the feet, he dragged his body outside of the lists. He was supposed to be dead; but after some moments, he recovered sufficiently to be confessed by a Carmelite friar, and, says Simon Leboucq, to pronounce clearly and intelligibly his Christian belief. He then drank a glass or two of wine, forgave Jacotin Plouvier his death, and expired. During this time the magistrate had proceeded to the hall of judgment, where he passed sentence against the vanquished, condemning him to be hung and strangled as a murderer. This was immediately proclaimed and executed by the common hangman, who drew the body of Mahuot Cocquet on a hurdle to the place of execution. Jacotin Plouvier appeared before the magistrate, and demanded if he had performed his duty. The mayor replied in the affirmative, and that he might go where he pleased, without fear of being called to account for the deed. On quitting the Hôtel de Ville, he met Matthew Carlton, his Breton, who, after embracing him, conducted him to the church of Notre Dame la Grande, where they made a considerable offering. After performing his religious duties, Jacotin returned to the Hôtel de Ville, where he stripped himself of his fighting gear, and resumed his ordinary apparel. Messire Sans de Lalainy entertained him in his hotel for some days afterwards. The bucklers, staffs, and seats of the champions were deposited in the chapel of the mansion-house, and subsequently they were suspended behind the magistrates' chair in the trial court. They were afterwards removed to the place where the suspected were put to the question, and where Simon Leboucq mentions having himself seen them. The Duc de Bourgogne, who could not reconcile to himself his having permitted the exercise of this barbarous privilege, resolved from that moment to effect its abolition; and, in fact, nothing of a similar nature was ever again heard of in his states.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

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ALL HALLOW E'EN IN WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

It is customary in some parts of Wales, on "All Hallow E'en," or as it is styled by the sons of Gomer, "Nos galan giaif," for the superstitious country people to go to a certain window of the church, for the purpose, as it is said, of hearing a "rara avis," yclept a ghost (with gravity be it spoken) pronounce sentence of death on all those who are doomed to go to their long homes during the year; and in some village churches, I am told that there are steps still extant, which are said to have been built purposely for the credulous to go up to the window to listen. The less credulous commemorate this eve by apple biting, nut cracking, (as the English do on St. Clement,) and burning nuts, to ascertain who shall die that year; but the *chef d'œuvre* is, they have a vessel styled the *puzzling jug*. From the brim, extending about an inch from the surface, it has holes fantastically made, so as to appear like ornamental work, and which is not perceived but with much scrutiny. Three round nobs of the size of marbles are around the brim, having a hole about the size of a small pea in each; the nobs communicate to the bottom of the jug, through the handle, which is hollow, and has a small hole at the top, which with two of the other holes, being stopped by the fingers, and the mouth applied to the one nearest the handle, enables you to draw, or suck the contents with ease; but this trick is not known by every fool, and consequently, a stranger generally applies his mouth to the wrong place, and the contents of the jug are received in his neck or waistcoat, to the no small "diversion" of the spectators.

W. H.

Notes of a Reader.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Few things, in an ordinary life, can come up to the interest which every reader of sensibility must take in the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and it cannot be denied, that the first perusal of that work makes a part of the illusion:—the roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of "Poor Robinson Crusoe! Who are you? Where do you come from; and where are you going?"—till the tears gush, and in recollection and feeling we become children again! One cannot understand how the author of this world of abstraction should have had any thing to do with the ordinary cares and business of life; or it almost seems that he should have been fed, like Elijah, by the ravens. What boots it then to know that he was a hosefactor, and the owner of a tile-kiln in Essex—that he stood in the pillory, was over head and ears in debt, and engaged in eternal literary and political squabbles? It is, however, well to be assured that he was a man of worth as well as genius; and that, though unfortunate, and having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with vulgar clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot upon his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel for him.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

LACONICS.

By the late Sir Humphry Davy.

[We have read the last work of this great and good man with melancholy pleasure—regretting that so illustrious a mind should not have been longer spared to enlighten mankind with its ingenuity, yet rejoicing at the bright consolations that shone around its last days; and must have invested it with still brighter hopes. That such were the feelings of the author of "*Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher,*" every page will furnish abundant evidence. We transfer a few of its valuable truths to our columns.]

Change.

The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth, rises to strength in manhood, falls into decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty which nature bestows upon them. The sun of civilization arose in the East, advanced towards the West, and is now at its meridian;—in a few centuries more it will probably be seen sinking below the horizon even in the new world, and there will be left darkness only where there is a bright light, deserts of sand where there were populous cities, and stagnant morasses where the green meadow or the bright corn-field once appeared.

Practical Science.

The practical results of the progress of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, are of the most marvellous kind, and to make them all distinct would require a comparison of ancient and modern

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states: ships that were moved by human labour in the ancient world are transported by the winds; and a piece of steel, touched by the magnet, points to the mariner his unerring course from the old to the new world; and by the exertions of one man of genius, aided by the resources of chemistry, a power which, by the old philosophers could hardly have been imagined, has been generated and applied to almost all the machinery of active life; the steam-engine performs not only the labour of horses, but of man, by combinations which appear almost possessed of intelligence; wagons are moved by it, constructions made, vessels caused to perform voyages in opposition to wind and tide, and a power placed in human hands which seems almost unlimited. To these novel and still extending improvements may be added others, which, though of a secondary kind, yet materially affect the comforts of life, the collecting from fossil materials the elements of combustion, and applying them so as to illuminate, by a single operation, houses, streets, and even cities. If you look to the results of chemical arts, you will find new substances of the most extraordinary nature applied to various novel purposes; you will find a few experiments in electricity leading to the marvellous result of disarming the thunder-cloud of its terrors, and you will see new instruments created by human ingenuity, possessing the same powers as the electrical organs of living animals. To whatever part of the vision of modern times you cast your eyes you will find marks of superiority and improvement, and I wish to impress upon you the conviction, that the results of intellectual labour, or of scientific genius, are permanent and incapable of being lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purpose and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet, preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. A new period of society may send armies from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Euxine, and the empire of the followers of Mahomet may be broken in pieces by a northern people, and the dominion of the Britons in Asia may share the fate of that of Tamerlane or Zengiskhan; but the steam boat which ascends the Delaware or the St. Laurence will be continued to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America and into the wilds of Canada.

Posthumous Fame.

The works of the most illustrious names were little valued at the times when they were produced, and their authors either despised or neglected; and great, indeed, must have been the pure and abstract pleasure resulting from the exertion of intellectual superiority and the discovery of truth and the bestowing benefits and blessings upon society, which induced men to sacrifice all their common enjoyments and all their privileges as citizens, to these exertions. Anaxagoras, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, Gallileo Gallilei, in their deaths or their imprisonments, offer instances of this kind, and nothing can be more striking than what appears to have been the ingratitude of men towards their greatest benefactors.

Real Improvement.

In the progress of society, all great and real improvements are perpetuated; the same corn which, four thousand years ago, was raised from an improved grass by an inventor worshipped for two thousand years in the ancient world under the name of Ceres, still forms the principal food of mankind; and the potato, perhaps the greatest benefit that the old has derived from the new world, is spreading over Europe, and will continue to nourish an extensive population when the name of the race by whom it was first cultivated in South America is forgotten.

Unerring Wisdom.

There appears nothing more accidental than the sex of an infant, yet take any great city or any province, and you will find that the relations of males and females are unalterable. Again, a part of the pure air of the atmosphere is continually consumed in combustion and respiration; living vegetables emit this principle during their growth; nothing appears more accidental than the proportion of vegetable to animal life on the surface of the earth, yet they are perfectly equivalent, and the balance of the sexes, like the constitution of the atmosphere, depends upon the principles of an unerring intelligence.

Human Vanity.

When man measures the works of the divine mind by his own feeble combinations, he must wander in gross error; the infinite can never be understood by the finite.

Knowledge and Immortality

The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of life and that fruit which

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brought the fear of death into the world budding on an immortal stock becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.

Revelation.

We are sure from geological facts as well as from sacred history that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless and indeed almost impossible.

MURDER OF DAVID RIZZIO.

When it was settled that Rizzio should die, the manner of his murder was next debated. Morton, Ruthven, and others of their party, proposed that the secretary should be seized as he crossed the court of the palace, or in his own lodgings, and then destined to the fate which Cochrane underwent, when the chief of the Douglas family acquired the title of Bell-the-Cat. But nothing would satisfy Darnley, save that the victim should be seized in the presence of the queen herself, that she might share the alarm, and hear the taunts with which it was his purpose to upbraid her favourite. Considering that the queen was seven months advanced in her pregnancy when such a scene of violence and horror was to be acted in her presence, we recoil from the brutality alike of him who planned and of those who calmly undertook to execute an action so brutal and unmanly.

On the 9th of March, 1566, this bloody and extraordinary scene was acted. The queen was seated at supper in a small cabinet adjoining to her bedroom, with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and one or two other persons. Darnley suddenly entered the apartment, and, without addressing or saluting the company, gazed on Rizzio with a sullen and vindictive look. After him followed Lord Ruthven, pale and ghastly, having risen from a bed of long sickness to be chief actor in this savage deed: other armed men appeared behind. Ruthven called upon Rizzio to come forth from a place which he was unworthy to hold. The miserable Italian, perceiving he was the destined victim of this violent intrusion, started up, and seizing the queen by the skirts of her gown, implored her protection. Mary was speedily forced by the king from his hold. George Douglas, a bastard of the Angus family, snatched the king's own dagger from his side, and struck Rizzio a blow; he was then dragged into the outer apartment, and slain with fifty-six wounds. The queen exhausted herself in prayers and entreaties for the wretched man's life; but when she was at length informed that her servant was slain, she said, "I will then dry my tears and study revenge." During the perpetration of this murder, Morton, the chancellor of the kingdom, whose duty it was to enforce the laws of the realm, kept the doors of the palace with one hundred and sixty armed men, to insure the perpetration of the murder.—*Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland*; vol. II.

EVIDENCE AGAINST MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen.

At a later period, indeed, Morton, an unprincipled and fierce man, who, according to his own account on the scaffold, was privy to the whole bloody scene, says, that being invited to join Bothwell and Lethington in a scheme against Darnley's life, he refused to engage in the plot unless Bothwell would obtain an injunction upon him to that effect from the queen herself. But he proceeds to declare that Bothwell never was able to produce such a warrant. Here, therefore, the chain of direct evidence is broken, and the positive proof of Mary's guilt is not to be found. Laying Morton's direct oral testimony aside as being inconclusive, we come next to the celebrated casket and papers.

These letters and writings produced would indeed prove a great deal more than enough for conviction if they stood unimpeached as authentic documents. But great and serious suspicions attach to their authenticity. The internal evidence is unfavourable, according to our ideas, of the style of a sovereign expressing her attachment. They are described with suspicious variations, sometimes as being written by the queen's own hand, sometimes as being only subscribed by her. Above all, though their authenticity was challenged, and though the regent and his associates had in their power the persons

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through whose hands they were said to have passed, yet no care whatever was taken, by examination of any of these persons, to ascertain or corroborate the faith of documents so important to the cause of the accusers. The obvious and legal inference is, that where that is not proved which ought to have been verified, it must have been for want of the means of probation.—*Ibid.*

MUSICAL IMITATION.

It is highly injudicious to applaud the puerile attempts at musical imitation, which are sometimes really to be found in the works of great masters, and still worse to find them where they do not exist. Such imitations were in very common use in the older and more gothic periods of art; but the same progress of taste which has banished puns, quibbles, and conceits, from poetry, has nearly banished similar devices from music. Handel occasionally offends in this way—as when he expresses men falling on their faces by the instruments suddenly falling from a high note to a very low one—when, in a song, the words "depth of pain and height of passion" are expressed, as often as they occur, by a *low* note to the word *depth*, and a *high* one to *height*—when, in Israel in Egypt, he represents the leaping of frogs by a sort of leaping motion of the notes, &c. The principles which ought to regulate musical imitation and description are now seldom departed from. Music, being sound, cannot *directly* imitate any thing but sound. Thus, the song of birds, the murmur of a rivulet, the roar of a torrent, the howling of a storm, the sound of thunder, of bells, &c. may produce pleasing effects, particularly if the imitations are produced by the orchestra. If given to the voice, they have the disagreeable appearance of mimicry. The cries of the nobler and more formidable animals, such as the roaring of the lion, may be admitted, though very sparingly, even into serious music; but, except in music expressly meant to be ludicrous, imitations of the ordinary sounds of animals are in bad taste. In the Creation, Hadyn, in the accompaniment to the recitatives which describe the creation of animals, imitates the snorting as well as the prancing of the horse—a conceit which is sadly out of place in so majestic a composition. There is, besides, a kind of *indirect* imitation, by which musical sounds are made to convey ideas of objects of the other senses. This is done by sounds which produce sensations or feelings analogous to those produced by the object meant to be suggested. Of this nature is Hadyn's celebrated passage, "and God said, Let there be light, and there was light!" in which the instant blaze of new-born light is represented by a sudden burst of sound;—a passage which certainly has a most magnificent effect, but which, without the explanation given by the words, never would have been understood to have conveyed any representation of light. In the same manner, Hadyn's representation of the rising of the sun is effected merely by making one or two of the instruments commence as softly as possible, and gradually increase in number and loudness till the moment of the appearance of the luminary is announced by a *fortissimo* from the whole orchestra. The composer, in these instances, endeavours to produce impressions on the hearing similar to those which the appearance of light (sudden or gradual) produces on the sight, and thus to affect the mind in a similar way; and on this principle all music of this kind is composed. Where attempts are thus made to describe the grand, or beautiful phenomena of nature, the effect will generally be good; because, even if the composer fail in being able to suggest the precise object in view, the images with which his fancy is occupied will impart a picturesque character, notwithstanding its vagueness, to the music. But it is dangerous to indulge in such imitations of ordinary objects. We cannot help thinking, that Haydn, in thus describing the leaping of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the creeping of the worm, and the tumbling of the whale, in such a work as the Creation, gives a grotesque air to his music, which is inconsistent with the dignity of the subject. In the Seasons of the same great author, the imitative or descriptive passages which occur have a much better effect, as they are more in accordance with the nature of the subject. The celebrated *Sinfonia Pastorale* of Beethoven is an exquisite specimen of descriptive music. It requires a key to understand all the intentions of the author, though some of them cannot be mistaken; but, when the whole design of the piece is understood, how delightfully it fills the mind with rural images. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

The noble address of La Roche Jacquelin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of the laconic:—"If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me!" C. J. T.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A LAMENT FOR LONDON.

——— "Fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum." *Virgil.*

How are the mighty fallen! raise the song
O'er humbled London, once of high renown,
Which, "in its pride of place," abided long,
But now is gone for ever—out of town.

Earth's cities are strew'd with mountain degradations
Its plains disgorge the mighty Mammoth's bones,
History's an *hortus siccus* of dead nations,
And heaven itself for many a lost star moans.

Thebes, with his hundred gates, is gone to pot;
Troy but in Homer lives, and doctors' shops;
An earthquake levell'd Lisbon like a shot,
And piecemeal Venice in the water drops.

All things submit to change as Time's long flight
The most substantial of man's dreams deranges;
No wonder, then, that London's in this plight,
With all its (royal, corn, and Stock Ex)changes.

Where'er one goes, through all its thousand streets,
Some remnant of its fallen state is there,
Some by-gone note of greatness still one meets,
In every alley, court, and place, and square.

Thames's soft wave no longer bathes the Strand,
And muscless are the Mews at Charing Cross;
In Fleet Street fleets no longer seek the land,
And Cheapside's grown too dear, to all our loss.

'Tis long since Hatton Garden own'd a flower,
Long since Duke's Place has lodged a real duke;
The Barbican no more can sport its tower,
Nor has Pye Corner left one savoury nook.

Mary la Bonne (I grieve to tell her shame,)
Has many naughty Marys in her bounds;
Bird Court's no longer noted for its game,
And Houndsditch gives no drink to thirsty hounds.

The ducks have from the Poultry flown away,
(Though some may yet be found in Capel Court;)
May Fair has ceased to hold its fair in May,
And silent in Pall Mall's the racket's sport.

Poor Swallow Street! itself is swallow'd quick;
And Lad Lane—fam'd for *mails*—is grown, *alas!*
Aged and dark, as aught of lime and brick,
And Field Lane's guiltless of one blade of grass.

Bold Bucklersbury naught could shield from fate,
(Backs, bucklers, buckles, all must buckle to;)
The New Road now is somewhat out of date,
While Old-street Road, Macadamized, is new.

Moor Fields—ah! well a day! are fields no more,
Lud, ancient monarch, too, his gate has lost;
Mount Pleasant all the cockneys vote a bore,
And dingy Snow Hill shows no hue of frost.

Her royal merchants, once great London's vaunt,
Have emigrated far, to—Russel Square;
And, having bought or sold their omnium, jaunt,
In omnibuses, to politer air.

Her bridge of ancient days has had its day,
(Its waterfall the barge no longer jars;)
And all her shops have pass'd and gone away,
Changed to emporiums, marts, bureaux, bazaars.

Old Thames itself of half its course is *dock'd*;
Its dolphins poison'd, too, were lately found:
And, undermined and bored, Brunel it shock'd,
By taking sudden shelter under ground.

Farewell to London! in a future age,
Some venturous travellers may explore its site,
When English voyaging may be the rage,
As we in Africa and Greece delight.

Of all its inns they'll hardly find a sign,
While horses feed where now recline Lord Mayors—
Its *port* destroy'd, they'll haply miss their wine,
And hungering, *grub* o'er Hungerford's lost stairs.

Where whilom, Southwark woo'd the summer's gale,
Foxes may *burrow*, under many a ruin—
And on that spot where Calvert brews his ale,
These travellers may find another *brute!*

New Monthly Magazine.

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

Cecca was the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived in one of the most elevated of the little villages forming the canton of Bastilica. The tough old forester, who was an equal adept in the chase of the chamois and of the marauding poacher, felt his bosom swell with conscious importance as he boasted that his household could furnish, at a pinch, at least twelve good men at arms. His daughter was the prettiest maiden in all the canton; and as she attended her devotions each Sunday, adorned with her coral necklace, and the kerchief which vied in whiteness with the bosom whose charms it concealed, the old man's heart warmed with a father's fondness, and a tear of pride glistened in his eye as the glance of many a village youth told how he envied him his darling treasure. Cecca was his only child: her winning graces, her playful caresses, enlivened his drooping age, and softened his regret that he had been denied a son, to whom he might one day bequeath his antique chestnut-trees, his hereditary animosities, and his double-barrelled gun.

* * * * * *

The flower of the village lads, the comeliest and the bravest in the canton aspired to Cecca's hand, notwithstanding some five or six envenomed feuds which were to be espoused with the bride, and which formed part of her marriage portion. But, spite of their courage and their address at the carbine, Cecca had neither eyes nor ears for any of them. Her heart had long been devoted to Pietro, a rich proprietor, who lived in the village just below her own, but between whose family and hers a mortal hatred had for some time existed—the father of Pietro having been killed by Cecca's in de-

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spite of the vengeful recollections which, in Corsica, are cherished with religious animosity;—in despite of the blood-stained shirt suspended over Pietro's bed, as a memento of the still more bloody deed;—in despite even of the ball which had killed his father, and which the son had vowed to wear as an amulet upon his heart till vengeance should be satisfied;—in despite of all, Pietro had been ensnared in the silken bondage of love. Perhaps a refinement of Italian vengeance, still more than Cecca's dark Italian eye, had inspired him with the idea of entangling the affections of the child of his bitterst foe. Perhaps, too, the very contrast between his hatred for the father, and his impetuous passion for the daughter, added fuel to the flame. Be it as it may, he loved and was beloved. For many years, the two families, actuated by a spirit of mutual hostility that defied all hope of reconciliation, had closed against each other the entrance of their respective villages; and more than one brace of whizzing bullets had been exchanged between the videttes of the contending parties. But Cecca was a woman, and fertile in expedients: she was acquainted with the shortest by-roads to the place of rendezvous, and Pietro could have found his way thither blind-fold. Each night the lover glided unperceived along the narrow pathway of the village to visit his beloved, and the tell-tale guitar paid the homage of many an amorous lay to the shrine of his divinity. Love is a feeble reasoner: the path that Cecca trod was strewed with roses—so soft, so sweet, she scarce could feel the thorns. To love was an easy task:—to obtain her father's consent, more difficult than to level the mountain with the valley. Even had he consented, Pietro had sworn that steel should never cross his beard till life had been paid for life;—and Pietro was of a race that, from sire to son, had never violated an oath of blood. More than once poor Cecca had shuddered at the violence of his imprecations against her father. More than once, her gentle caresses had interposed "between the lion and his wrath:"—but Pietro might grapple with his enemy in the forest—and Cecca might not be there to soothe him with her caresses!

Cecca's apprehensions were but too well founded. Her father, informed by some jealous rival of the lovers' nightly meetings, watched Pietro in his path, insulted him with bitter taunts, and swore that, should he again be found within the precincts of the village, a bullet should effectually relieve him from his love-sick pains. Pietro's blood boiled with indignation. He forgot Cecca; he thought of his father's sad fate.—"Poor lad!" observed my guide, "his hand was unlucky—but he had his blow." Swift as the thought of vengeance that inflamed his soul, he discharged his carbine at the father of his mistress: filial affection turned aside the well-intended aim, and the old man, though within a few paces of his assailant, escaped with a slight wound. Pietro made for the forest, and from that moment commenced the wandering existence of a Corsican bandit — that miserable career generally terminated by the gen-d'arme's fusil, and, during its brief span, affording so many displays of energy and heroism worthy of a nobler cause.

Then commenced for Cecca a new existence. Confined to the narrow limits of the village by the suspicions of her father and the threats of her relations, she felt that her heart was steeled by persecution; and the very sufferings she endured for Pietro rendered him still dearer to her affections. Closely watched during the day, each night she quitted her sleepless couch to bear some message of peace and love to one that for her had sacrificed all. With feverish anxiety her eye watched the moment of his coming, and, if he came not, her scalding tears moistened the pittance of food which the fond girl had hoarded for the outlaw's subsistence. Cecca alone was acquainted with the impenetrable asylum where her lover had found a refuge. The thunder might roll over her head; the rain might drench her with its rushing torrents; the loftiest pines rent by the storm might impede her passage;—still would she climb the rugged path that led to Pietro's retreat among the mountains. She scarcely knew if the night was bitter—if the blast was loud. Poor Cecca!

The lovers' mystery was soon discovered. Reproaches were spared, they would have served but to awaken their precautions; and, like the tame animal employed by the hunter to ensnare his fellow, Cecca was destined to discover Pietro's retreat. The following night she was allowed to escape as usual, and closely followed. The full moon illuminated the valley and the entrance of the cavern, the interior of which was wrapped in profound obscurity.

It was one of those lovely summer nights whose refreshing breeze purifies the air so sweetly after the heaviness of a sultry day. No sound was heard save

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the distant murmur of the torrent, and the rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the pines. Cecca, exhausted with fatigue, slept with her head reclined on the shoulder of Pietro, who, fearful of disturbing the slumbers of his beloved, scarcely allowed himself to breathe. Presently a slight noise was heard, which an inhabitant of the valley might have mistaken for that occasioned by the flight of some night-bird, or by the rapid pace of the chamois: but the bandit's practised ear was not to be deceived. In an instant Pietro was on his feet, and the suddenness of the movement awakened Cecca. "Hark!" said he. The noise had ceased. Pietro seized his carbine, and advanced towards the entrance of the cavern, the path leading to which was solitary as before: all was calm. The pale countenance of Cecca reposed on the shoulder of her lover;—"I can see nothing," said she.—"There they are!" repeated he. "By Saint Antonio, 'tis something more substantial than the breeze that agitates the foliage yonder!" At the same instant, a flash lighted up the spot to which he pointed, and Pietro fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, but too feeble to stand upright, he raised himself on his knees.

Concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, he gave his well-furnished pouch to Cecca, who, placing herself behind him, by turns loaded each of his two fusils, which she immediately afterwards presented to him. Heedless of danger, the generous girl thought but of her lover, whom she beheld pale and bleeding, leaning against the rock, and at every instant becoming more faint. The unequal struggle rapidly drew near its close. A ball grazed the cheek of Cecca, and fractured Pietro's right arm. His eye inflamed with the expression of hatred and desperate courage, he extended to Cecca his fusil, charged with his last remaining cartridge. "Fire!" said he, pointing with his finger to an advancing enemy—"fire, like a true Corsican's wife; but first take good aim." The aim was but too well levelled;—the enemy of Cecca's lover fell weltering in his blood. Making a last effort—"I am revenged!" cried Pietro with a savage yell;—"Cecca, 'tis your father!" The wretched Cecca heard no more. Heaven, in pity to her sufferings, deprived her of the gift of reason. Since that fatal moment the maniac wandered through the forest, half-naked, and impatient of the slightest constraint. Forced occasionally, by the cravings of hunger, to make her appearance in the village, she begs a morsel of bread, which is never refused; and afterwards, guided by a sort of vague instinct, returns to her miserable cavern, where she passes her nights. A faint hope of finding her Pietro urges her sometimes to wander on the high roads; but, 'tis more a habit than an idea.

Poor houseless maniac! thou hast indeed drunk of affliction's cup. Thy fair promise has been blighted. Thy morn of life has vanished. Thy home, thy friends, thy lover, all are lost. Thou hast passed the gradations of worldly benevolence; but thou couldst not taste their bitterness: Providence in its mercy has deadened thy heart to the stings of close-handed charity, cold neglect, or the still more galling pity that, looking down from its proud and prosperous elevation, insults the misery for which it feigns to feel.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Select Biography.

DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE, or Foe, as the name was sometimes spelt, was born in London in the year 1661, in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His father, James Foe, was a butcher; and his grandfather, Daniel, the first person among his ancestors of whom any thing is positively known, was a substantial yeoman, who farmed his own estate at Elton, in Northamptonshire. The old gentleman kept a pack of hounds, which indicated both his wealth and his principles as a royalist; for the Puritans did not allow of the sports of the field, though his grandson *(contra bonos mores)* sometimes indulged in them. In alluding to this circumstance, Defoe says, "I remember my grandfather had a huntsman, who used the same familiarity (that of giving party names to animals) with his dogs; and he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller; and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack, till, the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter his pack, and make them up of more dog-like sirnames." It was probably from this relative that Defoe inherited a freehold estate, of which he was not a little vain; and which seems to have influenced his opinions in his theory of the right of popular election, and of the British constitution. His father was a person of a different cast—a rigid Dissenter; and from him his son appears to have imbibed the grounds of his opinions and practice. He was living at an advanced

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age in 1705. The following curious memorandum, signed by him at this period, throws some light on his character, as well as on that of the times:—"Sarah Pierce lived with us, about fifteen or sixteen years since, about two years, and behaved herself so well, that we recommended her to Mr. Cave, that godly minister, which we should not have done, had not her conversation been according to the gospel. From my lodgings, at the Bell in Bread Street, having lately left my house in Throgmorton Street, October 10, 1705. Witness my hand, JAMES FOE."

Young Defoe was brought up for the ministry, and educated with this view at the Dissenting Academy of Mr. Charles Morton, at Newington Green, where Mr. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated John Wesley, and who afterwards wrote against the Dissenters, was brought up with him. Whether from an unsettled inclination, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education here. He not long after joined in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner with the rest of the duke's followers. It is supposed he owed his safety to his being a native of London, and his person not being known in the West of England, where that movement chiefly took place. He now applied himself to business, and became a kind of hosefactor. He afterwards set up a Dutch tile-manufactory at Tilbury, in Essex, and derived great profit from it; but his being sentenced to the pillory for his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, (one of the truest, ablest, and most seasonable pamphlets ever published), and the heavy fine and imprisonment that followed, involved him in distress and difficulty ever after. He occasionally, indeed, seemed to be emerging from obscurity, and to hold his head above water for a time, (and at one period had built himself a handsome house at Stoke Newington, which is still to be seen there), but this show of prosperity was of short continuance; all of a sudden, we find him immersed in poverty and law as deeply as ever; and it would appear that, with all his ability and industry, however he might be formed to serve his country, or delight mankind, he was not one of those who are born to make their fortunes—either from a careless, improvident disposition, that squanders away its advantages, or a sanguine and restless temper, that constantly abandons a successful pursuit for some new and gilded project. Defoe took an active and enthusiastic part in the Revolution of 1688, and was personally known to King William, of whom he was a sort of idolater, and evinced a spirit of knight-errantry in defence of his character and memory whenever it was attacked. He was released from prison (after lying there two years) by the interference and friendship of Harley, who introduced him to Queen Anne, by whom he was employed on several confidential missions, and more particularly in effecting the Union with Scotland. His personal obligations to Harley fettered his politics during the four last years of Queen Anne, and threw a cloud over his popularity in the following reign, but fixed no stain upon his character, except in the insinuations and slanders of his enemies, whether of his own or the opposite party. It was not till after he had retired from the battle, covered with scars and bruises, but without a single trophy or reward, in acknowledgment of his indefatigable and undeniable services in defence of the cause he had all life espoused—when he was nearly sixty years of age, and struck down by a fit of apoplexy—that he thought of commencing novel writer, for his amusement and subsistence. The most popular of his novels, *Robinson Crusoe*, was published in the year 1719, and he poured others from his pen, for the remaining ten or twelve years of his life, as fast, and with as little apparent effort, as he had formerly done lampoons, reviews, and pamphlets.

To say nothing of the incessant war he waged with crying abuses, with priestcraft and tyranny, and the straight line of consistency and principle which he followed from the beginning to the end of his career—he was a powerful though unpolished satirist in verse, (as his *True-born Englishman* sufficiently proves);—was master of an admirable prose style;—in his *Review*, (a periodical paper which was published three times a-week for nine years together), led the way to that class of essay-writing, and those dramatic sketches of common life and manners, which were afterwards so happily perfected by Steele and Addison;—in his *Essays on Trade*, anticipated many of those broad and liberal principles which are regarded as modern discoveries;—in his Moral Essays, and some of his Novels, undoubtedly set the example of that minute description and perplexing casuistry, of which Richardson so successfully availed himself;—was among the first to advocate the intellectual equality, and the necessity of improvements in the educa-

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tion of women;—suggested the project of *Saving Banks*, and an *Asylum for Idiots*;—among other notable services and claims to attention, by his thoughts on the best mode of watching and lighting the streets of the metropolis, might be considered as the author of the modern system of police; and even in party matters, and the heats and rancorous differences of jarring sects, generally seized on that point of view which displayed most moderation and good sense, and in his favourite conclusions and arguments, was half a century before his contemporaries, who, for that reason, made common cause against him.

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, Defoe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which Defoe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr. Baker, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia.

"From this scene of sorrow," says Mr. Wilson, "we must now hasten to an event, that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crises that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April, 1731, when he was about seventy years of age, having been born in the year 1661. Cibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington; but this is incorrect. The parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose; and farther informs us, that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindall's Burying-ground, now most known by the name of Bunhill Fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows:—'1731. April 26. Mr. Dubow. Cripplegate.' His wife did not long survive him."—*Edinburgh Review*—*article, Wilson's Life of Defoe.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

EMULATION.

THESEUS had in such estimation the virtue of Hercules, that in the night his dreams were all of that hero's actions, and in the day a continual emulation stirred him up to perform the like; as in after ages Themistocles was, when he said that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.

HANGMAN'S WAGES: THIRTEEN PENCE HALFPENNY.

"I CANNOT really say (says Butler in *Hudibras,*) whence that sum was called hangman's wages, unless in allusion to the Halifax law, or the customary law of the Forest of Hardwick, by which every felon taken within the liberty or precincts of the said forest, with goods to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, should, after three market-days in the town of Halifax, after his apprehension and condemnation, be taken to a gibbet there, and have his head cut off from his body."
P. T. W.

LINES BY THOMAS WYNNE KING ON HIMSELF.

I AM, perhaps, as you may say,
A very curious creature;
For I am changing every day,
My name, my shape, and nature.

Tom King I am—and so am known,
But isn't it provoking?
Whenever I to jest am prone,
They tell me I am *Jo* King.

Though fat I am, as any bull,
With aptitude for sinking;
If I by chance seem rather dull,
They swear that I am *thin* King.

In figure I am short and squat,
Yet if with ladies walking,
I laugh, and chatter, and "all that,"
They vow that I am *tall* King.

At night they do admit my claim,
When Sol to rest is sinking,
They call me by my proper name,
And really find me *Wynne* King.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "SPICK AND SPAN NEW."

BUTLER, in his *Hudibras*, says, "Mr. Ray, observes, that this proverbial phrase, according to Mr. Howel, comes from *Spica*, an ear of corn; but rather, says he, as I am informed from a better author, *Spike* is a sort of *Nail*, and *Spawn* the *Chip* of a boat; so that it is all one as to say, every *Chip* and *Nail* is new.

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But I am humbly of opinion, that it rather comes from *Spike*, which signifies a *Nail*; and a *Nail* in measure is the sixteenth part of a yard; and *Span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard; or nine inches; and all that is meant by it, when applied to a new suit of clothes, is, that it has been just measured from the piece by the *Nail* and *Span*."

CHARITABLE MULE.

THE celebrated Spanish lawyer, Martin Azpilcueta, was so charitable to the poor, that he seldom passed a beggar without giving him alms; and it is said, that the mule on which he usually rode, would stop of its own accord when he saw a beggar. P. T. W.

ROYAL COCKNEY STAG HUNT.

JOHN STOW, in his *Survey of London*, 1633, says, "Friday the 24th of July, 1629, King Charles having hunted a stagge or hart, from Wansted in Essex, kild him in Nightingall Lane, in the Hamblet of Wapping, in a garden belonging to one ———, who had some damage among his herbes, by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly." P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF A LARGE SARACEN'S HEAD FOR A SIGN.

JOHN SELDEN, in his *Table Talk*, says, relating to war—"Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the *Saracens*, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces, (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's head is) when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit." *Ibid.*

ROYAL EXAMPLE.

WHERE the royal power, saith Plato, meets with a mind addicted to philosophy or virtue, there vice is subdued and made inferior to virtue; no man is really blessed but he that is wise; and happy are his auditors who can hear and receive those words that flow from his mouth; there is no need of compulsion or menaces to subject the multitude, for that lustre of virtue which shines bright in the good example of a governor, invites and inclines them to wisdom, and insensibly leads them to an innocent and happy life; which being conducted by friendship and concord, and supported on each side with temperance and justice, is of long and lasting continuance; and worthy is that prince of all rule and dominion who makes it his business to lead his subjects into such a state of felicity.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE RELATING TO DAVID BECK, AN EMINENT PORTRAIT PAINTER.

"As he travelled (says Pilkington,) through Germany, he was suddenly taken ill at an inn, where he lodged, and the illness terminated in his apparent death, so that he was laid out as a corpse. His valets, who attended, regretted the event, and as they sat by his bedside, relieved their sorrow by drinking freely. One of them, in a state of intoxication, suggested, that their master was fond of a glass while he was alive, and proposed to testify their gratitude by giving him a glass, though he were dead. Accordingly, they raised his head, and endeavoured to put some liquor into his mouth. Upon this, Beck opened his eyes, and the servant compelled him to swallow what remained in the glass. The painter revived, and, by due attention, not only escaped interment, but perfectly recovered." P. T. W.

IDLENESS.

THE drone of timidity presumes to hope, but without ground and without consequences: the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life, is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now show his wisdom only by repentance. JOHNSON.

RELATIONSHIP.

A LUDICROUS mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased *brother* or *sister*," without knowing whether the deceased was *male* or *female*. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No *relation at all*, Sir, only an *acquaintance*."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 421.] SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1830. [Price 2d.

Birthplace of Rowe, the Poet.

The picturesque rusticity of the above Engraving would invite the interest of the reader, even did it not enjoy the lettered fame of being the birthplace of an amiable dramatic poet. It represents a portion of the village of Little Beckford, about a mile and a half south-east from Eaton Socon, upon the great north road, and upon the borders of the county of Bedford. Here Nicholas Rowe was born, in the year 1678, in the rural dwelling which occupies the centre of the Cut, and was the house of his maternal grandfather. The poet was the son of John Rowe, Esq., sergeant-at-law, possessing a considerable estate, with a good house, at Lambertoun, in Devonshire. The ancestor from whom he descended in a direct line, received the arms borne by his descendants for his bravery in the Holy War.

Nicholas was first sent to a private school at Highgate; and being afterwards removed to Westminster, was at twelve years old chosen one of the king's scholars: his master was the celebrated Dr. Busby.

At sixteen, Rowe was entered a student of the Middle Temple, and proceeded so far as to be called to the bar. When he was nineteen, he was, by the death of his father, left more to his own direction, and probably from that time suffered law gradually to give way to poetry. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy of "The Ambitious Stepmother," which was received with so much favour, that he devoted himself from that time wholly to elegant literature.

We pass over "Tamerlane," his next tragedy, to "The Fair Penitent," remodelled from "The Fatal Dowry" of Massinger, which Johnson esteems as "one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage." He next attempted comedy, and, in 1706, wrote "The Biter," which being altogether a failure, he was prudent enough to keep to his own line of writing; * and from that time to 1715 his "Ulysses," "Royal Convert," "Jane Shore," and "Lady Jane Grey," ap-

* Rowe prided himself on this comedy, and, though the audience damned it, he sat in the house, and laughed with great vehemence at what he thought good points. This was charitable, at all events, and saved the audience much trouble; for of all inconvenience, involuntary laughter is the greatest. We wish some of the dull farce-writers of our day had the same consideration for *their* audience

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peared in succession—of which "Jane Shore" still, and probably long will, keep the stage. Johnson sums up the merits of this piece in a few words: "This play," observes he, "consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents, and the husband is honoured because he forgives." We may add, that in the present day few performances carry with them so forcibly the sympathies of the audience.

His last tragedy (1715) was "Lady Jane Grey." He was willing to improve his fortune by other arts than poetry. Being a decided whig, when the Duke of Queensbury was made secretary of state, he appointed Mr. Rowe his under secretary. This post he lost on the death of his patron; and on the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate in place of Tate. He likewise obtained other posts, the emoluments of which, aided by his paternal fortune, enabled him to live respectably. He was twice married, to women of good family, and had a son by his first wife, and a daughter by his second. He died in 1718, aged 45; and was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where his widow has erected a superb monument to his memory.

The personal character of Rowe seems to have been very respectable. Pope esteemed his companionable qualities very highly; and Dr. Welwood has represented the poet in an amiable light, in the character of him prefixed to Rowe's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*.

Unannoyed by embarrassment, and unlike most poets, possessing a competent fortune, he wrote for fame, and therefore not in haste. His works bear few marks of negligence or hurry. It is remarkable that his prologues and epilogues are all his own. His edition of Shakspeare is well known; yet Johnson remarks that he neither received nor expected much praise for this undertaking.

As an original poet, Rowe appears to most advantage in a few tender and pathetic ballads; but as a translator, he assumes a higher character. Johnson ranks his version of *Pharsalia* as a masterpiece. Still his popularity, as a poet, rests more upon his domestic tragedies; for the woes of Jane Shore, and the penitence of Calista, have stronger hold on public taste than the refinements of classic fable.

The Sketch-Book.

THE GIBBET.—A FACT.

(For the Mirror.)

The mountainous district of Craven, some fifty or sixty years ago, was much infested by a notorious freebooter of the name of Tom Lee. Tom was one of those daring spirits of the old school of highwaymen, who in levying their contributions upon his majesty's liege subjects, occasionally displayed a high-mindedness and sparks of generous feeling that would have done honour to a better cause.

Your knight of the road in those days, was none of your shabby, villanous footpads, skulking behind a tree and ready to bury their knife in your breast ere you can say Jack Robinson; but a man who carried on his profession in an open and gentlemanly manner; well-mounted, well-clad; and who bade you "stand and deliver," with a tone of authority, that at once gave you to understand the consciousness he had of his own dignity, and the utter fearlessness with which he exercised his avocation. But as old Dame Flibberty used to say—"lang gangs t' pitcher t' th' well, but it comes hame broken at last;" such was the fate of Tom. After many perilous escapes, he, poor fellow, like the rest of his fraternity, was doomed to swing upon the ignominious tree.

Lee having been drinking at a public house in Grossington, a village in Craven, with the doctor, who on many occasions had been serviceable to him in extracting shot, &c., a dispute concerning some trifling subject arose between them. The glass having circulated freely, and the doctor in the warmth of the moment, forgetting the dangerous character with whom he had to deal, dropped some hints that he could have done the job for him long since. Tom turned a menacing eye and scowling brow upon the doctor, and muttering something between his teeth, immediately paid his reckoning and departed. The doctor on his way home that night, had to pass through a wood a mile or two distant from the village. Lee being aware of this, fastened the gate at the outer extremity of the wood, and stationing himself a short distance from the road, impatiently awaited the doctor's arrival. He had not remained long in this situation, brooding gloomily over his revenge, before the sound of a horse's hoofs announced the approach of some person on the road; and Tom

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having ascertained it to be his intended victim, rushing forward, boldly seized the horse's bridle, and after upbraiding the doctor with his expressed intention to betray him, fired—the doctor fell—and for this murderous act Lee having been apprehended, was conveyed to York with his arms pinioned, and legs tied beneath the horse's belly. He was found guilty, executed, and his body hung in chains on the spot where he had perpetrated the horrid deed.

Though the strong arm of the law had incapacitated this desperado from any further molestation of person or property, yet over the minds of the superstitious and the ignorant, he seemed to have a greater dominion than ever. Many are the tales that were told of a supernatural horseman, that in the dead hour of the night, might be seen scouring the country on a steed that seemed winged with lightning; and many a poor fellow whom necessity compelled to pass by the spot where Tom's bones hung bleaching in the wind, as he approached the place, would shut his eyes, hurrying by, as if the sight of so ghastly an object would for ever blast him with blindness, while a cold shuddering of horror damped his inmost soul, and made his very flesh creep upon his bones.

Lee had long been exposed upon the gibbet to "the pelting of the pitiless storm," when one gusty night in November, several of the villagers, as they were occasionally wont, had assembled together at that focus of mirth and intelligence, the village alehouse. A huge log of wood, garnished with ruddy, glowing peats, sent forth a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, and banished all anxiety about the raging of the storm without. My authority does not mention all the names of the village worthies, who upon the night in question, were luxuriating themselves around the aforementioned joyous blaze; especial mention, however, is made of Walter the blacksmith, a fellow with iron muscles and steel visage; Snip the tailor, a sort of a hop o' my thumb chap; and Strap the barber, whose tongue ran a great deal faster than his wit, though that was none of the slowest. There was also another individual in this honourable group, whom in deference to his acknowledged importance, we cannot dispose of so unceremoniously; and that was no less a personage than sergeant Dawson.

The sergeant after having been for many years tossed about the world from "wig to wall," had now retired upon a small pension to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. In person he was tall, and to use the phrase of the villagers, "as straight as a ramrod." His nose (to say the least of it) needed not to have blushed for the scantiness of its dimensions, even though it had been compared with that of a celebrated general of our own times; and this together with a large bushy eyebrow, beneath which rolled an eye in ever restless wildness—an elevated forehead over which straggled a few bristly hairs—a lip sometimes compressed as if well pleased with the contemplation of his own self-importance, formed altogether a physiognomy well calculated to keep the rebellious sons of thunder at a respectable distance, and nearly frighten out of their wits the unfortunate members of the awkward squad. However, upon the whole, sergeant Dawson was a decent sort of fellow enough, loved his joke, his pipe, and his mug of Sir John, and was at once "hand and glove" with a patient listener to his stories.

It was amusing enough to see the old veteran "taking his ease in mine inn," descanting upon battles and sieges to the wondering and gaping playmates of his youth; and ever and anon mellowing his discourse by blending the divine fragrance of the Indian weed with the heart warming influence of nappy brown. "Whiff, whiff," describing the taking of Quebec under the valiant Wolfe; "whiff—here ran the river," taking his pipe from his mouth and tracing among the ale spilled upon the table, "and here was the steep and shelving bank up which we had to scramble in the night as well as we could; and there is the spot—God bless his majesty—where my left hand was blown off, as clean as a riband, by the wrist."

On the night in question the sergeant was seated at the upper end of an old, black, oak long-settle, spelling and conning over a tattered newspaper, that after passing through the hands of the parson, schoolmaster, exciseman, and various others, came in the course of two or three weeks to be thumbed to pieces at the ale bench; while "owre th' bleezing ingle" stood Andrew M'Pherson, the travelling Scotchman, drying his rain bespattered garments, and holding forth to the landlady on the merits of a piece of long-lawn which she seemed desirous of purchasing. Andrew was a shrewd, cunning fellow, who took care for the most part to keep his hand upon his bawbie; a kind of walking newspaper, wherein such important articles as births, marriages, deaths, and

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other interesting et caeteras, were duly and carefully entered, and as duly and carefully delivered—I don't mean to say entirely free of expense, for Andrew sometimes contrived to drop in upon the gude wife for not a small piece of whangby cheese and haver cake—a repast not to be despised by a stomach subjected to the twofold influence of toil and mountain air; though the axe frequently had to be applied to the cheese ere its dismemberment could be effected. Andrew's usual salutation was "weel, dame, or weel bonny, are ye wanting ony thing i' my way to-day?" In short he was no way degenerated from his honoured namesake the tutelar saint of his country.

"It's a vary, cauld, blusterie night this," observed Andrew as he drew from the fire and seated himself by the side of the sergeant.

"Blustering enough, no doubt," replied the sergeant, "if we may judge of it by the creaking of the sign and the rattling of the windows; but methinks, an old soldier, who many a time and oft, hath had naught but the earth for his bed, his knapsack for a pillow, and the wild winds for his lullaby, should reck little of a squall of wind or a few drops of rain."

"Weel, aweel, maister sarjun," says Andrew, "ye may blaw it as leetly as ye please man; but mony's the bitter blast I've had o' it mysel, tuggin through thick and thin wi' my canny braw pack o' my shouther."

"A fig for your 'cauld blusterie night,'" interrupted the sergeant, following his rebuke with a hearty, good swig of his favourite Sir John; "what news?"

"I've nane particlar to tell," replied M'Pherson, "syne's ye've may be heard as weell's mysel bout the dainty chiel wha was terrified out o' his wits i' passing the gibbet a night or twa back."

"Ha! ha! is that all?" says the sergeant.

"Nae doubt maister sarjun, but ye're a bauld hearted fellow," answered M'Pherson, "and ane that canna be flustered wi' a trifle; but were I guilty o' bettin wagers I suld nae fear to lay twa ells o' my best lang-lawn to their equivalent i' siller, that ye dare na gang to the gibbet to night, and ask Tom how he is."

The sergeant did not anticipate this "home thrust" of Andrew, and consequently, like a prudent general, endeavoured to make a counter revolution, by asserting that he was not so much afraid of going to the gibbet as he was loth to leave his warm seat in the corner. But M'Pherson continuing to press his point, considerations for his reputed valour, and his copious libations during the evening to Sir John Barleycorn, (by the by the valiant Sir John ought to have been promoted to an earldom long since), finally overcame Dawson's attachment to his favourite corner, and having accepted Andrew's wager, he accordingly set out on his enterprise.

It was drawing near midnight when the sergeant left the inn; the moon was obscured by a dense, heavy mass of clouds, that black as a raven's wing, brooded gloomily over the desolate expanse around; the rain had ceased to fall; and the wind had sunk into a calm; but it was like that awful calm which is said to be the harbinger of death — while every now and then, a hollow gust as it swept from the hills, seemed like the moan of the dying, faint and yet fainter, ere the struggling spirit frees itself from the trammels of mortality. Dawson felt this, and though as a soldier he was not inclined to treat such feelings with too much indulgence, yet they came over him again and again, and would not be repressed:—

> 'Shadows to night
> Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
> Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers."

Despite these unwelcome visitations, the sergeant, however, still continued to hold on his way, fortifying himself as well as he could by calling to mind his former perilous achievements. "It was no unusual thing for him," he thus argued, "to be exposed to the terrors of the night—he had often been engaged in the hottest part of the battle where bullets were showered around him as thick as hail—he had never feared to face the living, why should he now quail before the dead?" Reasons to be sure sufficiently cogent, but which, like those of greater philosophers under similar circumstances, were found to be ineffectual in warding off the foul fiend.

By this time Dawson had reached the entrance of the wood, at the further extremity of which the gibbet was placed. He paused for a moment ere he entered—the wind had again risen, and howled fearfully around him, as if a thousand demons were gibbering in the air—again he pushed on—the withered leaves rustled beneath his feet, and the pale beams of the moon, struggling through the leafless branches of the trees, threw but a faint, flickering light across the road, barely sufficient to direct his steps. He heard, or fancied he heard, the panting

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of a hard-ridden steed—quicker, deeper, nearer, and ere he could turn his head, the supernatural horseman swept by him with the rapidity of a whirlwind. Still he urged on, and in a moment more he stood full in front of the gibbet. The moon, now on a sudden, broke from behind a rugged mass of clouds, and poured down the whole volume of her light full upon the hideous spectacle. It was a moment of terrible anxiety. He saw—and accustomed as he had been to scenes of carnage and slaughter—saw with feelings of horror the nameless, indescribable thing, hung on high, grinning with lipless mouth, and heard the creaking of the irons as the fleshless frame swung from side to side with every gust of wind. But what language can depict his terror and amazement, when on proposing the stipulated question, "How are you Tom?"—"Cold and wet," was the immediate reply in a wildly hollow, sepulchral tone. The poor sergeant actually fancied the ghastly skeleton already descending from the tree, eager to clutch him in its bony gripe. However not having much relish for such infernal contact, he showed his spectral foe a pair of clean heels, and arrived at the inn in somewhat less time than it had taken him in leaving it.

The long and the short of the story is this: Andrew having been frequently subjected to the trying ordeals of listening to the sergeant's tales of war and blood, hit upon this scheme of putting his mettle to the proof; and by taking a shorter cut, and making greater speed, arrived sooner at the gibbet, where stationing himself, he delivered the appalling answer which so terrified our old friend the sergeant.

Wilsill. J. H.

ON READING SOME OF MR. KEATS' VERSES.

(For the Mirror.)

Gladness and thought my listening spirit keep,
As I your verses, gentle poet, read,
Telling of daisied field and flowery mead,
In numbers balmy as a welcome sleep
That bathe the heart in sorrow, and that weep
In beauty and in hope; and captive lead
The enamoured soul, that cares not to be freed

From thought so tranquil, so sincere and deep,
Oh, that my longing mind in verses bold,
Winged some starlit night could fly above,
There with thy quiet spirit converse hold,
And hear it tell of poetry and love;
The precious lore to tyrants I'd unfold
And make them gentle as the brooding dove.

J. H. L. H.

ANGELS BEARING THE SPIRIT OF A POET TO HEAVEN.

A DREAM.

(For the Mirror.)

Delicious chords of music in the air,
Float in bright trembling melody around
A heav'nly group, that in that realm of sound,
Captive did keep his spirit, and upbear
His dreaming senses, to a kingdom where
Greatness and love and charity surround
The altar of angel worship, good profound;
To approach whose lustre none but poets dare.

I awoke, and looking up into the sky,
Thought, for an instant, that I saw the train,
And heard their music still,—'twas but the sigh
That lingered in my senses, of the strain:
For Poetry and Music bore him high,
From worldly vision, to their own domain.

J. H. L. H.

The Anecdote Gallery.

COOKE AND INCLEDON, VOLUNTEERS.

Once, when the Duke of Cumberland was reviewing the corps at Chalk Farm, he took particular notice of Cooke, who, though deficient in speed, was a very attentive soldier. The usual firing and manœuvres being gone through, a sham fight was engaged in, and the troops had to make their way over the fields about Hampstead and Highgate. There was a high bank to get over in starting from the firing ground, up which the young men vaulted with little difficulty;—not so with Cooke: he ran at the bank, but he ran in vain—he could not mount it; by dint of pulling from above, and pushing from below, however, he was at length hoisted to the top, when he found a rail, on which he sat to recover his breath. As he came to himself, a little urchin squeaked out, "Richard's himself again!" "I wish the bastard dead!" snorted out Cooke, still half exhausted, and he went toddling after the skirmishers, who had bounded on long before—but he was neither last nor least. Charles Incledon, now become corpulent, brought up the rear at little more than a walk. "My lad," said he to a butcher's boy, who followed the troops, "carry this d—d gun for me, and I'll give you a shilling." He then started off a little quicker, but was nearly thrown down by his sword getting between his legs; a little girl just then caught his eye: "My little girl," said Charles, do carry this d—d sword for me, and I'll give you a shilling." This, too was done; and at the halt, Incledon made his appearance, round and green as a cabbage, accompanied by his male and female armour-bearers, to the

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no small amusement of his comrades, and of the by-standers. "What a shame," exclaimed Cooke, "that the first singer in the world should be the last soldier in the field!"

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

LAST summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky-punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"'My dear Sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton: it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.'—Johnson looked pleased—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,' replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting-ladle from one *hand*, the *other hand* was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced; Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

"'I suppose, sir, I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied—

"'My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.'

"'O dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Bozzy.

"'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.'

"Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine-flavoured fat, so nice and brown, too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding!* The table was cleared, and Boswell said—

"'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy?'

"'The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried; the doctor laughed.

"'You little, filthy, snivelling hound, said Boswell, 'when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?'

"'I couldn't, sir,' said the boy.

"'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell.

"'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!'

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"The doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared, or squinted — indeed, looked any way but the *right way*. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

"'Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe.' And so, sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."—*Angelo's Reminiscences.*

The Naturalist.

FOOD OF THE WILD PEACOCK.

Mr. Ranking informs us that peacocks, in a wild state, feed on pepper pods: a fact which he ascertained in a shooting excursion on the banks of the Luckna, in Bengal, when he flushed a flock of twenty in a grass field. One which he shot had in his crop more than a hundred pods of Chili pepper, the smallest and hottest sort known.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

COCK PHEASANTS.

Perhaps it is not generally known that cock pheasants crow in concert during a thunder storm. Yet this is certainly the fact; and their shout may be heard, "awakening the echoes," at a distance of two miles.—*Ibid.*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This "poet bird" sometimes displays an eccentric and novel taste in the materials of her nest. One interesting specimen of this kind was lately found wholly constructed of skeleton leaves.—*Ibid.*

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

In a blackbird's nest at St. Austell, Cornwall, in which were two young birds, one of them was perfectly white; and the nest was robbed by a boy, who, in a scuffle with the owner of the garden, killed the bird. It was, however, preserved, and is now in the collection of Mr. Jackson, of Looe.—*Ibid.*

VOICE OF FISHES.

I have often heard it remarked that fish have no voices. Some tench, which I caught in ponds, made a croaking like a frog for a full half hour whilst in the basket at my shoulder. — *Correspond. Ibid.*

THE CUCKOO.

The best place for observing the habits of this bird, in England, is on the range of the Malvern Hills, where they abound, in the season, in extraordinary numbers, making the whole circuit of them resound continually with their note, in a most striking manner; and flying about, from tree to tree, in a way which would much delight a person fond of natural history. The workmen of the neighbourhood say a bird comes with them, which they call the cuckoo's maid, but I never saw it.—*Ibid.*

MERMAIDS.

A few years back a mermaid was shown in London. This specimen was said to come from Japan; I can aver that it came from the East Indies; for, being at St. Helena in 1813, I saw it on board the ship which was bringing it to England. The impression on my mind was that it was an artificial compound of the upper part of a small ape with the lower half of a fish; and being allowed to examine it as closely as I pleased externally, my attention was directed, by the aid of a powerful glass, to ascertain the point of union between the two parts. I confess I was somewhat staggered to find that this was so neatly effected, that the precise line of junction was not satisfactorily apparent. I speak of it in its best state of preservation: perhaps now the imposture can be more easily detected. A short time back the skeleton of a mermaid, as it was called, was brought to Portsmouth, which had been shot in the vicinity of the Island of Mombass. This was allowed to be submitted to the members of the Philosophical Society, when it proved to be the Dugong. The anatomy and natural history was illustrated by some of the members present, and briefly noticed in the Annual Report for 1826-7, page 21. To those who came to the examination with preconceived notions of the fabulous mermaid, it certainly presented, as it lay on the lecture-table, a singular appearance. It was, if I recollect right, about six feet long: the lower dorsal vertebræ, with the broad caudal extremity, suggested the idea of a powerful fish-like termination; whilst the fore legs, from the scapula to the extremities of the phalanges, presented to the unskilful eye an exact resemblance to the bones of a small female arm. The cranium, however, had such an *outré* brutal form, that even the most sportive imagination could never have supposed it to have borne the lineaments of the "human face divine." It is now, I believe, in London.—*Ibid.*

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THE LANTERN FLY.

THE remarkable character of this genus *(fulgora)* of insects of the order *hemiptera*, consists in the horny bladder on the forehead, which in two species, diffuses a clear light during life, and some time after death.

The largest species is the *Lanternaria*, or lantern-fly, and is a native of South America. The shining bladder gives such a clear light, that the natives of New Guiana use them as lanterns. There is another species, the *Candelaria*, a native of China, which the Cut represents.

Madame Merian describes this insect in her superb work on the insects of Surinam: the head and thorax are generally of a ruddy brown; and the ground colour of the elytra (wing cases) is fresh green, but quaintly figured with spots of a yellowish clay colour, sometimes pale, at other seasons of a deeper hue. The wings are of a deep and beautiful yellow, with a broad band of glossy black, bordering the extremities. The tarsi are composed of three articulations, and of a paler brown than the legs and thighs. When the insect is on the wing, the waving of the elytra, (whose thinness renders the spots transparent), assisted by the luminous quality peculiar to the tribe, and the golden yellow of the under wings, bordered with black, occasion the flashes they dart around in the night, and create images beyond all probability, in minds too ready to credit hyperboles.

Madame Merian adds, the light is sufficient to read a newspaper by, and Mr. John Murray, F.S.A. F.L.S. observes, that in the above species, "the light perhaps transcends that of any other luminous insect. I have myself read a letter by the exclusive light of the *lampyris noctiluca* (another luminous insect), and last summer I alighted at night on the Italian side of the Simplon, near to the white marble quarry, and picked up a *lampyris spendidula*. It shone with intense light; the night was dark, but I preserved the insect, and carrying it into the carriage with me, turned it to a good account, for it showed me distinctly the hour by a watch."

THE GUINEA PIG

Is a native of Guinea and the Brazils, where it is generally of a pure white colour, and seldom variegated with orange and black, in irregular blotches, as in England: they dwell in warrens, like rabbits, whom, in their food and manner of living, they strongly resemble; and would, without doubt, be speedily extirpated by the smaller kinds of cats, in which their country so greatly abounds, were it not for the rapid and almost incredible multiplication of their species, six hundred, on an average, being annually produced from each female. In confinement, their food consists of the most juicy and succulent herbs: they will also eat bread sopped in milk, grains and fruits of all sorts, especially apples: and here it may be well to correct an error of Buffon's, who states, "that though perpetually throwing out urine, *they never drink*." This, however, is not the case; for they manifest a strong inclination for drinking, being particularly fond of milk, and never refusing water when offered them. Their sleep is short and frequent: they utter a shrill piercing cry when in want of any thing, or when any one approaches near them, and frequently perish from cold, moisture, or want of exercise. On the whole, they are extremely timid, delicate, and feeble, but inoffensive, docile, and elegant useless for food, in this country at least, or for any of the purposes to which domesticated animals are generally applied.

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but very well adapted, for their gentleness and beauty, to be kept as pets.

Mag. Nat. Hist.

Notes of a Reader.

LADY BYRON TO MR. MOORE.

[We reprint the following from the *Times*, wherein it is stated to be a more perfect copy than any previously published. The reader will have occasion to turn to our Supplement (No. 411), containing copious extracts from Mr. Moore's valuable Life of the Noble Poet:]—

"*Remarks occasioned by Mr. Moore's Notices of Lord Byron's Life.*

"I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention; if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are—

"The aspersion on my mother's character, p. 648, l. 4—'My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to *the contagion of its grandmother's society*.'

"The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645 l. 7, &c.—'A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and *spy of Lady N.'s*,) who, in her better days was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.'

"The seeming exculpation of myself in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it—'her nearest relatives are a ———;' where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication.

"These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them.*

"From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection on the road, and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.'

"In my observations upon this statement, I shall as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are, I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me, in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th.

"Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with

* "'The officious spies of his privacy.'"—Page 650.

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Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to 'desert'† my husband. It has been argued that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and interferences are wholly destitute of foundation.

"When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arragements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him.

"The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this circumstance, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother.

"Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenour of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorize such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2nd of February to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron:—

"'My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement:

"'I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf whilst you were in the country: the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt, most sincerely, a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts, nor, so far as I can perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron

† "'The deserted husband.'"—Page 651.

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certainly, none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed; I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.

"'Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"'STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

"'Great George-street, Jan. 31.'

"I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*.

"I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult; I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

"A. I. NOEL BYRON.

"*Hanger-hill, Feb.* 19."

EARTH EATERS.

THE women, children, serpents, lizards, and ounces of the river St. Francisco, in its course through the province of Minas, in South America, have a singular and most economical propensity of eating earth. It seems that the soil contains a small portion of salt-petre, which is agreeable to the palate. Boys and girls, however, are less select in their tastes, and sometimes eat the whitewash off the walls, and occasionally wood, charcoal, or cloth.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE ideas of the ancients respecting the world of spirits were very extraordinary. Homer informs us, that the shades, or souls, of the departed heroes rushed eagerly to lap the fresh blood of the sheep, which had been poured into a trench in the ground. *Ibid.*

THE CRUSADES.

OF the effect of the holy cross on the minds of the Christian warriors, and their mode of commencing a battle, Mr. Wilken gives the following description:

"How could the crusaders march to battle otherwise than joyful! For the conflict with the infidels was a holy and a meritorious work; the war which the people of God waged against Turks and Saracens a holy war. Devout prayer and contrite confession of sins preceded the battle; after the victory humble thanksgivings were rendered to God as the author of all victory. Usually, before the faithful marched out of Jerusalem to battle, when a hostile army threatened danger to the kingdom, the patriarch assembled the whole Christian population, Syrian and Greek as well as Latin Christians, to a solemn procession, with naked feet, through all the holy places, to implore the aid of God for the battle. Amidst tears and pious hymns the supplications of the Christians rose to heaven; and they rendered themselves worthy of the divine grace by so rigid a fast, that the breast of the mother was withheld from the sucking child. Alms also were distributed among the poor and the sick, that God might show mercy to the warring crusaders, even as they showed mercy to the suffering brethren. Or when the knights and footmen were engaged in conflict with the heathen, the brethren who remained at home prayed, amidst pious works, processions, self-mortifications and almsgiving, for the victory of those who were fighting. The crusaders gladly selected Sunday for battle against the infidels, as being the day on which the Redeemer, by his resurrection from the grave, sealed his victory over death and hell. When battle against the heathen was resolved on, the Christian warriors came to their priests, confessed their sins, and received the holy sacrament. They were then blessed by the priests; the patriarch, bishop, or abbot, who bore the holy cross, went round the whole army, showed the sacred wood to all the warriors, who fell on their knees; he extended it to them to kiss and devoutly salute, promising them victory and forgiveness of their sins with God, if they would fight with cheerful minds, and faith in Christ, against the heathens. What knight or footman could help going joyfully to meet death for the

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Saviour who had, on the wood of that cross which his lips had just touched, submitted to death for him? Then the knights mounted their war-horses, the squadrons were arranged, and the Holy Cross adorned frequently the first, sometimes the centre corps. The horns and trumpets resounded, and the Christian heroes rushed inspired to the fight. While the war-cry of the Musulmans, Akbar Allah! *(God is great,)* rose in deep hollow tones, and the intolerable braying of their trumpets and the thunder of their drums deafened the hearers, the Christian warriors, in their animated attack or courageous defence, were more gratefully reminded of the aid of God and Christ by a pious and encouraging war-cry, appointed by the chiefs, of *God wills it*, or *Christ Jesus*, or *Christ conquers, Christ rules, Christ reigns.*"—*Wilken's History of the Crusades—translated in the For. Quar. Rev.*

QUANTITY OF CIRCULATING BLOOD IN MAN.

EACH cavity of the heart may contain from two to three ounces of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in one hour: therefore, there passes through the heart, every hour, eight thousand ounces, or seven hundred pounds of blood. The whole mass of blood in an adult man is about twenty-five or thirty pounds, so that a quantity of blood equal to the whole mass passes through the heart twenty-eight times in an hour, which is about once every two minutes. What an affair must this be in very large animals! It has been said, and with truth, that the aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and that the water roaring in its passage through the pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from a whale's heart. Dr. Hunter, in his account of the dissection of a whale, states that the aorta measured a foot in diameter, and that ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke with an immense velocity, through a tube of a foot diameter.

It has been well observed, that we cannot be sufficiently grateful that all our vital motions are involuntary, and independent of our care. We should have enough to do had we to keep our hearts beating, and our stomachs at work. Did these things depend, not to say upon our effort, but even upon our bidding, upon our care and attention, they would leave us leisure for nothing else. Constantly must we have been upon the watch, and constantly in fear: night and day our thoughts must have been devoted to this one object; for the cessation of the action, even for a few seconds, would be fatal: such a constitution would have been incompatible with repose.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome, and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder, and without weariness.

That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness is still more astonishing. Never, for a single moment night or day, does it intermit its labour, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never feels fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator in so constructing it can in nothing be exceeded but his wisdom!—*Library Useful Know.* No. 69.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE AUSTRALIAN

WHEN first born is of a bright copper-colour, and if he afterwards grows darker, the change is rather attributable to the oil, soots and ochre, with which he incessantly daubs himself, than to the effects of climate. The beard is short and curly, but very thick. As this appendage, however, is rather regarded as a nuisance than an ornament, the Australian contrives with a burning stick to shave himself, on particular oc-

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casions. When he is fortunate enough to procure a European to operate with a razor upon his chin, he conceives himself, like the Turcoman chief in Hajjî Baba, to be in possession of supreme felicity, and grins from ear to ear with inexpressible gratitude. In fact, had the reader but once beheld one of these chocolate-coloured Australians under the hands of a skilful barber, he would not despair of their civilization. The cheek bones are high, as in the Tartar race, and the whole visage has a square cast, like that of the Mongols.

The women of Australia exhibit a remarkable fidelity to their husbands, and are fond and affectionate mothers. Adultery is punished with excessive severity. The first act of courtship, savage as it seems, is generally a mere ceremony, to which the women submit not unwillingly. The savage has no time for long courtship, and knocks his mistress down, and carries her off by force, that her virtue may appear unimpeachable, and her resistance great. After this cruel ceremony, she is not generally ill-treated. The Australians seldom or never make use of any thing which is given to them, without sharing it to the last morsel with their wives. Accordingly, when the husband dies, he is long and deeply lamented by his wife, who would not, in such a state of society, affect or feel grief for a tyrant.

They are remarkably fond of their children, and if their parents die, the children are adopted by the unmarried men and women, and are taken the greatest care of.

One of the greatest treats among the Australians, is to get an Indian bag which has contained sugar. This they cut in pieces, and boil in water, which they then drink, until they sometimes become intoxicated, or blown out, like an ox in clover, and can drink no more.

In Australia, in general, the culprit, whatever be his offence, is compelled to stand for a certain time, with a target in his hand, and defend himself from the spear of whoever among the assembled multitude chooses to throw at him. They are so dexterous that accidents seldom happen; though the criminal is sometimes killed. Of their wars and the motives which lead to them, little is known. One tribe receives, or supposes it receives, injury from another. A challenge is sent, but from what authority, or of what kind, no one appears to know. They meet, however, on an appointed day. At first a good deal of parleying takes place in tones of defiance. They menace each other with their spears, and by flourishing their short clubs or waddys, stamping all the while with their feet. Then they retire for a moment, and again come to close quarters, pushing each other about, their tones of defiance becoming more violent, till they are at last worked up to a state of fury. This being the proper moment for beginning, they roar out the word "*worr! worr! worr!*" (dwelling with deep emphasis on the *r*) and fall to with their waddys upon each other's head, dealing about blows that would fell an ox, until two or three individuals fall, or are disabled, when the victorious party utter a terrible shout or yell. Sometimes after hard fighting they retire a little, flourish their clubs in the air with loud menaces and violent gestures, and then they fall to again until they are tired, when they generally disperse with their heads broken or bleeding. They seldom kill each other. Their spears are not used upon such occasions, although they carry them to the fight, and menace each other with them. Their skulls are found to be much thicker than those of Europeans; and were not this the case, they would be crushed by the first blow of such a weapon as the waddy.—*Westminster Review.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON, TO SIR HENRY CLIFTON, PARIS.

DEAR HARRY,

You owe me a letter,
Nay, I really believe it is two;
But to make you still farther my debtor,
I send you this brief *billet-doux*.
The shock was so great when we parted,
I can't overcome my regret:
At first I was quite broken-hearted,
And have never recover'd it yet!

I have scarcely been out to a party,
But have sent an excuse, or been ill;
I have played but three times at écarté,
And danced but a single quadrille!
And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er
One moment ceased thinking of thee;
I'd a handsome young man for my partner,
And a handsomer still *vis-à-vis*.

But I had such a pain in my forehead,
And felt so ennuied and so tired;
I must have look'd perfectly horrid,
Yet they say I was really admired!
You'll smile,—but Mamma heard a Lancer,
As he whisper'd his friend—and, said he,
The best and most beautiful dancer
Is the lady in white—meaning me!

I've been once to Lord D'orival's *soirées*,
Whose daughter in music excels,—
Do they still wear the silk they call *moirées*
They will know if you ask at Prudels.

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She begg'd me to join in a duet;
But the melody died on my tongue;
And I thought I should never get through it,
It was one we so often have sung!

In your last, you desire me to mention
The news of the Court and the Town;
But there's nothing that's worth your attention,
Or deserving of my noting down.
The late carried Catholic Question,*
Papa thinks, will ruin the land;
For my part, I make no suggestion
On matters I don't understand!

And, papa says, the Duke has not well done
To put his old friends to the rout:
That he should not have quarrell'd with Eldon,
Nor have turn'd Mr. Huskisson out.
And they say things are bad in the City,
And Pa thinks they'll only get worse—
And they say the new bonnets are pretty,
But I think them quite the reverse!

Lady Black has brought out her two daughters,
Good figures but timid and shy:
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
And the doctors declare she will die.
It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen
He found they could never agree;
Her temper's so very uneven,
I always said how it would be!

The Miss *Whites* are grown very fine creatures,
Though they look rather large in a room,
Miss Grey has gone off in her features,
Miss Green is gone off—with her groom!
Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
His son has succeeded his sire;
And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle,
That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard
And Charles goes on Monday to College,
But Mamma thinks he studies too hard.
We are losing our man-cook, he marries
My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste:
Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
But he must be a first-rate *artiste*.

I don't like my last new piano,
Its tones are so terribly sharp,
I think I must give it to Anna,
And get Pa to buy me a harp!
Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
He was smoking just now a cigar!
And I am tagging hard at the Spanish,
And Lucy has learnt the guitar.

I suppose you can talk like an artist,
Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtù*;
But pray love, don't turn Bonapartist—
Pa will never consent if you do!
"You were born," he will say, "Sir, a Briton,"
But forgive me so foolish a fear—
If I thought you could blame what I've written,
I would soon wash it out with a tear!

And, pray Sir, how like you the ladies,
Since you've quitted the land of your birth?
I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz
Are the loveliest women on earth!
Th' Italians are lively and witty,
But I ne'er could their manners endure—
Nor do I think Frenchwomen pretty,
Though they have a most charming *tournure*!

I was told you were flirting at Calais,
And next were intriguing at Rome—
But I smiled at their impotent malice,
Yet I must say I wish'd you at home!
Though I kept what I fancied *in petto*,
And felt you would ever be true—
Yet I dreamed of the murderer's stiletto,
Each night—and its victim was you!

I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,
If I ring for my seal and a taper,
And think it high time to conclude.

Adieu, then—dejected and lonely,
Till I see you I still shall remain,
Addio, mio caro,—Yours only—
Yours ever,— AMELIA JANE.

P. S. You may buy me a dress like Selina's,
Her complexion's so much like my own;
And don't fail to call at Farina's
For a case of his Eau de Cologne.
And whate'er your next letter announces,
Let it also intelligence bring,
If the French have left off the deep flounces,
And what will be worn for the Spring!

New Monthly Magazine.

* A hearse.

BYRON'S COLLEGE LIFE.

AT Cambridge Mr. Moore has told us very little about Byron's life—yet we see no reason for believing it to have been "the reverse of poetical." Young poets must have their amusements at college, like young prosers: they cannot surely always be forming and indulging in "habits of contemplation!" Now, what are poetical amusements? Playing on the flute or flageolet—fiddle—English or Scotch—or that eternal grumbletonian, the unhappy violoncello? Sketching trees and towers in chalk, black or red, on whitey-brown? Taking lessons in net-work from young ladies that superintend circulating libraries? Perpetually buying gloves, or oil macassar, in shops where the breath of the fair distributress is lost in one sultry haze of miscellaneous perfumery? Why, all that is vastly well to those who like it; and Byron, no doubt, occasionally partook, according to the best of his abilities, in such poetical recreations. But what if he, on the whole, preferred swimming—playing at hazard—sparring—sometimes with a man, and sometimes, as it is said, with a bear? What if he occasionally even drove the cold-meat cart?* Is the behaviour of a being by hypothesis human and rational, when we look on him playing the fiddle in a parlour, more poetical than the behaviour of another member of the same great family playing the porpoise in a pool? Hazard is a dangerous game—but you must not call it unpoetical, till you have struck out of poetry all the passions—or at least a few of them, such as Fear, Hope, and Despair. Plato sparred well, and at the cross-buttock was a Jem Belcher. He was a greater athlete than Byron—yet famous for his "habits of contemplation." A young poet who spars frequently is always, it may be said, in training; and we all know that to be in training merely means to be in the highest health. Now, Hygeia has even more to do with poetry than Apollo—and therefore Byron did right to spar daily with a bear. Driving

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a hearse in a dark night—even with no inside passenger, cannot be truly called "the reverse of poetical;" and if inside passenger there be, the snoreless sleep of the last upper-earth journey must, we should think, have been inspiring to such a genius as Byron, who knew all along that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But farther;—what are all amusements and recreations—be they fiddling, fluting, or fox-hunting, swimming, sparring, or shaking the elbow—what, we ask, are they all to a man who is not a mere idler or ass? Nothing—or less than nothing. One single hour's study, which has been visited by glorious insights, often constitutes the day—and a day, too, whose memory will never die. All the other hours may be given to idleness—if idleness it indeed be—during your preparation for holy orders to undertake an occasional steeple-chase—or play at buffets with Bruin before you venture to tackle to with a still greater Enemy of mankind. There is always a life within a life—visible not to a wall-eyed world—in which the youthful soul of genius divinely sleeps or soars—like an eagle on cliff or in cloud; and till you have come upon genius there and then, you know as much of its inner heart as you do about what is going on in the core of the bole of a rough-rinded tree, which you, like a thickhead, forgetting the season of the year, might presume dead—but which, all alive with celestial ichor, called by the homely name of sap, will, in a few months, dazzle the very rising sun, as it hath brightened into the full glory of Windermere's GOLDEN OAK.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

POETICAL PILGRIMAGE.

'TWAS well for Byron that he went to Greece, rather than to any other part of the world. Indeed poets always go right when they go abroad. There is Mr. Rogers, who goes to Italy, because he is fond of pictures, and medals, and *cetera*,—and how much prettier a poet he has become may be seen by reading parts first and second of his Critical Excursion. Bowles being in youth a musical and melancholy man, went over from Oxford to Germany to weep, during a long vacation, along the banks of the Rhine and some smaller rivers. He returned more pathetic than ever, and fonder of the "still sad music for away" of evening convent bells. Wordsworth soared, wild as an eagle, over the mountains of Switzerland, which, till this day, he conceives to be his own private property—just as are all the three Northern Counties of England—and he will now suffer no other man, not even Byron, so much as to mention Mont Blanc. Coleridge, that delightful dreamer of bright and obscure delusions, yet lovely all, go where he will, to Malta, Rome, or Vienna, is still Metropolitan Bishop of "cloudland, gorgeous land." Sir Walter never lost the smell of peat-reek out of his noble nostrils till he was upwards of two score, because "Scotia, his auld respected mither," had sworn to the rising sun from the top of Caingorm, that her poet should never see other glens and mountains till he had immortalized all her own, and brightened the Highland heather with more than Hybla bloom—so that her wild bees are happy now on Benledi as ever winged creatures were that once murmured on Hymettus.—*Ib.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PARLIAMENTARIANA.

MR. MARTIN, late M. P. for Galway, often excited considerable merriment in the house by the following story:- "A certain man," he said, "having been condemned to death in Turkey, he had it communicated to the Grand Seignior, that, if indulged with a respite for a given time, he would undertake to teach his Sublime Highness's favourite lapdog to speak Greek. The Grand Seignior," added Mr. Martin, "being anxious to see this *lusus naturæ*, that is, a dog taught to speak Greek, granted the respite, and the criminal was thus enabled to prolong his life."

In 1815, during the riots produced by the Corn Bill, several members, on their way to the House of Commons, were surrounded by the populace, who obstructed the avenues, and insulted those who were known to be friendly to the measure. One member on entering the house, exhibited his torn coat to the Speaker, complaining of the want of protection. Another lamented the loss of his hat; another had been hustled in the crowd, and if not really hurt, seriously frighted. Sir Frederick Flood, who was a supporter of the bill, and equally entitled to the displeasure of the populace, boasted his superior address in the following terms:—"Mr. Speaker, they surrounded me too, and inquired my name; now, Mr. Speaker, I hate prevarication, but, my name being

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Flood, I felt myself at liberty to answer 'Waters,' and so they let me pass without molestation."

BALLADS.

FOSBROKE tells us, "Plutarch mentions Prophetic Ballads, sold to servants and silly women. Street-singing was common in the Anglo-Saxon era, and the itinerants used to stand at the end of bridges, like the Roman beggars. Ballads were used to vilify Pericles; and both libels and panegyrics, made by hired foreigners, were sung about the streets. Our ancient ballad singers also sang to a fiddle, upon a barrel head and benches; at taverns, on stools; and attended at wakes and fairs. The ballads were tales of Sir Topas Bevis, of Southampton, &c. Cromwell silenced them. Ballads were, till the beginning of the seventeenth century, printed in the black letter, and chiefly sold on stalls; they were set to old and well known tunes."

It has been observed, that in order to learn the temper, and inclinations of a people, a collection of ballads is necessary. The great Cecil, minister to Queen Elizabeth, is said to have made a most ample collection of ballads on this account.

John Selden says, "Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits; as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as *ballads* and libels." P. T. W.

HAIR.

THE Lacedemonians took a great deal of their children's hair, when they became well grown lads, to have it parted and trimmed especially against a day of battle, pursuant to a saying of Lycurgus, their lawgiver, "that a large head of hair set off a good face to more advantage, and those that were ugly it made more ugly and dreadful."

SIMPLICITY.

A LITTLE girl, having overheard a conversation concerning animalculæ, told her sister, younger than herself, that every thing, not even excepting herself, was made of worms. "Oh then," said the little one, who was not seven years of age, "I suppose our hair is *long worms cut in strips*." C.

INFORMATION FOR PUNCH DRINKERS.

THE name of this liquor is of Indian origin, expressing the number of ingredients. It has been condemned as prejudicial to the brain and nervous system. No brute (says Swift) can endure the taste of strong liquor, and consequently it is against all the rules of hieroglyphics to assign those animals as patrons of punch. Dr. Cheyne says, "that there is but one wholesome ingredient in it, viz. the mere water."

ORIGIN OF THE PROVERB, "TENTER DEN STEEPLE IS THE CAUSE OF GOODWIN'S SANDS."

IT is reported that those quicksands were once firm land, in the possession of Earl Goodwin; and that the Bishop of Rochester employing the revenue assigned to maintain the banks against the encroaching of the sea, upon the building and endowing Tenterden Church, the sea overwhelmed it; whereupon grew the Kentish proverb, that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin's Sands. P. T. W.

TRUE GREATNESS.

MR. H. the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted, in one of his lectures, to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy:—"He was a great man," said the Professor, "a very great man. He was the father of Chemistry, gentlemen, and brother of the Earl of Cork."

W. G. C.

GARRICK AND QUIN.

ONE night when Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin performed at the same theatre, and in the same piece, the performance ending, and it being a very stormy night, each of them ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Mr. Garrick's chair came first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lantern." "By all means," added Mr. Garrick, "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in anything."

CONUNDRUM.

WHY is an unsigned legal instrument like the action of the witches in Macbeth?—It is "a deed without a name."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 422.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1830. [Price 2d.

Ruins at Kirby Muxloe, Leicester.

(From a Correspondent.)

In the fifteenth century the custom of erecting castellated mansions, in which were combined both security and domestic convenience, became pretty general. These succeeded to the castles, the strongholds of the barons, which, however well calculated for defence, had within them little comfort as habitations; and as, according to the then existing laws, they were not allowed to be fortified except by virtue of a license from the crown, we are able to ascertain by records still in existence, the exact periods when not a few of these mansions were built. The turbulent wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster also occasioned the erection of many of them, and they were at that period often the scenes of contention and bloodshed. Though each of these are individually dissimilar in many respects, there is a general resemblance in all; and when we examine one minutely we are able to judge of the style of building, which at that time prevailed amongst the nobles.

The ruins above delineated represent the present appearance of one of these embattled edifices, situated in the village of Kirby Muxloe, near Leicester. It was built by the celebrated Lord Hastings, chamberlain to Edward IV. (who also built the castle of Ashby de la Zouch) by virtue of a license granted to him in 1475, "to wall in and enclose the Manor of Kirby with lime and stone, also to fortify and embattle it; likewise to enclose 2,000 acres of land and wood for a park with free warren;" and tradition asserts, that it once afforded an asylum to the beauteous, though frail and unfortunate, Jane Shore, whilst under the protection of that nobleman. After his murder it still continued to be the residence of some of the Hastings family, who had large possessions in that neighbourhood, till about the year 1636, when the mansion was sold by Sir Henry Hastings, and is supposed, from that time, to have been uninhabited, and fallen into decay. It is now the property of Colonel Winstanley, of Branston Hall, about two miles distant, by whom the existing remains are carefully preserved, and they convey a very clear and striking idea of the style of architecture in fashion at the time it was built. The area within which it is situated, consists of about two acres, in the form of a parallelogram, and is surrounded on all sides by a broad moat, full of water, except at the entrance, where the moat has been filled up. The parts of the structure now remaining consist of the gateway, (represented as above) which

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from its size, must have formed no inconsiderable part of the building; and a large square, embattled tower nearly overgrown with ivy, of the height of three stories: this is situated to the west of the gateway, and was formerly connected with it by a long range of buildings, as appears by the ruins, still remaining. A large tower, apparently of corresponding magnitude with the one just mentioned, formerly stood to the eastward of the gateway, and appears to have been connected with it like the last: this was some years ago levelled to the ground, by the directions of a former proprietor. Two other towers also probably stood at the other corners of the area; but these, if there were any, have long since been demolished.

The building is composed of brickwork, beautifully executed; and the facings and mullions of the windows, copings of the battlements, door-mouldings, and other ornamental details, are of a fine, white, durable sand-stone. The gateway is flanked at each corner by semi-octagon towers, between which the entrance is, through an obtuse pointed arch, in beautiful preservation, the architrave mouldings of which have no capitals, but run down the side into the base mouldings, which was generally the case in doorways of the florid style of architecture; there are grooves on each side of the entrance, and a perforation at the top, seemingly for the purpose of a portcullis. The rooms within are vaulted with brick; and circular staircases of the same material, beautifully turned, and leading to the upper stories, still remain; the windows are square, headed with mullions, transoms, and facings of sand-stone, but have no dripstones over them. In the towers are several loop-holes, some of a circular shape, and others very narrow, and oblong externally; these gradually widen internally, through the whole thickness of the wall, and are likewise faced externally with sand-stone. Some of the external doorways in the interior of the area have obtuse pointed arches, with square-headed dripstones over them; and in the spandrells of one, the initials of the founder are still discernible, though in a mutilated condition.

Such is the present state of this edifice, which is so compactly built, that even now, though it be in ruins, it may defy the uniting storms of ages, if not torn asunder by the unsparing hand of some future possessor.

M. H. B.

Rugby, Warwickshire.

I'D BE A ROTHSCHILD.

(For the Mirror.)

I'd be a Rothschild! immortal in story,
As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains;
Having a heart drunk with visions of glory,
When fifty per cent. on my table remains;
I'd have no poet to sway his lute o'er me,
A fig for the head that such nonsense contains.
I'd be a Rothschild! immortal in story,
As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains.

Tell me of Southeys and Scotts—they are ninnies
To foolishly trifle with time as they do;
Give me the music of soul-witching guineas
While they address lays to the "summer skies blue."
What, if they scribble like Virgils or Plinies,
At sixpence per line in each London review?
I'd be a Rothschild! and laugh at the ninnies,
Whose brains such absurd undertakings pursue.

Commerce shall wave her proud flag o'er the ocean,
When the wreath and the minstrel have vanish'd from hence;
Rhymes may give to the muse their devotion,
But *mine* is concentred in consols and rents.
Of Tempe and Castaly I have no notion,
Oh, they give song the importance of sense;
I'd be a Rothschild! with every emotion,
Awake at the tune of *pounds, shillings, and pence*.

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE CIRCLE OF THE Ddruids.

(For the Mirror.)

It was the general custom among the Ancient Britons to administer justice on the spot by the presiding Druid, within a circle, or ray, which was equivalent to our bar. Any suspected person placed in the name of justice in the centre of a circle, was to remain there till the trial was finally decided; to attempt an escape was deemed the greatest crime, and was punished by the severest penalties, both spiritual and temporal.

The word *ray*, may be derived *Rhea*, the goddess of justice. In this institution is also the origin of the Magic Circle, of which traces may be found in all countries. The Magician's Wand is nothing but the sacred piece of wood by which the circle was drawn on the ground, and by which the person arraigned, (at ray in) was arrested (at ray est). From this is derived also, the true reason why jurymen when once charged with a prisoner cannot depart till they have acquitted or condemned him. The trial having been formerly in the open air, and the culprit under no confinement but that of the circle, or ray, by which he was surrounded, that

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bond would be dissolved by the departure of the assembly, and the prisoner, *ipso facto*, at liberty. The first dawning of our trial by jury may date its commencement from this circle; the prisoner was placed in the ray, a number of his compeers were selected with a chief Druid at their head, and none could depart till they had unanimously declared the offender guilty or innocent, and given their sentence accordingly. This is undoubtedly very similar to our modern trials, and has been perfected by the advancement of knowledge and civilization. M. B. H.

THE BANISHED MAN'S FAREWELL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SHOULD you esteem the following little piece worthy a place in your entertaining miscellany, you will confer an additional gratification on one to whom you have often imparted pleasure: though he has been deprived of sight ever since his childhood, he yet loves "to wander where the muses haunt."

Farewell my home, my native land,
Bride, father, brothers, friends, adieu,
Though doom'd to roam a foreign strand,
I leave this breaking heart with you.

When with the morn I wake to care,
When eve still finds me sunk in woe,
For you I'll breathe my fondest prayer,
While tears of cherish'd sorrow flow.

And O! if mercy ere incline
To penitence, a pitying ear,
With humble hope I'll seek her shrine,
And offer there the contrite tear.

Then take this sad, this last adieu,
Nor spurn a heart by anguish riv'n,
One farewell it asks from you,
A pardoning smile it seeks from heaven.

H. X. C.

The Novelist.

THE SECRET, OR THE STUDENT AND HIS WIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

"AH, no! no! Fredriga, never! never will I tell you that!" cried the bridegroom Reichter to his young, beautiful, and devoted wife. "Shew me then Arnulph, at least;" replied the lady, "and so shall I learn to credit your strange assertion."

"No, no! dearest, never; and if you value my love, nay, my very life, press me not to reveal that terrible secret, my possession of which, I find I have been blamable even to name to the sweetest of the curious sex." And the fond husband smiled as he twined around his fingers a long, glossy lock of his bride's bright hair; then gently drawing her arm within his own—"Come," said he, "let us walk, the evening is delicious; nay, lay not aside your guitar, for pleasant in this odour-dropping hour will be one of your songs beneath the plane-tree."

Fredriga arose, and arm in arm, the happy creatures quitted the saloon wherein they had been sitting in meditative mood; now gazing from a sash-window door upon the garden of the chateau, all radiant as it was in summer foliage, and in the lustre of a red, cloudless, and golden sunset; now adoring the God of nature upon a view of the beauties lavished around them; and now discoursing upon the arcana of that nature and of art; a subject altogether most congenial to the disposition of Fredriga, who was surely the veriest *curieuse* of her sex; indeed, mysterious topics were those upon which she peculiarly delighted to dwell, and she would frequently urge Reichter to such conversations, well aware that as a student of philosophy at the University of Jena, he had become an adept in the occult sciences. During their discourse he had unwarily observed—"for instance, Fredriga, I could, if I pleased, instantly animate yonder statue!"—"How?" asked the inquisitive fair one, with a look of unequivocal astonishment, and a feeling of somewhat excusable fear.—"Ay, there it is," replied Reichter, with an expression of archness in his countenance which seemed to intimate—but I don't intend to let you know any of my secrets.'—"I could do it, believe me, Fredriga, if I choose; so subservient to mind, to immortal mind, have I rendered the powers of nature, as the uninitiated term those mysterious influfluences which they do not understand; nor durst I breathe even to you, Fredriga, their proper name."

"Oh, but do, do tell me, dearest Arnulph," returned his wife in the most winning tone imaginable, and with one of those bright, eloquent looks whose translation we willingly resign to such as are conversant in the voiceless language; "do tell me the means that you would employ to animate a statue." Her husband's answer was the very speech with which our narrative commences. "Sing, dearest," cried Reichter as he seated himself beside Fredriga under the leafy spreading branches of the plane-tree; "this is the hour above all others in which methinks music, delici

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ous music, penetrates the spirit. The calm, the holy, the tender, the odorous evening hours; the hour in which, if ever, angelic essences most assuredly visit man, and we seem to behold and to feel their beatific ministering in the all but supernatural beauty of earth. Sing, dearest."

"I certainly shall not sing," replied the lady, "to oblige a good-for-nothing, teasing creature, who knows that he can gratify me, and who will not."

"I give you my word and honour, Fredriga ——"

"Psha! a man's word and honour; what woman, not quite a fool, ever took it?"

"Why, my love, at all events you did, when you married me."

"True, I forgot that I condemned myself," replied Fredriga, laughing; Reichter also laughed, and very pleasant, pleasanter even than sweet music in the twilight hour, was the mirth of the fair young couple, for it was that of perfect affection and unbounded confidence. "Nevertheless do, do comply with my request, most dear Arnulph;" and laying her delicate arm lightly across his shoulders, she looked bewitchingly into his face; "only just for one moment consider what a treat to a woman is the unravelment of a secret."

"Once again then, Fredriga," returned her husband with exceeding earnestness of tone and manner, "I not only, by all that is sacred, conjure you not to tempt me to such a disclosure, but absolutely prohibit you from so doing."

"May I ask why?"

"Ay, that's another question; one reason is this: (and even now you are proving its equity) were I to reveal the means whereby I could perform my Promethean miracle, you would doubt the truth of my assertion, and oblige me at length to put it to the test by actually performing that, of which the consequences would be in the highest degree dreadful."

"Oh, no! no, indeed, I would not."

"But indeed you would; permit me to say, my dear, that I am better acquainted with your disposition than you are yourself."

"No, you vain creature; not in this respect, I am certain. Come, you shall see how well I will behave. Won't you tell me now?"

"Decidedly not."

"I know what I'll do if you don't."

"And I know what you'll do if you force my secret from me," rejoined Reichter, in a mournfully tender tone, and turning his face from Fredriga he rested it thoughtfully upon the hand of that arm which was supported by the garden-chair.

"Nay, mine own Prometheus," pursued the affectionate inquisitor, "speak not, look not so sadly; I am prepared in your beloved society for any, for every thing; for electric lightnings, galvanic discharges; nay, for the apparition of hosts of demons themselves; you have spoken to me of kings, dukes, earls, marquesses, and knights; of Agares, of Arnon, of Marbas, and of Baal; let them come, I am not afraid; you have fixed mercury, discovered the sublime alkahest; the blacker than the black of Apollonius Tyaneus; the powder of projection; and nearly, nearly the *elixir vitæ*; comply then with my simplest request—I desire to see your marble Endymion, yon languid minion of the moon raise his drooping eyelids and his beautiful sinking form; shake from his pale, pure brow the overclustering curls; display a mind in his placid, angelic face, and light his moveless lips in blessed smiles. Or, if this certainly may not be, tell me at least, dearest Arnulph, the means you would adopt to effect such a miracle."

Who can resist the melody of a voice, every tone of which is modulated by purest affection? The soft but thrilling beam of a love lighted-eye? The mute but impassioned eloquence of manner? Nay, the very heaving of a gentle, balmy breath, and every nameless blandishment of a lovely, loved, and loving pleader, heard and seen and felt—felt even to inebriation in the rich odorous and stilly summer twilight? He who could resist so maddening a combination of dangerous delights, must be master of a harder heart than that possessed by the student Reichter. He was enamoured — enchanted — entranced — infatuated—his brain whirled, his whole frame trembled, a deadly faintness seized him, his bosom heaved convulsively between strange delight and terror, his very heart was sick, and throbbed almost audibly, and catching Fredriga in his arms, he hastily and fervently kissed her glowing cheek, exclaiming in a hurried tone—"I can deny you nothing—it is insanity—death—but by your hands to die is sweet, most sweet. Know then that to animate yonder statue, I must transfuse into it the *principle of life*, transferred immediately from myself. *You have my secret.*"

"But I know better," replied his wife, after she had recovered from the involuntary astonishment into which so

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extraordinary a communication had naturally thrown her—"that is not true I'm certain, dearest Arnulph; you do but jest with my feminine ignorance, and amuse me with asserting an impossibility in order to prevent my searching out the real fact; for even we women know that what you mention, the *principle of life*, has as yet eluded the penetration of the most profound philosophers, who are also divided in their opinions as to whether its nature is corporeal or spiritual; consequently whether it is destructible or indestructible; whether it dies with the body or whether upon the dissolution of that it still exists elsewhere and under another modification; whether it pervades the whole frame or resides peculiarly in any given part, and if so———"

"Upon my word, Fredriga," exclaimed Reichter, hoping that a banter might succeed in changing a subject now become to him one of the most fearful interest—"upon my word, Fredriga, I shall, I believe, have shortly to invest you with my academicals, and dispatch you to give lectures in mysticism at one of our universities."

"That is not to the point, Arnulph; I see your aim, and am resolved that unto it you shall not attain; therefore, explain to me, dearest, how you could detach from yourself and transfer to another, a principle of whose very nature———"

"Oh, good gracious! it is then as I anticipated—you are incredulous, and must see in order to believe."

"To be sure I must, and why not? I know that you are only attempting to impose upon my credulity and ignorance; had you told me any thing less marvellous, Arnulph, I should most likely have been satisfied."

"Oh, no, no, no! you would not, Fredriga," exclaimed the unfortunate young man with an energy inspired by passion and despair; "and are you indeed so—so—so—I will not, I cannot call you cruel, for you mean not to be so, as to wish to have an ocular demonstration of that, which may be attended with fatal consequences to myself?" Reichter was pale as death, he was suffused with a cold perspiration, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he leant against the trunk of the plane-tree for support. Fredriga observed his emotion, and was for a short space of time silent and abashed, beginning really to imagine that her husband might have told her the truth. Curiosity, however, unfortunately overcame with irresistible force every principle of duty and attachment towards him for whom really she had an excessive, but not a generous, affection. Had she been told that she loved *self* better than her husband, her anger and astonishment would have been excessive; nevertheless her own gratification was commonly sought by her, as in this instance, without regard to the inconvenience or pain, accruing from such conduct towards her "other self." After awhile, therefore, the inquisitive and pertinacious Fredriga returned to the attack, entreating even with tears to be indulged with a view of the phenomenon mentioned by Reichter, averring that shortly, if he persisted in not complying with her request, inextinguishable curiosity would undermine her constitution, and bring her to the grave.

"Alas!" sighed the miserable student, "thither then, too surely, seems one of us destined to go; and if so, better I than you, my dearest. I forgive you. Heaven knows how I have in times past suffered from a devouring passion; that, Fredriga, was love, yours is curiosity, and in some bosoms this reigns as paramount as the other; take the blessing of God, and my own, and when I am dead remember me; but do not reproach yourself for my murder."

"How can you talk in such a manner, my dear Arnulph. Even taking it for granted that you are able to perform what you have named, and by the most unaccountable means, will you not also possess the power of restoring the vital spark to that body, from whence an act of your own intelligence originally detached it?"

"I do not know—I cannot say—my own uncertainty on this subject renders me thus unwilling to hazard so dangerous an experiment."

"Nay, then, if you do not know, I can tell you; it stands to reason that it must be so."

"Well, Fredriga, there is no arguing with a lady who will not be convinced; I have said all that I can say, and if you still persist in your desire, you must take the consequences of its gratification, be they what they may: seat yourself opposite Endymion—play, sing, do anything rather than speak to me—and watch the statue." Fredriga, still under the influence of an infatuation most cruel and unaccountable, did exactly as Reichter, who placed himself (standing) beside her, desired, and fixing her eyes upon one of the most beautiful productions of the chisel, she sang in a low, sweet tone, according well with the hour and scene, the following stanzas:—

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Wake! palest minion of the moon,
Thy lady asks for thee:
Night odours of delicious June
From flow'ret breathe and tree!

Wake from thy dreamless slumber—wake!
Thy charmed eyes unclose!
'Tis only for the dead to take
Such rapturous repose!

Thou livest! Beautiful, but pale
And drooping sleeper! rise,
To life to consciousness; and hail
The moonlit earth and skies!

Endymion! thy lady-love
Doth kiss a breast and brow,
More fair, she deems, than aught above
More pure than aught below!

"Hah!" exclaimed Fredriga, breaking off her song, then dropping the guitar, she fell across she recked not what, in a long, long fainting fit; for, with emotions of unutterable terror, she had at length beheld the statue actually smile mournfully; and partially raising its languidly recumbent form, make a visible effort to approach her. In this state and situation was she found by her servants, and only recovered her senses by the means they employed to restore her, to see that the moon at its full was riding high in the heavens, pouring a flood of pale, cold brilliancy over all things; that Endymion the enchanted statue still retained his place and accustomed mournful position, like an effigy upon the tomb of fairest youth; and that she had fallen over the affectionate Reichter who was now as cold and senseless as that sculpture; for the unfortunate victim of indiscreet speech, presumptuous science, and unfeeling curiosity, had been dead some hours.

M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

TORY AND WHIG.

The word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of there in the time of Queen Elizabeth's wars in Ireland. It signified a kind of robber, who being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon the country, without distinction of English or Spaniard. In the Irish massacre, anno 1641, you had them in great numbers, assisting in every thing that was bloody and villanous; and particularly when humanity prevailed upon some of the Papists to preserve Protestant relations. These were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, the dearest friends and nearest relations; these were called *Tories*. In England, about the year 1680, a party of men appeared among us, who, though pretended Protestants, yet applied themselves to the ruin and destruction of their country. They began with ridiculing the Popish plot, and encouraging the Papists to revive it. They pursued their designs, in banishing the Duke of Monmouth and calling home the Duke of York; then in abhorring, petitioning, and opposing the bill of exclusion; in giving up charters, and the liberties of their country, to the arbitrary will of their prince; then in murdering patriots, persecuting dissenters, and at last, in setting up a Popish prince, on pretence of hereditary right, and tyranny on pretence of passive obedience. These men, for their criminal preying upon their country, and their cruel, bloody disposition, began to show themselves so like the Irish thieves and murderers aforesaid, that they quickly got the name of Tories. Their real godfather was Titus Oates, and the occasion of his giving them the name as follows—the author of this happened to be present: There was a meeting of some honest people in the city, upon the occasion of the discovery of some attempt to stifle the evidence of the witnesses [to the Popish plot,] and tampering with Bedloe and Stephen Dugdale. Among the discourse, Mr. Bedloe said, he had letters from Ireland, that there were some Tories to be brought over hither, who were privately to murder Dr. Oates and the said Bedloe. The Doctor, whose zeal was very hot, could never after this hear any man talk against the plot, or against the witnesses, but he thought he was one of these Tories, and called almost every man a Tory that opposed him in discourse; till at last the word Tory became popular, and it stuck so close to the party in all their bloody proceedings, that they had no way to get it off; so at last they owned it, just as they do now the name of High-flyer.

As to the word *Whig*, it is Scotch. The use of it began there when the western men, called Cameronians, took arms frequently for their religion. Whig was a word used in those parts for a kind of liquor the Western Highlandmen used to drink, whose composition I do not remember, and so became common to the people who drank it. It afterwards became a denomination of the poor harassed people of that part of the country, who, being unmercifully persecuted by the government, against all law and justice, thought they had a civil right to their religious liberties, and therefore frequently resisted the arbitrary power of their princes. These men, tired with innumerable oppressions, ravishings, murders, and plun-

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derings, took up arms about 1681, being the famous insurrection at Bothwell Bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favour here, was sent against them by King Charles, and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for the good service, he found himself ill-treated for using them too mercifully; and Duke Lauderdale told King Charles with an oath, that the duke had been so civil to Whigs because he was a Whig himself in his heart. This made it a court-word; and in a little time, all the friends and followers of the duke began to be called Whigs; and they, as the other party did by the word Tory, took it freely enough to themselves.—*Defoe's "Review."*

PROVERBS.

"*The Vicar of Bray, will be Vicar of Bray still.*"—Bray is a village well known in Berkshire, the vivacious vicar whereof lived under King Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and then a Protestant again. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turn-coat, "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die Vicar of Bray."—*Ray's Proverbs*, 1737.

"*Sleeps like a Top.*"—This we may say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus, and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotary motion is at its height. But no such thing, the word top is Italian. Topo, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*ei dorme come un topo*" is derived—Anglice, "he sleeps like a top."—*Gent. Mag.* 1793.

"*To go through Fire and Water.*"—The two chief species of trial by ordeal, were those of fire and water; the former being, in the opinion of some of the learned writers, confined to persons of high rank, and the latter used for common people, both these modes might be performed by deputy, but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporal pain, for hire, or perhaps for friendship: hence the old saying of "*I would go through fire and water to serve you.*"—*History of Kent.*

"*Rob Peter to pay Paul.*"—This proverb had its origin in the time of Edward VI., when such of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were invaded by the great men of the court, who, therefore, allowed something out of them towards the repair of St. Paul's Church.—*Blount's Dictionary*, 1681.

"*An it please the Pix*"—Is, with a small change, the old Roman Catholic ejaculation, "an it please the pix," which is the box in which the Host was carried."—*Gent. Mag.* p. 876, 1790.

"*I have paid my Shot.*"—"Shot" is a common mode of expression among the commonalty, to denote a reckoning, &c. "I have paid my shot," or rather "scot," from "scottum," a tax or contribution, a shot.—*Furn and Nicholson's Westmorland and Cumberland.*

"*The higher the Ape goes the more he shows his Tail.*"—This is an excellent proverb, and signifies that the higher low-bred, vulgar persons are advanced, the more they expose themselves.

"*To rule the Roast*"—Is to govern, manage, or preside over. Johnson observes, that it was originally written roist, which signifies a tumult, and then implied to direct the rabble—*Rider's Dictionary.*

"*Piping Hot.*"—This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently "hot" and light.—*Lemon's Dictionary*, 1783.

"*Skin Flint.*"—(A cant term for an avaricious man.) The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmaleck, one of the Khaliffs of the race of Omiades, was surnamed by way of sarcasm, Raschel Heigiarah, that is the skinner of a flint; and to this day we call an avaricious man a skin flint.—*Universal Mag.* 1796.

Notes of a Reader.

BEAUTIES OF SHELLEY.

A VOLUME of Selections from Mr. Shelley's Poems, as the title-page of this work expresses, "free from all objectionable passages," is a pearl of too great price to be lost. Some of these Selections are extremely beautiful—indeed so exquisite, as to make us lament that they should ever have been mixed up with so much baser matter. We intend to quote a column or two, and part of the very interesting Memoir of Mr. Shelley, by which they are preceded.

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PANORAMA OF THE THAMES.

THIS is a successful attempt to represent every object on both banks of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Richmond Bridge, a distance of fifteen miles. We have not a foot-rule at hand, but the entire length of the Panorama must be nearly sixty feet: it is delicately aqua-tinted, and exhibits every object, as far as we have examined, with great accuracy. A View of London from the Adelphi, and a description of the most remarkable places on the river, accompany the plate; and the whole is neatly put in a case about the size and thickness of a quire of foolscap paper.

No river in England abounds with more interesting localities than the Thames and its banks. Let us start from the Red House, fifty yards west of which Cæsar crossed the Thames, and the Britons scampered through the river before the Romans. Then come Chelsea Hospital, a perfect picture of philanthropy—Sir Hans Sloane's Botanical Garden, and the two fine cedars of Libanus, about 150 years old—Cheyne Walk and Nell Gwynne—A paper-hanging manufactory now, where Sir Thomas More once entertained Henry VIII. and Erasmus—Don Saltero's house, mentioned in the Tatler—Chelsea Old Church, with a monument to Sir T. More, erected by himself; and the tombs of Sir Hans Sloane and Miller, the botanist—The Mill at Battersea, on the spot where Bolingbroke was born and died, and the very room where he entertained Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, and the parlour where Pope wrote his "Essay on Man"—Battersea Old Church, with a monument to Bolingbroke, by Roubiliac—A Villa, once the residence of Dr. Hoadley—York House, now a distillery, but once the seat of the Archbishop of York, and where Henry VIII. first saw Anne Boleyn—Putney, the birthplace of Cromwell, earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith here; of West, bishop of Ely, whose father was a baker here; and of Gibbon, the historian: here Mr. Pitt expired, in 1806—Fulham Church, where the Bishops of London "lie sleeping"—The Bishop of London's Palace, built in the reign of Henry VII.—Barn Elms, Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and old Jacob Tonson's house, with the kit-cat gallery; and the houses of Cowley, the poet, and the Reveller Heidegger—Brandenburgh House, a noted place, from the time of Prince Rupert's visits there to our day—Hammersmith, with the Dane Coffee House, between the Mills, where Thomson wrote his "Winter"—Hammersmith Suspension Bridge, a wonder of our time—The Terrace, where Loutherbourg, the painter, and Murphy, the dramatist, lived—Chiswick Church, with all that remains of Kent the Gardener, Lord Macartney, and Chardin, the travellers; Ralph, the historian; Griffiths, of the Monthly Review; Loutherbourg; Hogarth, with an epitaph by Garrick; Mary, Countess of Faulconberg, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Tomkins, the penman; and Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet—Devonshire House, where Fox died, in 1806; and Canning, in 1827—Barnes Terrace; the old church, and the tomb of Edward Rose, who left 20*l.* a year to the parish, on condition that the paling round his tomb should be preserved, and rose-trees planted, and kept there in a flourishing state—Mortlake, where were buried Dee and Partridge, the astrologers (the former consulted by Queen Elizabeth), Sir John Barnard, Alderman Barber, and Sir Philip Francis; the Manor House, formerly occupied by the Archbishops of Canterbury, and an old house, once the residence of Oliver Cromwell—Strand-on-the-Green, where Zoffany and Joe Miller lived—Kew Church, with the tombs of Meyer and Gainsborough—Kew Gardens and Pagoda—Old Kew Palace, where Queen Charlotte died—and the spot where the New Palace stood but four years since—Brentford, and its Chapel, where Horne Tooke officiated—Sion House and its Conservatory, one of the finest in the world, and cost 40,000*l.*; and the first mulberry-tree planted in England—Isleworth Church, and its ivy-mantled tower—Lord Cassilis' Villa, where Lord Bacon entertained Queen Elizabeth;—and here we are at RICHMOND, whose rarities we do not enumerate, for the same reason that we omitted those of Westminster, Lambeth, and Vauxhall: because, at the beginning and end of a journey, people are brisk with curiosity, whereas they sometimes *nap* in the interval.

The Panorama of the Thames is from Mr. Leigh, and we have thus picked, or rather paddled, from Westminster to Richmond, by the help of the key to the Picture, without moving out of our chair. We could not give the reader the plate, so we have seasoned up this little dish of its most interesting objects.

As we are at Richmond, we present the reader with one of its olden "rarities," viz.

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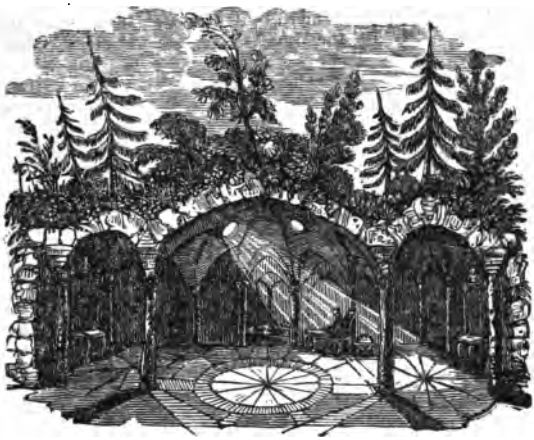
Merlin's Cave.



THIS is described at some length in a tract called "Rarities of Richmond" *—now become rare indeed; as well as in one or two other pamphlets. It appears to have stood in the Royal Gardens adjoining the New Park, and to have been a favourite retreat of Caroline, queen of George II. who had it fitted up as a rustic library. In the *Environs of London*, sixth volume, article Richmond, we meet with the following brief notice:—"Passing through a labyrinth, you see, near a pond, *Merlin's Cave*, a Gothic building, thatched: within which are the following figures in wax—Merlin, an ancient British enchanter, the excellent and learned Queen Elizabeth, and a Queen of Amazons: here is also a library, consisting of a well chosen collection of the works of modern authors, neatly bound in vellum."

DUTY ON BEER.

THE following facts will be particularly interesting at this moment:—

Houses for the sale of this beverage were first licensed in England in the time of Edward the Sixth, by an act of the 5th and 6th of that monarch; and in the time of James the First, the power of licensing inns and alehouses was granted by letters patent to certain individuals; but as great abuse was committed under this mode of collection, it was soon after placed on the same footing as any of the other branches of excise.* This duty was not very productive, as appears from an abstract of the money raised in England, for a period of *nineteen* years, viz. from November the 3rd, 1640, to November the 5th, 1659, in which the whole amount of wine licenses is rated at £312,200. In 1663, they amounted to £20,000; in 1688, to £10,000.† About this period, the ale and beer brewed in England came, on an average of some years, to 4,950,413 barrels of strong, and 2,254,006 barrels of small beer. In the year 1691, the quantity brewed by the common brewers in the City of London, and its suburbs, amounted to 1,222,764 barrels of strong beer and ale, and 865,831 barrels of small beer. But the duty upon these articles being doubled in that year, it set a number of private brewers to work, which so affected the licensed breweries, that in the year 1695, the annual quantity of strong beer and ale was reduced to 909,299 barrels, and the small beer to 813,824 barrels. In 1724, the quantity of strong beer brewed in London and the neighbourhood was 1,172,494 barrels, and of small beer 789,495 barrels, while in the whole of the kingdom the strong beer amounted to 4,075,871 barrels, and 2,465,695 barrels of small beer.‡

The duty, as first imposed on beer, in 1660, by the 12th Charles II., and granted to him for life, was 2*s.* 6*d.* per barrel on strong, and 6*d.* on table beer. This revenue was *farmed* till 1684, when it was placed *under commissioners*.

* "The Rarities of Richmond: being exact descriptions of the Hermitage and Merlin's Cave in the gardens there. Lond. 1735." 8vo. with his Life and Prophecies, 1736, 8vo. Probably one of our antiquarian correspondents can favour us with the loan of a copy of either of these tracts; if so, we promise the reader a more detailed account of *Merlin's Cave*.—ED.

* Sinclair's Hist. Revenue, p. 208.
† Ibid. p. 261 and 281.
‡ Maitland's Hist. Lond.

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For some years previous to that time, it was managed by George Darkwood and partners. In 1688, the excise on this article, clear of all deductions, amounted to £666,383.* By the 5th of William and Mary, in 1694, the duties were raised to 4*s.* 9*d.* on strong, and 1*s.* 3*d.* on table beer; but the products were not so great, and they afterwards continued to fluctuate according to the change of the duties. The increase of population and the habits of the people have now rendered the consumption of this beverage prodigious; and notwithstanding that the duty at present is 10*s.* on every barrel exceeding 16*s.*, and 2*s.* on every barrel of 16*s.* or under, the *net* amount of last year's revenue (1821) came to £2,549,620 18*s.* 9½*d.*†

In 1504, ale was sold in England at 3*d.* per gallon; and it was about twenty years after, that *hops* were introduced, which is thus noticed by an early writer—

> "*Hops*, reformation, bays, and *beer*,
> Came into England all in one year."

The use of this plant in malt liquor was derived from Artois; and some say, though perhaps incorrectly, that this circumstance first gave that drink the name of beer, to distinguish it from the ancient and softer malt liquor called *ale*. Yet it is certain that beer, as a beverage from malt, was known and used by that name long before. Hops were planted and grown in England in abundance in the reign of James I.‡ though as early as the time of Edward VI. land was *set* for their cultivation.§ The great supply, however, was drawn from abroad until 1690, when, to encourage the home plantation, a duty of 20*s.* per cwt., over and above all other charges, was put upon what was imported; and in 1710, the duty of 1*d.* per pound was imposed upon all hops reared in England, and 3*d.* on foreign.‖

The trade in malt liquor in England employs an immense capital, since, besides what is consumed in the country, large shipments are annually exported. In another part of this essay, where the exports to India and China are stated, will be found an account of the quantities of this commodity sent to those countries. The following is the aggregate of the exports of strong beer for five years, ending 5th of April, 1822, viz.

For the year	1818 -	78,871 Barrels.
	1819 -	78,100
	1820 -	47,102
	1821 -	58,246
	1822 -	63,348*

The brewing of porter, a drink which chiefly differs from ale and beer by being made with higher dried malt, commenced some time about the year 1722. The discovery of it is attributed to a person of the name of Harwood, who, to avoid the trouble of mixing beer, ale, and twopenny, a species of drink then in demand, contrived to brew a liquor which would answer the same end; and from its being purchased by porters, and such like persons, it was ever afterwards distinguished by the name of *porter*. In the manufacture of this beverage the English have not been excelled by any other nation, although it is imitated in most of the countries of Europe. The water of the Thames is said to be superior to any other for the making of it; but Mr. Richardson alleges that this is a mistaken idea, as some of the principal brewers find the New River water equally good. The specific gravity of the former is 1000.3, and its spissitude 1000.182, while the specific gravity of the latter is 1000.3, and its spissitude 1000.344.†

It is said that the annual quantity of porter brewed in London exceeds 1,316,345 barrels, of 36 gallons each; and that of porter and ale the consumption in the metropolis amounts to 2,000,000 of barrels. This vast supply is chiefly drawn from the breweries within the city, which, in respect to size, style of building, and ingenuity of operations performed in them, are not surpassed, nor indeed equalled, by any other establishments of the kind in the world.‡

THE HUMAN EAR.

Mr. Curtis, who has (we believe) devoted nearly his lifetime to the study of the Ear, has just published "*A Synoptical Chart of Diseases of the Ear, showing their order, classification, seat, symptoms, causes, and treatment.*" It is handsomely printed on the size of a sheet almanac, and on the wall of the surgery or dispensatory will, we conceive, be very important, the name and high practice of the author being a

* Hist. Rev. p. 281.
‡ Hume, vol. vii. p. 242.
§ 5 and 6 Edward VI. c. 5. 9 Anne, c. 12.
‖ Parl. Paper.

* Parl. Paper, No. 571. 1822.
† Vide Treatise on Brewing.
‡ Some of the vats in the breweries are of enormous size. One for holding porter by Meux's is said to be 65½ feet in diameter, and 25½ altitude. It contains 20,000 barrels.

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much better recommendation than any we can add.

As Deafness is very frequent, we may mention that oil of amber, dropped on cotton, and placed in the ear, will be found very serviceable; as will be syringing the ears with Castile soap and warm water, using the improved syringe consisting of a ball of India rubber with an ivory tube affixed, which enables the patient to inject much more effectually than with the old instrument.

CELESTIAL CARDS.

THESE intellectual toys will probably remind the haters of common *cards* of the adage, that out of evil springs good. Perhaps a more delightful introduction to the sublime science of astronomy was never yet devised; and the elegance and good taste in which the Celestial Cards are presented to the public induce us to quote a brief explanation of their object.

The cards, fifty-two in number, are divided into *four seasons*, which are distinguished by the colouring of the drapery of each, and further by the leading card of each season, on which are represented the corresponding *Signs of the Zodiac*.

The *signs* are of greater value than any of the other cards.

One *sign* is of equal value with another.

The next four cards, viz. *Luna*, *The Sun*, *The Comet*, and *The Orbits*, are named *The Luminaries*.

One *luminary* is of equal value with another.

In the remaining cards, which form a series of telescopic views of the eleven *planets* of our Sun's system, every planet will be observed to occur four times, or once in every season.

They are all described as surrounded by constellations, except those which have moons.

The cards, then, are fifty-two in number, each *season* containing thirteen, viz. *one* sign, *one* luminary, and *eleven* planets.

Every card is called by the name given to it in the plate of the Key; in speaking of a *planet*, however, the *season* is also to be expressed—as *Jupiter in spring*, *Jupiter in summer*, *Tellus in winter*, &c. according to the colour of its drapery.

These are all the particulars for which we have space; but even these must be sufficient to invite the attention of the reader to what may be termed one of the most beautiful and ingenious inventions ever devised for the instruction and amusement of youth.

We are not *haters* of cards, nor habitual players; but the contrasting intellect of the Celestial Cards with the unmeaning designations of spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs, is irresistibly impressive. Take, for example, one card upon which these sublime facts are inscribed: The "comet of 1680—distance from the sun, at its nearest approach, 580,000 miles—length of its tail, 80,000,000 miles—progression per hour, 880,000 miles:" what a field of contemplation is here opened to us!—unutterably bright, does it eclipse the trumpery of the corresponding card in a common pack.

THE BROAD SWORDSMAN'S POCKET COMPANION.

THIS is a pretty little work of coloured lithographs, illustrating the motions, cuts, guards, and points of broad-sword exercise, and appears to us to deserve the attention of such as wish to acquire that elegant accomplishment.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATIONAL talents are, no doubt, occasionally the source of considerable satisfaction to social parties of a mixed kind; but more frequently are they the source of discomfort, annoyance, wearisomeness, and disgust. There is a distinction perhaps, but to us it often seems a distinction without a difference, between speakers and talkers—the former, we understand, being to be preferred, and of course listened to with all due deference and respect. But then, they insist on admiration, and admiration includes silence, and silence is shameful to men with tongues in their mouths and brains in their heads, as long and as large, it may be, as those of their eloquent neighbours. The truth is, that the man who shows off in company, is *ipso facto* a poor creature; and cannot be a gentleman. Exuberance of animal spirits, a passion for sympathy, or a confidential affection for the pensive Public, will instigate men to pour themselves out at table, to decant themselves as they might a bottle of frothy small beer, or other more potent liquor, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" We do not call that showing off; for the root of their copiousness, their great "verbosity of words," as we t'other day

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heard such fluency well called by a country gentleman, is benevolence—legitimate or spurious; and such is the wickedness of this world, that we like even a bastard benevolence. But your studied "malice prepense" haranguer, who gets up his string of speeches out of his pile of commonplace books, and absolutely comes prepared, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer on opening the Budget, or a barrister about to address a jury on a case of rail-roads, river-embankments, or encroachment-of-tide, deserves death without benefit of clergy, except indeed a roasting from Sydney Smith. The selfish sinner spouts but for himself; nor sees the loathing which his vulgar lips inspire, his pompous enunciation, and the glazed fixtures of his unintellectual eyes. "Pity he is not in Parliament," some stuck-pig ninny whispers to the brother at his elbow—and pity 'tis indeed—in parliament—in prison—or in the stocks. Only see how he shines!—Feeding his little tin lamp with the oil of vanity—till all at once the wick goes out with a stink, and the would-be illuminé cannot see the length of his nose. For somebody has changed the talk upon him, insinuated a topic on which our friend has not been crammed like a Cambridge wrangler or a Norfolk turkey, and the shallow stream, as if stricken by sudden frost, is dumb. The company begins to revive under the unhoped abatement of the nuisance. There is a sweet, still, Sabbath-feeling in the air, now that the "dizzy mill-wheel rests," and mine host calls on Davy Wylie for a song—the Ewie wi' the crooked horn, or Jenny's bawbee. The orator remembers, or feigns, an engagement to a rout; and flies off to have his dry well *fanged* (see Dr. Jamieson) by an effusion from the bucket of some Fashionable Blue.

Men of genius, even, are not always innocent of this sin. They are betrayed into it by the "moods of their own minds," which are sometimes perverse enough; and seem suddenly seized with a desire to shine—idle ambition indeed—in stars that by their very being are lustrous. But stars, it would appear, are impatient of being behind a cloud—and are unhappy in heaven unless gazed at from earth. Poets thus become prosy; Coleridge himself, whose speech usually resembles the music of the spheres, then hums like a spinning-wheel or a dorhawk; Wordsworth's Much-a-do-about-Nothing reminds his hearers of the cataract of Lodore, bouncing in dry summer-weather over a precipice some hundred feet high, with about some six or eight gallons in the minute of a continuous flow of foamy froth. Sir Walter gets so unrelentingly anecdotical on the doomed man sitting under the fascination of his shaggy eyebrows, that the ghost of Joe Miller would seem to bring relief from Elysium to that "storied urn and animated bust;" and as for Bowles, we never shall cease wondering how he can bring himself to have the wickedness sometimes to deliver, at one Saturday sitting, as many sermons as would suffice the congregation of Bremhill Church for a series of Sabbaths.

Now, all this being the case, more or less, one may easily suppose the scene when a batch of tip-top talkers are met together, each determined to put his best foot foremost, and to gabble the other down, till the air of the room is like the hollow of the sky, during the transit of a flock of wild geese emigrating under the conduct of a chief, with a bill almost as loud and long as Wilmot Horton's. Byron suffered much in this way; and seems to have had a horror of certain *soirées*, where every mouth was at work like a power-loom. At no time loquacious,—at such time he was silent. What cared he whether the "Epicene" had the ball at her own foot,—or Sir James Mackintosh (talker in ordinary at Holland-house,) or Mr. Richard Sharpe,—or Brownstout Whitbread, the brewer,—or Smallbeer Rogers, the banker,—or Playwright Colman, the licenser,—or any other "old man or old woman eloquent"—what mattered all this to *Childe Harold*, self-withdrawn into some glorious dream of Greece, flying, eagle-like, o'er the Peaks of Parnassus? His ambition "was made of sterner stuff." He knew that one of his Spenserian stanzas was worth all the talk-tea-and-turn-out that ever was dribbled; nor does he seem to have taken the trouble of seriously admiring for an hour any of those spouters, except De Stael and Sheridan,—and *She*, indeed, was almost of as high an order of mind as Byron,—although, unlike Eve with Adam, from "her lips words alone pleased us;" while *He* was lustrous even when lachrymose, with the hues of wit turning his maudlin tears into diamond sparks, and while smiles and sighs were a-struggle, "set the table on a roar." Byron was often mute—that is, his thought was so—but his forehead always spoke, and so did the eloquent light—and the sunshiny shadows of his eyes, whether "in dim suffusion veiled" of melancholy, or

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'brightly beautifully blue," as the heavens without a cloud, in the summer-light of the Joy of Genius, which—to look on its expression—seemeth indeed to be "bliss beyond compare!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LOVELY MAID.

A HUNGARIAN BALLAD.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,
In the valley's depth that plays?
'Tis neither—but a meteor
That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,
Is crown'd with ringlet hair;
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,
Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression
She bows her lovely head,
Her hand holds up a flow'ret,
By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets
Into that maiden's ear,
The branches trembling round her,
Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,
Were I but one of these,
How fondly would I kiss her,
Were I a heavenly breeze.

Around her beauteous members,
Delighted fishes play;
The rivulet hush'd to silence,
Long tarries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,
Were I that silent stream;
But midst those fish to revel,
Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,
Where tread that maiden's feet,
But kiss and kiss untiring,
And die in bliss so sweet

But how! my eyes deceive me;
This dream—tho' bright it be—
Is but a mortal likeness,
Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,
All earthly beauties fade;
So fades the maid's fair shadow,
Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,
'Twas but a shadow rude,
That playing in the wavelets,
In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,
On the ocean strand afar,
She stood—of love—and feeling
The more than magic-star

From the Hungarian.—Bowring's Specimens.

ORIGIN OF THE DUTIES ON SPIRITS.

DURING the latter part of the reign of George I. and the earlier part of that of George II., gin-drinking was exceedingly prevalent; and the cheapness of ardent spirits, and the multiplication of public-houses, were denounced from the pulpit, and in the presentments of Grand Juries, as pregnant with the most destructive consequences to the health and morals of the community. At length, ministers determined to make a vigorous effort to put a stop to the further use of spiritous liquors, except as a cordial or medicine. For this purpose, an act was passed in 1736. Its preamble is to this effect:—"Whereas the drinking of spiritous liquors or strong waters, is become very common, especially among people of lower and inferior rank, the constant and excessive use of which tends greatly to the destruction of their health, rendering them unfit for useful labour and business, debauching their morals, and inciting them to perpetrate all vices; and the ill consequences of the excessive use of such liquors are not confined to the present generation, but extend to future ages, and tend to the destruction and ruin of this kingdom." The enactments were such as might be expected to follow such a preamble. They were not intended to repress the vice of gin-drinking, but to root it out altogether. To accomplish this, a duty of *twenty shillings* a gallon was laid on spirits, exclusive of a heavy license duty on retailers. Extraordinary encouragements were at the same time held out to informers, and a fine of £100. was ordered to be rigorously exacted from those who, were it even through inadvertency, should vend the smallest quantity of spirits which had not paid the full duty. Here was an act which might, one should think, have satisfied the bitterest enemy of gin. But instead of the anticipated effects, it produced those directly opposite. The respectable dealers withdrew from a trade proscribed by the legislature; so that the spirit business fell almost entirely into the hands of the lowest and most profligate characters, who, as they had nothing to lose, were not deterred by penalties from breaking through all its provisions. The populace having in this, as in all similar cases, espoused the cause of the smugglers and unlicensed dealers, the officers of the revenue were openly assaulted in the streets of London and other great towns; informers were hunted down like wild beasts; and drunkenness, disorders, and crimes, increased with a frightful rapidity. "Within two years of the passing of the act," says Tindal, "it had become *odious and contemptible*, and policy as well as humanity forced the Commissioners of Excise to mitigate its penalties." During the two years in question, no fewer than 12,000 persons were convicted of offences connected with the sale of spirits. But no exertion on the part of the revenue officers and magistrates could stem the torrent of smuggling. According to a

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statement made by the Earl of Cholmondeley in the House of Lords, it appears, that at the very moment when the sale of spirits was declared to be illegal, and every possible exertion made to suppress it, upwards of SEVEN MILLIONS of gallons were annually consumed in London, and other parts immediately adjacent! Under such circumstances, government had but one course to follow—to give up the unequal struggle. In 1742, the high prohibitory duties were accordingly repealed, and such moderate duties imposed, as were calculated to increase the revenue, by increasing the consumption of legally distilled spirits. The bill for this purpose was vehemently opposed in the House of Lords by most of the bishops, and many other peers, who exhausted all their rhetoric in depicting the mischievous consequences that would result from a toleration of the practice of gin-drinking. To these declamations it was unanswerably replied, that whatever the evils of the practice might be, it was impossible to repress them by prohibitory enactments; and that the attempts to do so had been productive of far more mischief than had ever resulted, or could be expected to result, from the greatest abuse of spirits. The consequences of the change were highly beneficial. An instant stop was put to smuggling; and if the vice of drunkenness was not materially diminished, it has never been stated that it was increased.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE NEW BAZAAR IN OXFORD STREET.

PHŒNIX-LIKE from its ashes, but in better style than its opposite neighbour, the Pantheon, rose after a similar calamity,*—the Bazaar in Oxford-street has been rebuilt and refitted, within the short space of twelve months. The new building is in many respects superior to the former; the staircases are better contrived; and the decoration of the whole Bazaar is in very good taste. The columns and supports painted to imitate bronze, and above all, the stained glass *ceiling* have a remarkably novel and pleasing effect.

The Exhibitions consist of a Diorama, and what is called a Physiorama.

The *Diorama* contains four views, or scenes. When we entered, the interior of Durham Cathedral was before us with its fine Saxon, and what Pennant chose to call, "clumsy yet venerable magnificence of the early Norman style," the vast cylindrical pillars, with zig-zags and lozenges,—showing the organ and the distant choir, a veritable organ playing in the meantime to add reality to the semblance. In parts it is well painted. A Londoner near us very naively recognised the picture as St. Paul's! Next came the Pass of Briançon, we think by Stanfield, which formed a beautiful contrast to the deepening shadows of Durham Cathedral. Taken as a whole, this is the best view; some of the mountain-scenery and the bridge are beautifully painted. One error struck us very forcibly—the strong sun ray, which, joking apart, was almost strong enough to expect a *coup de soleil.* Then followed the Thames Tunnel, and last came a View of Venice, as gay as the queen of the Adriatic could be.

The *Physiorama* is a still more multitudinous exhibition, for there are no less than fourteen cosmoramic views. Among them are York Minster on fire—Constantinople,—and the Needles and Isle of Wight, which occurred to us as the best of the number. These views are placed in two passages or aisles, connected at the top by a short passage; the whole being prettily hung with cotton drapery of green and white. In short, all the decorative parts of the Bazaar are very tastefully executed.

You may pass half an hour pleasantly enough in looking at the little labours of ingenuity temptingly displayed on the counters, and we were happy to see many of the fair occupants busily employed.

Bazaars, on the average, we think, answer better in London than Paris, where there is nothing to equal our Soho Bazaar or that of Oxford Street. This is not as might be expected from the out-of-door taste of the French people.

* The Pantheon was burnt on January 16, 792: the loss was £80,000. It was soon rebuilt, but in a comparatively miserable style; the elegant front and portico, however, still remain.

Old Poets.

ANGELS.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternal Majesty,
More fair is that where those *Ideas* on high
Enranged be, which *Plato* so admir'd,
And pure intelligence from God inspir'd.
Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states.
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.
Yet far more fair be those bright cherubins

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Which all with golden wings are over dight,
And these eternal burning seraphim
Which from their faces dart out fiery light.
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.
SPENSER.

BOUNTY.

O, sacred Bounty, mother of content,
Prop of renown, nourisher of arts,
The crown of Hope, the root of good event,
The trump of fame, the joy of noble hearts,
Grace of the heavens, divinity in nature,
Whose excellence doth so adorn the creature.
DRAYTON.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was not such a saint
As Virgil maketh him by his description;
His love of learning 'scuseth that complaint
That men might justly make of his proscription,
Neither the shame that Nero's name doth taint,
Confirm'd now by a thousand years prescription,
Be e'en as it is, if he had had the wit
To have been frank to such as poems writ.
SIR J. HARRINGTON.

LOVE.

THE joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness,
That worldly chances do among them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness.
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness;
Therefore the winged god to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happiness,
A thousand sours hath temper'd with one sweet,
To make it seem more dear and dainty as is meet.
SPENSER.

PATIENCE.

LET *Brontes* and black *Steropes*
Sweat at the forge their hammers beating;
An hour will come they must affect their ease,
Though but while metal's heating,
And after all their Ætnean ire
"Gold that is perfect will outlive the fire
For Fury wasteth
As Patience lasteth
No armour to the mind." He is shot-free from injury
That is not hurt; not he that is not hit;
So footh we see
Oft 'scape their imputation more through luck than wit.
BEN JONSON.

EARTH.

To know ourselves to come of human birth,
These sad afflictions cross us here on earth.
A task impos'd by heaven's eternal law,
To keep our rude rebellions well in awe.
DRAYTON.

IGNORANCE.

IMAGE of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Born in the bosom of the black abyss,
And fed with furies' milk for sustenance,
Of his weak infancy begot amiss,
By gnawing Sloth, upon his mother Night,
So he his sons both sire and brother hight.
SPENSER.

WOMEN.

WOMEN be
Fram'd with the same parts of the mind as we,
Nay, Nature triumph'd in their beauties' birth,
And women made the glory of the earth;
The life of beauty is whose supple breasts,
And in her fairest lodging virtue rests,
Whose towering thoughts attended with remorse,
Do make their fairness be of greater force.
WEAVER.

ENVY.

I CHANCED on a monster of a man,
With health heart sick, starved with store of food;
With riches poor, with beauty pale and wan,
Wretched with happiness, evil with good,
One eye did envy at the other eye;
Because the other envied more than he,
His hands did fight for the first injury,
So Envy envy'd, envied to be;
And as he went his tenter foot was sore,
And envied at the foot that went before.
BASTARD.

TRUTH.

THE truth doth dwell in God's holy tables
Of God's live-word not in our wanton brains,
Which daily coining some strange error vain
For gold takes lead, for truth electeth fables.
SYLVESTER.

RELIGION.

OH! that this power from everlasting given,
The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that earth doth hold with heaven.
Sacred Religion, oh! that thou must thus
Be made to smooth our unjust uneven,
Brought from above Earth's quarrel to discuss.
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills,
And make our zeal the furtherer of ills?
DANIELL.

BEAUTY.

FAIR is my love for April in her face,
Her lovely breasts, September claims his part;
And lordly July in her eyes hath place,
But cold December dwelleth in her heart;
Blest be the mouth that sets my heart on fire,
Accurst that month that hindreth my desire.
Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkles both her eyes,
As air perfum'd with amber is her breath,
Like swelling waves her lovely breasts do rise,
As earth her heart cold, dateth me to death,
In pomp sits mercy seated in her face,
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace,
But touch her heart, oh, that is made of flint.
GREENE.

GOD.

UNDER His feet (subjected to His grace)
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and space.
FAIRFAX.

NEPENTHE.

NEPENTHE is a drink of sovereign grace,
Devised of the gods for to assuage
Hearts grief and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stir up anguish and contentious rage,
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age,
It doth establish in the troubled mind,
Few men but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assign'd;
But such as drink, eternal happiness do find,
SPENSER.

PEACE.

MOTHER of the living, second nature
Of th' elements, fire, water, earth, and air;
The grace whereby men climb the heavenly chair,
Whence void, this world harbours no happy creature.
Pillar of laws, religion's pedestal,
Hope of the glory, glory of the immortal
Honour of cities, pearl of kingdoms all
The nurse of virtues, Muses chief supportal
Patron of arts, of good the special spring.
SYLVESTER.

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The Gatherer.

A snap per up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE

DUNS.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY have thought that the word Dun was derived from the French *donnez*, (give me), but the true origin of that thrilling name is from one Joe Dun, a most famous bailiff of the good city of Lincoln; so extremely active and dexterous was he in his agreeable profession, that it became a common proverb when any unlucky wight could not or would not pay, to say, "Why don't you Dun him." This celebrated progenitor of duns flourished in the reign of Henry VII. M. B. H.

PRINCE MASSARANO.

AT the time my father taught riding, horses were sent to him to break in for the manége. Prince Massarano, who was then Spanish ambassador here, sent two of his horses every morning to the riding-house: only one of them was to be taught his paces. The groom, instead of taking the other to the stables, always remained present with one whilst my father was engaged in breaking in the other. This circumstance excited my father's curiosity, when he asked the groom his reason for so doing. "Sir my master desired that he was to remain present during the time you were teaching the other, that he might learn, as he was only to pay for one."

Angelo's Reminiscences.

FOUR HUNDRED PERSONS DESTROYED BY A COAT.

NOBLE, in his *Memoirs of the Cromwell's*, vol. i. p. 56, says, "That Major Cromwell died of the plague at Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, on the morning of February the 23rd, 1666, and was buried next evening in the church there. He caught the infection by wearing a coat, the cloth of which came from London; and the tailor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than four hundred people in Ramsey, as appears by the register, and all owing to this fatal coat."

JUDGE JEFFERYS AND THE COUNTRYMAN'S BEARD.

IT is reported of Judge Jefferys, that taking a dislike to an evidence, who had a long beard, he told him, "That if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one." To which the countryman replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all." P. T. W.

SONG, BY JOE MILLER (1744.)

THE following may be applied to the wisdom-overmuch of our times:—

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.

Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.

When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name
Is to be over-wise.

TULLY observed, that no man however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

VOLTAIRE, when asked who were the greatest knaves in the world, replied, "the doctors;" it was then demanded, who were the greatest fools? "That is plain," he replied, "*their patients!*"

FEAR is the worst of all thieves, for he takes away that he can never restore—*Courage.*

AT the French Academy, Abbé Regnier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member to defray the current expenses. The abbé did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," he replied. "I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it;" "and I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

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The Mirror

OF

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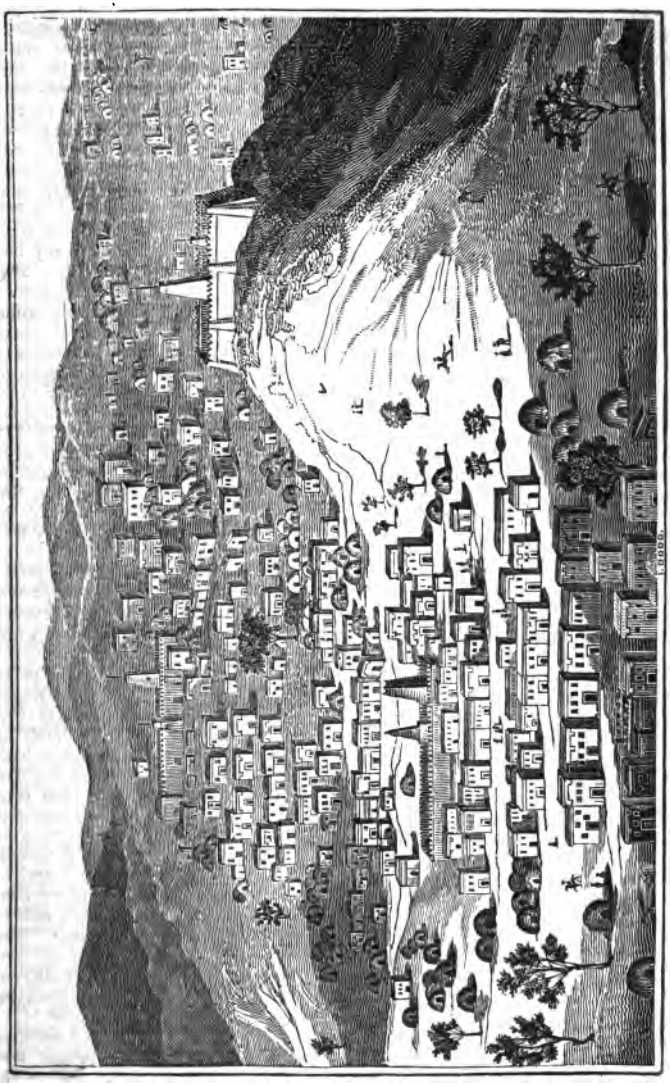

CITY OF TIMBUCTOO.

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CITY OF TIMBUCTOO, IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

From the frequent mention of Timbuctoo in the records of recent discovery, it may be presumed that the accompanying view will be acceptable to every reader of laudable curiosity. It is copied from M. Caillié's Journal of Travels, a translation of which has just appeared in this country. Caillié, it appears, was stimulated to his great enterprise by the *programme* of the Geographical Society of Paris requiring accurate particulars respecting Timbuctoo, by way of Senegambia. This has been accomplished by M. Caillié, and upon the authority of the Society's Report, we learn that "It is now certain that four or five months are sufficient for a traveller to arrive in Europe from Timbuctoo."

With this general result the reader will probably rest satisfied, to enable us to proceed to Caillié's description of the city. His exact route can only be understood by reference to the charts which accompany his "Travels," since to name places which are only there recorded, would rather tend to perplex than explain. In his journal, the several routes are illustrated very copiously.*

We proceed, therefore, to such extracts from Caillié's Journal, as describe the annexed view of Timbuctoo.

"At length we arrived safely at Timbuctoo, just as the sun was touching the horizon. I now saw this capital of the Soudan, to reach which had so long been the object of my wishes. I had formed a totally different idea of the grandeur and wealth of Timbuctoo. The city presented, at first view, nothing but a mass of ill-looking houses, built of earth. Nothing was to be seen in all directions but immense plains of quicksand of a yellowish white colour. The sky was a pale red as far as the horizon: all nature wore a dreary aspect, and the most profound silence prevailed; not even the warbling of a bird was to be heard. Still, though I cannot account for the impression, there was something imposing in the aspect of a great city, raised in the midst of sands, and the difficulties surmounted by its founders cannot fail to excite admiration.

"I took up my abode with Sidi-Abdallahi, who received me in the most friendly manner.

"After bidding my host good night, I went to repose upon a mat which was spread upon the ground in my new lodging. At Timbuctoo the nights are as hot as the days, and I could get no rest in the chamber which had been prepared for me. I removed to the court adjoining the house, but still found it impossible to sleep. The heat was oppressive; not a breath of air freshened the atmosphere. In the whole course of my travels I never found myself more uncomfortable.

"On the morning of the 21st of April, I went to pay my respects to my host, who received me with affability; afterwards I took a turn round the city. I found it neither so large nor so populous as I had expected. Its commerce is not so considerable as fame has reported. There was not as at Jenné, a concourse of strangers from all parts of the Soudan. I saw in the streets of Timbuctoo only the camels, which had arrived from Cabra laden with the merchandize of the flotilla, a few groups of the inhabitants sitting on mats, conversing together, and Moors lying asleep in the shade before their doors. In a word, every thing had a dull appearance.

"At Timbuctoo, it is very unusual to see any other merchandize except what is brought by the vessels and a few articles from Europe, such as glass wares, amber, coral, sulphur, paper, &c.

"The city of Timbuctoo is principally inhabited by negroes of the Kissoor nation. Many Moors also reside there. They are engaged in trade, and, like Europeans, who repair to the colonies in the hope of making their fortunes, they usually return to their own country to enjoy the fruits of their industry.

"The city of Timbuctoo forms a sort of triangle, measuring about three miles in circuit. The houses are large, but not high, consisting entirely of a ground-floor. In some, a sort of little closet is constructed above the entrance. They are built of bricks of a round form, rolled in the hands and baked in the sun. The walls, except as far as regards their height, resemble those of Jenné.

"The streets of Timbuctoo are clean, and sufficiently wide to permit three horsemen to pass abreast. Both within and without the town there are many straw huts, of a circular form, like those of the pastoral Foulahs. They serve as

* The extent of Caillié's Journey is stated at 15,000 leagues, a thousand of which were through countries almost unknown.

In the Appendix to Caillié's Travels is a list of twenty-five Englishmen, fourteen Frenchmen, two Americans, and one German, who have made efforts during the last two and a half centuries to explore the Interior of Africa. The following reached Timbuctoo:—In 1670, Paul Imbert, by way of Morocco; in 1810, Robert Adams, the western coast of Africa: in 1827, Major Laing, by way of Tripoli; and in 1827-8, Caillié, by way of Senegambia. Laing was murdered near Timbuctoo, and in Caillié's Chart, the site of the camp where this atrocity was perpetrated is distinctly pointed out.

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dwellings for the poor, and for the slaves who sell merchandize for their masters.

"Timbuctoo contains seven mosques, two of which are large; each is surmounted by a brick tower.

"This mysterious city, which has been an object of curiosity for so many ages, and of whose population, civilization, and trade with the Soudan, such exaggerated notions have prevailed, is situated in an immense plain of white sand, having no vegetation but stunted trees and shrubs, which grow no higher than three or four feet. The city is not closed by any barrier, and may be entered on any side. Within the town are seen some of the *balanitie ægyptiaca*, and in the centre is a palm tree.

"Timbuctoo may contain at most about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; all are engaged in trade. The population is at times augmented by the Arabs, who come with the caravans, and remain awhile in the city. In the plain several species of grass and thistles afford food for the camels. Fire-wood is very scarce, being all brought from the neighbourhood of Cabra. It is an article of trade, and the women sell it in the market-place: it is only burnt by the rich; the poor use camel-dung for fuel. Water is also sold in the market-place; the women give a measure containing about half a pint for a cowrie.

"Timbuctoo, though one of the largest cities I have seen in Africa, possesses no other resources but its trade in salt, the soil being totally unfit for cultivation. The inhabitants procure from Jenné every thing requisite for the supply of their wants—such as millet, rice, vegetable butter, honey, cotton, Soudan cloth, preserved provisions, candles, soap, allspice, onions, dried fish, pistachios, &c.

"To the W. S. W. of the town there are large excavations, from thirty-five to forty feet deep: these are reservoirs, which are supplied by the rains. Hither the slaves resort to procure water for drink and cooking. This water is tolerably clear, but it has a disagreeable taste, and is very hot. These reservoirs have no covering whatever; the water is consequently exposed to the influence of the sun and the hot wind. The excavations are dug in loose sand.

"In the centre of the town is a kind of square, surrounded by circular huts. Here grow some *palmæ christi* and a palm-tree, the only one I saw in the country. In the middle of this square is a large hole, dug for a receptacle for filth. Two enormous heaps on the outside of the town appeared to me to be also collections of dirt or rubbish. Many a time have I ascended to the tops of these hills, to obtain a complete view of the town, and to make my sketch.

"The house which was appropriated for my residence not being quite finished, I had an opportunity to observe the way in which the houses of this country are built. An excavation is made in the town itself to the depth of some feet, where a grey sand mixed with clay is found. This is made into bricks of a round form, which are baked in the sun. These bricks are similar to those used at Jenné. The young slaves carry them on their heads in calabashes, the way in which they also carry the mortar, which is formed from the same material. The builders, who are slaves, execute their work as cleverly as those at Jenné. I thought, indeed, that their walls were better constructed. Their doors are well made, and solid: they are formed of planks, joined with bars and nails brought from Tafilet. They fasten their doors by locks made in the country, without iron: even the keys are of wood. Some Moors use iron locks and keys, which they bring from the coasts of the Mediterranean. Locks are not used in the interior of the houses, but chains or bars supply their place. The roofs of the houses, none of which have more than the ground-floor, are, like those of the mosques, supported by rafters cut from the trunk of the ronnier, a tree which grows to a prodigious height on the banks of the river. I have seen some of these trees above a hundred and twenty-five feet high. The trunk is split into four quarters, which are rounded off, laid upon the walls, and then covered with pieces of wood, mats, and earth, like the roofs of the mosques.

"Each house forms a square, containing two inner courts, round which are ranged the chambers, each of which is of a narrow oblong form, and serves at once for a magazine and bed-room. These rooms receive light only from the door of entrance, and another very small door opening into the inner court. They have neither windows nor chimneys.

"I employed the remainder of the time I stayed in Timbuctoo in collecting information respecting the unfortunate death of Major Laing, which I had heard mentioned at Jenné, and which was confirmed by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, whom I questioned respecting the melancholy event."

We are compelled to omit Caillié's description of the mosques, which are extremely interesting, to give place to the outline of his own dwelling; but we trust that sufficient has been quoted to

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render the City of Timbuctoo, with the accompanying engraving, still more attractive than hitherto from the vague accounts which have reached us.

In the Number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, we perceive that Caillié's work is attacked with much asperity, and many of the enterprising traveller's statements impugned. The reader need not take either for granted, but may "weigh and consider" for himself. We regret, however, to find that there is little doubt Major Laing's documents have been destroyed, or, if still in existence, that they will never see the light.

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERMIT me to correct an error which appeared in a recent communication to your valuable and popular little work. In the sketch of "the Plains of Waterloo," the author says, the conical mound which is erected over the spot on which the Prince of Orange was wounded, is but 100 feet in height. I beg leave to state that it is 200 feet high, as also that it is the intention of the Belgic government to make an opening through that part of the Forest of Soignies, which lies between this mound and Brussels, in order that the Lion on its summit may be seen from that city. The village of Waterloo is nine miles from Brussels, and the Lion two miles beyond the village. It is about 150 yards from the high road leading from Brussels to Mons and Charleroi, and is situated between "La belle Alliance" and the monuments erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon and the officers who fell of the German Legion; it is about three miles from the Prussian monument, two miles from Hougomont, and a mile from the nearest part of the Forest of Soignies.

The fact of my having resided for several years in the immediate vicinity of Brussels, with the frequency of my visits to these memorable plains, will corroborate the accuracy of this statement. A CONSTANT READER.

PIPING BULLFINCHES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERHAPS a short history of the rearing, taming, teaching, and perfecting of these birds, previously to their being shipped for "this of all lands the best" England, will not be uninteresting to a portion of your numerous readers.

In the month of June the young ones, which are bred wild, are taken from their nests when about eight days old; they are brought up under the auspices of one man, who, by feeding and caressing them, becomes so much the object of their notice, as to be able to command and guide them at his will. They are attended to by him until they are about two months old, at which age they first begin to whistle; they then commence their exercises, and perhaps the strictest military discipline is not more arduous to the sergeant, or more oppressive to the men, than these exercises are to the bullfinch and teacher.

In receiving the first rudiments of their musical education, they are taught in classes of about six in number; they are naturally great mimics; the instrument by which they are taught is a barrel organ of a single diapason—it only plays the air—the birds before they make their first essay are comparatively starved; they are placed in a dark room round the organ, and the air is played slowly to them. A hungry mimic will always make the most of the gifts of nature; when the belly is empty (excuse the vulgarism) the wits are always upon the alert; children cry, dogs howl, and asses bray, always louder and oftener when they feel the "vulture in their jaws." It is just so with these little vocalists: they make a virtue of necessity; the moment they mimic the organ, the light is admitted into the room, and a *little* food is given to them; and this is repeated so often, and works upon them so mechanically, that the organ is to them a sure presage of their being fed.

When they have been drilled in this manner for about a month, their old feeder, who is called their "*Lehrer*," hands them over to boys, who are employed for the sole purpose of playing to them. Each boy takes a bird, and during these exercises or rather rehearsals, they are occasionally visited, and indeed always fed, by their old teacher, who, by various motions of the head and mouth, checks or encourages them in their piping, according to the degree of perfectibility with which they pipe: for instance, when they repeat a stave too often, he scowls, and blows upon them, and when they proceed correctly, he waves his head somewhat like a Chinese figure, or rather like a "Great Mogul," and testifies his approbation of their endeavours. They perfectly understand these motions, but by dint of perseverance on the part of the teacher and attention

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and practice on theirs, acquire the habit of piping which never leaves them till their death.

It may easily be conceived (mimics even as they are) what a task it must be to teach them to pipe at all, much less with any perfection. According to Cuvier, there are in all singing birds five pairs of constrictor muscles—two anterior, two posterior, and two small longitudinal contractors, two obliqne and two transverse; and in most birds which do not sing, there is in general only one pair. To digress, I am one of those who think that the intellects of men depend upon the conformation of the pineal gland, and the propositional and syllogistical canals of the brain, in the same manner that the vocal powers depend upon the construction of the larynx, or organ of voice — and this hypothesis applies even to piping bullfinches, and is confirmed by the fact, that though they may all have the same advantages (as far as teaching goes) and the same power of voice,* there are not above five out of a hundred that pipe correctly; be this, however, as it may, the difficulty must be great, even to teach those of the greatest capacity, and it can only be accomplished by the most unremitting exertions on the part of their "Lehrer;" it is not sheer mimicry — it is no inherent property — neither can it be "an essence" as Metaphysicians would say: they are taught, and they acquire piping in the same way that a whelp is taught to carry—a boy to behave himself—and a lawyer to be just — by castigation — by the severest lessons of experience, and by the stern and uncompromising authority of their teachers. B. C—s.

* The organ of voice in birds is at the bifurcation of the trachea, and not in the larynx.

AGES AND OTHER PARTICULARS OF THE EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

The probability of life of the principal Sovereigns of Europe may be judged of from the following statement: — The oldest is Charles X. of France, who is 73 years of age, tall in person, and very hale and strong; he hunts and rides constantly, and is much in public. The Pope, Pius VIII. is 68, and in tolerable vigour. The church is usually considered favourable to longevity. The next is our gracious sovereign, George IV., who, is 67, and has long been a martyr to the gout, and is lately said to have lost the sight of an eye. His majesty is of a naturally strong constitution, and from living carefully, enjoys, at present, tolerably good health. The rarity of his appearance in public arises from the debility left by the gout, which, as his majesty is unusually corpulent, renders walking a painful exertion. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, is 66, and has recently had a severe illness, but is a strong and healthy man. Felix, King of Sardinia, is 65; and Frederic VI. of Denmark, 62: both in good health.* William I. of the Netherlands is 58; he has the appearance of a weather-beaten soldier, as he is, and though subject to chronic complaints, is robust. Francis, Emperor of Austria is 52, and healthy. Francis, King of Naples is 51, and gouty. Mahmoud II. Sultan of Turkey, is 46, and possessed of great vigour of body and mind. The Turks, however, grow old prematurely, and Mahmoud may be therefore reckoned as 60 years old at least. His countenance and his eye, are particularly striking and impressive, and he is naturally a very superior man, having alone been the means of causing extraordinary changes in the Turkish system. Ferdinand VII., of Spain, is 45 years old, and has long been a prey to diseases, partly constitutional, and partly the effect of debauchery. He has the gout constantly, and is incapable of much active exertion; he has, however, lately married his third queen. His character is said to afford an unfavourable specimen of the Bourbon race. Louis, King of Bavaria, is in his 45th year, and has suffered from licentious pleasures, and is now recovering from an illness. Though his gallantry has been excessive, his merits as a sovereign and as a man of letters, are acknowledged to be very high, and he has been, perhaps justly, styled the most enlightened king in Europe. He passed many years in study, and his mind is of an enlarged and liberal cast. The publication of a volume of poems has recently obtained him much fame as an author, in addition to that derived from the wisdom of his government, and the longer he reigns the better for his country. Nicholas I. Emperor of Russia is 34, is tall and handsome in appearance, hardy, and active, and accustomed to laborious exertions. He has lately had a dangerous illness, from which he is now quite recovered. The youngest and only female sovereign is Donna Maria

* Our correspondent has omitted Frederic William III., King of Prussia, in his 60th year.

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da Gloria, the legitimate Queen of Portugal, (Don Miguel not having yet been recognised,) who is in her 13th year. She promises to be very beautiful, but her health is delicate, and she is so lame as to be obliged to use crutches. She is now at Rio Janeiro, with her father, the Emperor of Brazil. With the exception of the petty German and Italian States, the above will give a notion of the probability of the length of the reigns of the present European Sovereigns. G. R.

Fine Arts.

PAINTED WINDOW

Of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

THIS is a superb specimen of the revived art of painting on glass. The size almost amounts to the stupendous, being 18 by 24 feet. The term "Window" is, however, hardly applicable, for there are no mullions or frame-work, but the whole picture consists of upwards of 350 pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal frame-work, which is so contrived as to accord with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique painting.

The subject is well chosen: it illustrates the gorgeous style of the English and French courts at one of the most splendid periods of their history; and is one of the most magnificent events in the annals of chivalric pageantry, besides being one of the last glories of chivalry in England. The very name of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is of overwhelming richness, and its gay and sparkling incidents are well suited to the brilliant effect which is the peculiar characteristic of painting in enamel.

The Tournament, as is well known, took place between Guisnes and Ardres, near Calais; and few English tourists pass and repass these places without a faint recollection of their association with "the last days of chivalry." The whole affair was a matter of state policy between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in which Wolsey played his part with more than his wonted craft. The preparations were of the most magnificent character, and are somewhat attractively described in an "Historical Outline," to be obtained at the Exhibition Room; whence we quote a few of the circumstances more immediately preceding the subject of the Picture.

"On the day after the first meeting, the tournaments which were to be held in honour of this event commenced. A field had been prepared, round which ditches were dug, and scaffolds erected for the spectators. At one end was set up, on a lofty artificial mount, a hawthorn and a raspberry-bush, which were intended as the respective devices of the kings of England and of France. 'These two trees,' says Hall, 'were mixed one with the other on a high mountaigne, covered with grene damaske.' With these were intermixed artificial trees, with green damask leaves, and branches, boughs, and withered leaves of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth of gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers in silver, and Venice gold, and 'their beautie shewed farre.' 'On the mountaigne was a place harber-wise, where the heraudes were; the mountaigne was rayled about, and the rayles covered with grene damaske.' A splendid camp, or pavilion, had been erected. 'On the right side of the field stood the quene of Englande, and the quene of Fraunce, with many ladies. The same camp was rayled and barred on every side strongly. There was twoo lodgyngs in the entry of the same fields for the two kynges, richly adorned, which were unto them very necessarie, for therein thei armed themselves, and toke their ease: also, in the same compasse were twoo greate sellers couched full of wyne, which was to all men as largess as the fountain.'

"On the mountain where the trees stood, the shields of the two kings were hung: 'the kynge of Englandes armes within a gartier, and the French kynges within a Coller of his order of Sainct Michael, with a close croune, with a flower de lise in the toppe.' The shields of the noblemen were also hung above: the two kings, as brethren in arms, undertook to deliver all personages of the same feats, and the shields of such noblemen as answered the challenge were hung, by the king-at-arms, on the branches of the artificial trees.

"These sports, diversified occasionally with masquerades, dances, and banquets, occupied from the 11th to the 21st of June. The two queens interchanged visits, and spent many hours in dancing and other amusements. The kings paid visits to the queens of either nation. French and English knights were the only part of the chivalry of Europe who answered the challenge; for chivalry could not then, as in former days, smooth down personal heats and feuds; and, therefore, no subject of the wide extended empire of Charles V. appeared on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The only weapons used were spears; but they were impelled with such vigour, as

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to be so often broken, that the spectator's eyes were scared with splinters.* Each day the challengers varied their harness and devices; and each day the two kings ran together so valiantly, that the beholders had great joy.†

"At length, the day (June 21) for the last tourney arrived. The two queens were seated in the magnificent pavilion, and next to the queen of England sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages with Roy Mon Joy, the herald of France, and Garter King-at-Arms for England, 'to marke and write the dedes of noblemen.'

"The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field. Then came the Earl of Devonshire, cousin to Henry, 'and sixteen honourable persons in his bande all armed.' Then came Mons. de Fleuranges, and his retinue, with other nobles and their suites, on the part of Francis.

The two kings put down their vizors, and rode to the encounter valiantly; and the *action* of the picture is thus described by Hall:—

"'The ii Kynges were ready, and either of them encountered one man of armes; the Frenche Kynge to the erle of Devonshire, the Kynge of England to Mounsire Florrenges and brake his Poldron and him disarmed, when ye strokes ware stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised.'

Hall continues:—

"'Then on went swordes, and doune went vizers, there was little abidyng.' At length, 'the kynges roude about the felde as honour of armes required, and the heraldes cried *la fine des Turnayes*, by the sayd two noble princes the XXI daie of June.'

"Such is but a rapid sketch of the most interesting details of the magnificence of the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*. Its chivalric and splendid incidents crowd many a page of the ancient chronicles. The reader will, however, perceive the artist to have adopted Hall's account of the interview, as that chronicler was present, and drew up his description of it by Henry's command. Another journal of the occurrence was drawn up by the order of Francis: this last was published by Montfaucon, together with a third narrative by the Marquis de Fleurenges."

The picture contains upwards of one hundred figures, of which forty are portraits. The armour of the two kings and the challengers, the Earl of Devonshire and the Marquis de Fleurenges, is very successfully managed; and the costumes and heraldic devices have been accurately attended to. Among the spectators, the most striking portraits are the two Queens, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Countess de Chateaubriant, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Queen Mary, Dowager of France; and the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment on the extravagance of the tournament is suspected to have been his downfal. The elaborate richness of the costume almost baffles description: the fleecy, floating feathers of the champions, the glitter of arms, the chaste finish of the female portraits, the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth of gold, and the heraldic emblazonry of arms amidst the freshness of the canopy of foliage, intermingled with artificial leaves and branches—all combine to form a scene of unparalleled splendour and effect.

The picture is by Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst (a pupil of the late Mr. Muss, one of the most distinguished enamel painters of his time), from an original sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone; and as one of the most ingenious labours of the present day, we hope to see it receive all the attention which its very attractive character would lead us to expect.

* The lances were hurtless; the points being either removed, or covered with broad pieces of wood, called rockets.

† Hollinshed p 85.

Spirit of Discovery.

Thickness of a Soap Bubble.

Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminæ of transparent substances, by observing the colours which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th of an inch.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—Treatise on Mechanics, by Capt. H. Kater and Dr. Lardner.*

Why a Horse in the Circus leans to the Centre.

In the equestrian feat exhibited in the ring at the amphitheatre, when the horse moves round with the performer standing on the saddle, both the horse and rider incline continually towards the centre of the ring, and the inclination increases with the velocity of the motion; by this inclination their weights counteract the effect of the centrifugal force.—*Ibid.*

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Gilding of Embroidery—Extreme Divisibility of Matter.

In the manufacture of embroidery it is necessary to obtain very fine gilt silver threads. To accomplish this, a cylindrical bar of silver, weighing 360 ounces, is covered with about two ounces of gold. This gilt bar is then wire-drawn, as in the first example, until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. The wire is then flattened by passing it between rollers under a severe pressure, a process which increases its length, so that about 4,000 feet shall weigh one ounce. Hence, one foot will weigh the 4000th part of an ounce. The proportion of the gold to the silver in the original bar was that of 2 to 360, or 1 to 180. Since the same proportion is preserved after the bar has been wire-drawn, it follows that the quantity of gold which covers one foot of the fine wire is the 180th part of the 4000th of an ounce; that is, the 720,000th part of an ounce.

The quantity of gold which covers one inch of this wire will be twelve times less than that which covers one foot. Hence this quantity will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into 100 equal parts, every part will be distinctly visible without the aid of microscopes. The gold which covers this small but visible portion is the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we may proceed even further; this portion of the wire may be viewed by a microscope which magnifies 500 times, so that the 500th part of it will thus become visible. In this manner, therefore, an ounce of gold may be divided into 432,000,000,000 parts. Each of these parts will possess all the characters and qualities which are found in the largest masses of the metal. It retains its solidity, texture, and colour; it resists the same agents, and enters into combination with the same substances. If the gilt wire be dipped in nitric acid, the silver within the coating will be dissolved, but the hollow tube of gold which surrounded it will still cohere and remain suspended.—*Ibid.*

The Hare, a Natural Philosopher.

Coursing owes all its interest to the instinctive consciousness of the nature of inertia which seems to govern the measures of the hare. The greyhound is a comparatively heavy body, moving at the same or greater speed in pursuit. The hare *doubles*, that is, suddenly changes the direction of her course and turns back at an oblique angle with the direction in which she had been running. The greyhound, unable to resist the tendency of its body to persevere in the rapid motion it had acquired, is urged forward many yards before it is able to check its speed and return to the pursuit. Meanwhile the hare is gaining ground in the other direction, so that the animals are at a very considerable distance asunder when the pursuit is recommenced. In this way a hare, though much less fleet than a greyhound, will often escape it.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain:
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers:
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
Whilst Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scare the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

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HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LANDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan fife"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine:
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing truth—
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom,
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of *puny* brood:
And thou wouldst *punish* me
With *pungent* hardihood.

Blackwood's Magazine.

NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON BY MR. MOORE, AND REMARKS ON THOSE NOTICES BY LADY BYRON.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

MR. MOORE'S Life of the noble bard was reviewed in our last number; it must now be reviewed again. Among the literary notices of the New Monthly, I consented to the insertion of a laudatory account of the work; nay, more, I expunged a portion of the manuscript critique, in which Mr. Moore was censured for unfairness towards Lady Byron. This I did from unwillingness to blame my friend Mr. Moore, and from having scarcely dipped into the censured parts of the book. Besides, I did not then *believe* Lady Byron to be so perfectly justifiable in the separation as now *know* her to be. Such were the circumstances under which I circulated among thousands the little warranty of my approbation of a work, which I find, on closer inspection, to be one of the most injudicious books that was ever published. But since that time, the state of circumstances has wholly changed. Lady Byron has spoken out. As her friend, I could not keep my mind quiet about her feelings under this ill-starred resuscitation of the question con-

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cerning her. I consulted several of her friends, and it was their joint opinion, that since the ice of reserve had been broken by Lord Byron's biographer on the luckless topic, it would be the duty of some one of her friends to say in answer to Mr. Moore something more than Lady Byron could with propriety say for herself. A female friend offered to do this, and she would have probably done it better than I can. But I could not be such a craven as to let a woman come forward in my place. I went to Lady Byron for such general circumstances of truth as might not involve her in accusing Lord Byron. For more particular facts respecting the separation, I applied to a different, but perfectly authentic, quarter, and there I learnt a few facts, which, though my readers need not fear that I shall inflict them on their delicacy, suffice to convince me that Lady Byron was justified in the parting by circumstances, which Lord Byron had either forgot, or "*with all his manly candour*," had failed to state to Mr. Moore.

My plainness in speaking of Mr. Moore is a compliment to his importance and popularity, which would make a weak or timid remonstrance incapable of reaching him. My interest in a suffering woman needs no apology.

I found my right to speak on this painful subject on its now *irrevocable publicity*, brought up afresh, as it has been by Mr. Moore, to be the theme of discourse to millions, and, if I err not much, the cause of misconception to innumerable minds. I claim to speak of Lady Byron in the right of a man, and of a friend to the rights of woman, and to liberty, and to natural religion. I claim a right, more especially, as one of the many friends of Lady Byron, who, one and all, feel aggrieved by this production. It has virtually dragged her forward from the shade of retirement, where she had hid her sorrows, and compelled her to defend the heads of her friends and her parents from being crushed under the tombstone of Byron. Nay, in a general view, it has forced her to defend *herself*; though with her true sense, and her pure taste, she stands above all special pleading. To plenary explanation she *ought* not—she never *shall* be driven. Mr. Moore is too much a gentleman not to shudder at the thought of that; but if other Byronists, of a far different stamp, were to force the savage ordeal, it is her enemies, and not she, that would have to dread the burning ploughshares.

We, her friends, have no wish to prolong the discussion; but a few words we *must* add, even to her admirable statement—for her's is a cause not only dear to her friends, but having become, from Mr. Moore and her misfortunes, a publicly agitated cause, it concerns morality, and the most sacred rights of the sex, that she should (and that, too, without more special explanations), be acquitted out and out, and honourably acquitted in this business, of all share in the blame, which is one and indivisible. Mr. Moore, on farther reflection, may see this, and his return to candour will surprise us less than his momentary deviation from its path.

For the tact of Mr. Moore's conduct in this affair, I have not to answer; but, if indelicacy be charged upon me, I scorn the charge. Neither will I submit to be called Lord Byron's accuser—because a word against him I wish not to say, beyond what is painfully wrung from me by the necessity of owning or illustrating Lady Byron's unblamableness, and of repelling certain misconceptions respecting her, which are now walking the fashionable world; and which have been fostered, (though Heaven knows where they were born) most delicately and warily by the Christian godfathership of Mr. Moore.

I write not at Lady Byron's bidding—I have never humiliated either her or myself by asking *if* I should write—or *what* I should write—that is to say, I never applied to her for information against Lord Byron, though I was justified, as one intending to criticise Mr. Moore, to inquire into the truth of some of his statements. Neither will I suffer myself to be called her champion, if by that word be meant the advocate of her mere legal innocence, for that, I take it, nobody questions. Still less is it from the sorry impulse of pity that I speak of this noble woman, for I look with wonder and even envy at the proud purity of her sense and conscience, that have carried her exquisite sensibilities in triumph through such poignant tribulations. But I am proud to be called her friend—the humble illustrator of her cause, and the advocate of those principles which make it to me more interesting than Lord Byron's. Lady Byron (if the subject must be discussed) belongs to sentiment and morality—at least as much as Lord Byron—nor is she to be suffered, when compelled to speak, to raise her voice as in a desert with no friendly voice to respond to her. Lady Byron could not have outlived her sufferings, if she had not wound up her fortitude to the high point of trusting mainly for consolation,

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not to the opinion of the world, but to her own inward peace; and having said what ought to convince the world, I verily believe that she has less care about the fashionable opinion respecting her than any of her friends can have. But we, her friends, mix with the world, and we hear offensive absurdities about her which we have a right to put down.

What Lady Byron professes to be her main aim in her Remarks on the Life of her Husband, it seems to me that she very clearly accomplishes. I am not sure that I should feel my esteem for Byron, or for any man, much enhanced by finding that a foolish relative or two could sever from him a wife once dotingly fond of him. But we have not a tittle of fair evidence against this pack of ——, as his lordship politely calls them; and, to throw the blame on her parents is proved ridiculous by Dr. Lushington's letter, for it shows that the deepest cause, or causes, of the separation were not imparted to her parents. I dismiss, therefore, this hinted plea of palliation with contempt.

I proceed to deal more generally with Mr. Moore's book.—You speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify me, or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriageableness of genius a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for canting too complacently about "the lava of his imagination," and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom. These are hard words, Mr. Moore, but you have brought them on yourself by your voluntary ignorance of facts known to me—for you might, and ought to have known both sides of the question, and if the subject was too delicate for you to consult Lady Byron's confidential friends, you ought to have had nothing to do with the subject. But you cannot have submitted your book even to Lord Byron's sister, otherwise she would have set you right about the imaginary spy, Mrs. Clermont.

Hence arose your misconceptions, which are so numerous, that having applied to Lady Byron (you will please to observe that I applied not for facts against Lord Byron, for these I got elsewhere, but for an estimate of the correctness of *your* statements), I received the following letter from her ladyship.

"Dear Mr. Campbell,—In taking up my pen to point out for your private information those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed—and to deny an assertion *here and there* would virtually admit the truth of the rest.—If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the falsehood of the views taken by Mr. Moore, I must detail various matters, which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot under the existing circumstances disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case by an example.—'*It is not true that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time. But is it reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I show you what were the causes in question? and this I cannot do.*' I am, &c. &c.—E. NOEL BYRON."

Excellent woman! honoured by all who know her, and injured only by those who know her not, I will believe her on her own testimony.

What I regret most in Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron is, that he had in his own hands the only pure means of serving Lord Byron's character—which was his lordship's own touching confession, and that he has thrown away the said means by garnishing that fair confession with unfair attempts at blaming others. In Letter 235, Lord Byron takes all the blame on himself. *The fault*, he says, *was not, no, nor even the misfortune, in my choice, (unless in choosing at all), but I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there never was a better, or even a kinder or more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor ever can have any reproach to make her while with me.* Now nothing in Lord Byron's poetry is finer than this. But why, Mr. Moore, have you frozen the effect of this melting candour by dishing up the inconsistencies of Lord Byron on the same subject, and by showing

* I had not time to ask Lady Byron's permission to print this private letter, but it seemed to me important, and I have published it *meo periculo*.

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your own ungallant indifference to the thus acquitted Lady Byron? In the name of both of them I reprove you. Byron confesses, but you try to explain away his confession; and by your hints at spies, unsuitableness, &c. you dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgement that alone will wash away the poor penitent man's transgressions. You resort to Byron's letter to Mr. Rogers for the means of inculpating Lady Byron and her friends, as blamers of Lord Byron. But *they* never said more than that Lord Byron's temper was intolerable to Lady Byron. That was true, and they never circulated any calumnies against him.

There is equal injustice in the allusion to Lord Byron having been ever surrounded by spies. What spy was near him? The only person denounced in that odious capacity by Lord Byron himself was Mrs. Clermont; and what was the fact with regard to her? If Mrs. Clermont was a spy, surely the last person in the world to have acquitted her would have been Mrs. Leigh, the sister of Lord Byron; but I have in my possession the authentic copy of a letter from Mrs. Leigh to the same Mrs. Clermont, earnestly acquitting her of the calumny, and offering even public testimony to her (Mrs. Clermont's) tenderness and forbearance (I copy Mrs. Leigh's words) under circumstances that must have been trying to any friend of Lady Byron. Another unworthy expression of Mr. Moore's is that of calling Lord Byron "*a deserted husband.*" Let him read Lady Byron's remarks, and blot out this absurdity from his volume. Dr. Lushington, versed in the harshest cases of justifiable separation, and bound to admit none of a slight nature, thought that it was impossible she could live with him.

You should have paused, Mr. Moore, before you compelled any friend of Lady Byron to bring out this truth.

It is a farther mistake on Mr. Moore's part, and I can prove it to be so, if proof be necessary, to represent Lady Byron, in the course of their courtship, as one inviting her future husband to correspondence by letters, after she had at first refused him. She never proposed a correspondence. On the contary, he sent her a message, after that first refusal, stating that he meant to go abroad, and to travel for some years in the East; that he should depart with a heart aching, but not angry; and that he only begged a verbal assurance that she had still some interest in his happiness. Could Miss Milbank, as a well-bred woman, refuse a courteous answer to such a message? She sent him a verbal answer, which was merely kind and becoming, but which signified no encouragement that he should renew his offer of marriage. After that message, he wrote to her a most interesting letter about himself—about his views, personal, moral, and religious, to which it would have been uncharitable not to have replied. The result was an insensibly increasing correspondence which ended in her being devotedly attached to him. About that time, I occasionally saw Lord Byron, and though I knew less of him than Mr. Moore, yet I suspect I knew as much of him as Miss Milbank then knew. At that time, he was so pleasing, that if I had a daughter with ample fortune and beauty, I should have trusted her in marriage with Lord Byron.

Mr. Moore at that period evidently understood Lord Byron better than either his future bride, or myself; but this speaks more for Mr. Moore's shrewdness, than for Byron's ingenuousness of character.

It is another improper insinuation, when Mr. Moore hints at a resemblance between the first wife of Milton and the widow of Byron. The parallel is disgustingly unfair. Of Milton's married life we know not much; but, upon the whole, it is clear that his wife could not have got two honourable men to justify her departure. She went away from him, to all appearance, in rashness, and returned, for her own convenience, in repentance. Lady Byron acted no such part. Produce on Mrs. Milton's part a Dr. Lushington to speak for her, and we will meet you in the parallel: but beware of the ploughshare!

It is more for Lord Byron's sake than for his widow's, that I resort not to a more special examination of Mr. Moore's misconceptions. The subject would lead me insensibly into hateful disclosures against poor Lord Byron, who is more unfortunate in his rash defenders, than his reluctant accusers. Happily his own candour turns our hostility from himself against his defenders. It was only in wayward and bitter remarks that he misrepresented Lady Byron. He would have defended himself irresistibly if Mr. Moore had left only his acknowledging passages. But Mr. Moore has produced a Life of him which reflects blame on Lady Byron—so dexterously that more is meant than meets the ear. The almost universal impression produced by his book is, that Lady Byron must be a precise, and a wan unwarm-

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ing spirit—a blue stocking of chilblained learning, a piece of insensitive goodness. Who that knows Lady Byron, will not pronounce her to be every thing the reverse? Will it be believed that this person, so unsuitably matched to her moody lord, has written verses that would do no discredit to Byron himself—that her sensitiveness is surpassed and bounded only by her good sense, and that she is

> Blest with a temper, whose unclouded ray
> Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

She brought to Lord Byron, beauty, manners, fortune, meekness, romantic affection, and every thing that ought to have made her to the most transcendant man of genius—*had he been what he should have been*—his pride and his idol. I speak not of Lady Byron in the common-place manner of attesting character, I appeal to the gifted Mrs. Siddons, and Joanna Baillie, to Lady Charlemont, and to other ornaments of their sex, whether I am exaggerating in the least when I say, that in their whole lives they have seen few beings so intellectual and well tempered, as Lady Byron. I wish to be as ingenuous as possible in speaking of her. Her manner, I have no hesitation to say, is cool at the first interview, but it is modestly, and not insolently cool: she contracted it, I believe, from being exposed by her beauty and large fortune in youth, to numbers of suitors, whom she could not have otherwise kept at a distance. But this manner could have had no influence with Lord Byron, for it vanishes on nearer acquaintance, and has no origin in coldness. All her friends like her frankness the better for being preceded by this reserve. This manner, however, though not the slightest apology for Lord Byron, has been inimical to Lady Byron in her misfortunes. It endears her to her friends, but it piques the indifferent. Most odiously unjust, therefore, is Mr. Moore's assertion, that she has had the advantage of Lord Byron in public opinion. She is, comparatively speaking, unknown to the world; for though she has many friends, that is, a friend in every one who knows her, yet her pride, and purity, and misfortunes, naturally contract the circle of her acquaintance. There is something exquisitely unjust in Mr. Moore comparing her chance of popularity with Lord Byron's; the poet who can command men of talents, putting even Mr. Moore into the livery of his service, and who has suborned the favour of almost all women by the beauty of his person and the voluptuousness of his verses. Lady Byron has nothing to oppose to these fascinations but the truth and justice of her cause.

The true way of bringing off Byron from this question of his conjugal unhappiness would be his own way, namely, to acknowledge frankly this one, and, perhaps, the only one great error of his life. Acknowledge it, and after all, what a space is still left in our minds for allowance and charity, and even for admiration of him! All men, as they are frail and fallible beings, are concerned in palliating his fault—to a certain degree they are concerned; though if you reduce the standard of duty too low, the meanest man may justly refuse to sympathize with your apology for a bad husband, and disdain to take the benefit of an insolvent act in favour of debtors to morality. But pay the due homage to moral principle, frankly own that the child of genius is, in this particular, not to be defended—abstain from absolving Byron on false grounds, and you will do him more good than by idle attempts at justification. Above all, keep off your sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of his widow's character. There, Mr. Moore, you must not fish for compliments, or poach for the pathetic.—Byron acquitted at Lady Byron's expense, can be taken home to no honest heart's sympathy, though there is no saying how much the heart yearns to forgive him when there is no sophistry used in his defence.

You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insiduous, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her "*virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron,*" to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head.—A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have *matched* him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.

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If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his lordship; for let me tell you Mr. Moore, that neither your poetry, nor Lord Byron's, nor all our poetry put together, ever delineated a more interesting being than the woman whom you have so coldly treated. This was not kicking the dead lion, but wounding the living lamb, who was already bleeding and shorn even unto the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing; and even your book, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I DARE thee to forget me! go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the sabre's hilt;
Away, thou'rt free, o'er land and sea, go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought, thy *curse* will be—*to think!*

Remember me, remember all—my long-enduring love,
That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need, I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse *shall* be—*to think!*

Then go, *that* thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will fill thee with affright;
In some vile dungeon mayst thou lie, and, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be —*to think!*

Go, seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of *me* shall make thee *there* endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—*to think!*

Forget me, false one, *hope* it not! When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days will gall thee while they sing;
The airs *I* used to love will make thy coward conscience shrink,
Ay, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse will be—*to think!*

Forget me! No, that *shall* not be! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! *my* feeble arm shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse will be—*to think!*

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector:

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

STRANGE ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

THE following most strange subaqueous adventure was related to Mr. Hardy, during his recent *Travels in Mexico*:—

"The Placer de la Piédra negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro, had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He, therefore, felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût!* Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don

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Pablo—one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life?—The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with them. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, or the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud*, by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice, he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

CANNIBALISM.

Sir Stamford Raffles, in one of his letters, relates the following horrible account of the Battas, a people of Sumatra:—

"I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they write and read, and think full as much, or more, than those who are brought up at our Lancastrian and national schools. They have also codes of laws of great antiquity; and it is from a regard for those laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other. The law declares, that for certain crimes, four in number, the criminals shall be eaten *alive!* The same law declares also, that in great wars—that is to say, one district with another—it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves. In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, when the chiefs drink a dram each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing with us. Two or three days then elapse to give time for assembling the people; and in cases of adultery it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect, unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake with his hands extended. The husband, or party injured, comes up and takes the first choice, generally the ears; the rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle for purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw and sometimes grilled, but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper, are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh, but never drink toddy or spirits. Many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females: it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then.

"I am assured, and *really* do believe, that many of the people prefer human flesh to any other; but, notwithstanding this *penchant*, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures! On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was informed that formerly it was usual for the people to eat their parents when too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbours, forming a circle, danced round them, crying out, 'When the fruit is ripe, then it will fall.' This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plenty; and as soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them up, and made a hearty meal of them.

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This practice, however, of eating the old people has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilization has been attained, and, therefore, there are hopes of future improvement. This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar. It is calculated, that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred Battas are thus eaten in a year, in times of peace."*

* It must be observed, that Sir Stamford did not himself witness the ceremony of eating a living human being—ocular proof by an European appears to be still wanting; but from the most intelligent of the Batta chiefs, assembled in presence of Mr. Prince and Dr. Jack, he obtained information, of the truth of which none of them had the least doubt—nor have we. We must, however, confess we are somewhat sceptical about the choice of the tit-bits—the ears, the palms of the hands and feet, &c. The hanging up of the old people on branches of trees to let them grow tender is merely traditional; but of the main fact there cannot exist a doubt.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

LORD NORTH.

I HAVE been told, from very good authority, that Lord North was once discovered among the crowd at the window of a caricature shop, staring at one of the graphic libels upon himself. He was represented in a ludicrous attitude, bidding the leaders of Opposition do homage to his person by the most abject of all possible salutations. No premier but Lord North—so unpopular as he then was, as a minister, but so amiable in private life—so totally unaffected, and devoid of all the pomposities of a high office—would have thrust himself, in such times, into a mob, to gape at satires on the government. Soon finding, however, that he was recognised by those nearest to him, who began to titter, he made his retreat, though by no means in confusion, saying with a good-humoured laugh to the bystanders, as he turned his back to depart, 'Don't you think, gentlemen, it is very like?'

In the same careless spirit of forgetting a statesman's gravity, and yielding to the idlest ebullitions of a humorous and playful mind, he one day walked into the china and glass-shop, so well known for many years in New Bond-street, over the door of which was written in capitals, FOG AND SON. 'Sir,' said Lord North to the tradesman, whose customer he was, 'this is a very extraordinary coalition of yours, and cannot be expected to last—for either Fog banishes Sun, or Sun expels Fog, and in both cases there is an end of the partnership!' His lordship little thought then that he should enter into a coalition much more extraordinary than that of the dealer in glass and china.—*Colman's Random Records.*

MR. COBBETT'S CHARACTERISTICS,

By Himself.

THOUGH I never attempt to put forth that sort of stuff which the "intense" people on the other side of St. George's Channel call "*eloquence*," I bring out strings of very interesting facts; I use pretty powerful arguments; and I hammer them down so closely upon the mind, that they seldom fail to produce a lasting impression.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

To conclude an account of Suffolk, and not to sing the praises of Bury St. Edmund's, would offend every creature of Suffolk birth: even at Ipswich, when I was praising *that place*, the very people of that town asked me if I did not think *Bury St. Edmund's the nicest town in the world.* Meet them wherever you will, they have all the same boast; and indeed, as a town *in itself*, it is the neatest place that ever was seen.

Cobbett.

PRIDE IN A BLIND FIDDLER'S SON.

THE learned John Selden tells us, "Money makes a man laugh." A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing sorrily, the company laughed at him; his boy that led him perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us begone, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler, "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

P. T. W.

HIGH NOTIONS.

DURING the progress of Mr. Hanway's exertions in favour of chimney sweepers, he addressed a little urchin, after he had swept a chimney in his own house "Suppose now I give you a shilling,' "God Almighty bless your honour, and thank you!" "And what if I give you a fine tie wig to wear on Mayday, which is just at hand?" "Ah, bless your honour, my master won't let me go out on Mayday." "No, why not?" "*He says it is low life.*"

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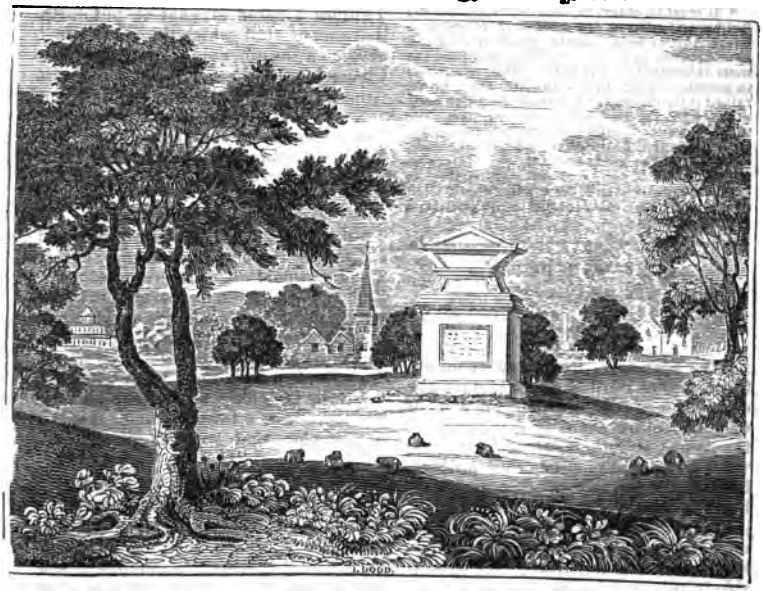
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 424.] SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1830. [Price 2d.

Gray's Monument, Stoke Park.



THIS is an interesting memorial of highly cultivated genius and good taste. It reminds us of associations of simplicity and propriety which are to us extremely grateful. We are likewise persuaded, that every one of our readers will participate in this interest; for the name of GRAY will always be cherished by the lover of poetry and fine sentiment; and it would be idle not to presume upon their acquaintance with some portion of his works. His *Elegy*—who can forget it! How beautifully, too, is it spoken of by Johnson: "In the character of his Elegy," observes the critic, "I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *churchyard* abounds with *images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.*" It is perhaps impossible to conceive higher praise, or to convey a sense of admiration in more beautiful terms. Many a time and oft have we thought of this eulogium while pacing the Terrace at Windsor, or picking out the identical churchyard in the landscape before us. Nay, we have almost forgotten the regal splendour, the castled hall, the tower and turret, in the contemplation of Stoke Churchyard. Gay friends have wondered at our apathy at the vast pile, and our distaste for its proud glories; but we were revelling in joy which it never entered into their hearts to conceive. The genius of melancholy had spread her bewitchery around us, and set springs for our soul which it were impossible to escape. Friendships fade away, ties are snapped asunder, affections are unrequited, and all the consolation left for a bankrupt heart is to feel the potent spell of melancholy like iron entering into one's soul. We are getting too sentimental; but, reader, pause, ere you chide our sicklied sensibility over the name of GRAY.

By way of explaining the Cut—the Monument and the Manor-house, the Church, and Mr. Penn's seat—we quote an entire but brief description of Stoke:

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"Stoke, or Stoke Pogeis, Bucks, two miles N.N.E. from Slough, is a large scattered village, which obtained the appellation of Pogeis from its ancient lords of that name. The heiress of this family, in the reign of Edward III., married Lord Mollines, who shortly afterwards procured a license from the King to convert the manor-house into a castle. From him it descended to the Lords Hungerford, and from them to the Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon; and it seems afterwards to have been the residence of the Lord Chancellor Hatton. Sir Edward Coke, having married an heiress of the Huntingdon family, became the next possessor; and here, in 1601, he was honoured with a visit from Queen Elizabeth, whom he entertained in a very sumptuous style, presenting her with jewels to the value of 1,000*l.*; and here he died in 1634. It was afterwards the seat of Viscountess Cobham, on whose death the estate was purchased by Mr. William Penn, chief proprietor of Penn-Sylvania, in America; and it now belongs to John Penn, Esq. his grandson. The old manor-house furnished the subject for the opening of Gray's humorously descriptive poem, called 'The Long Story,' in which the style of building, and fantastic manners of Elizabeth's reign, are delineated with much truth. Gray, when a student at Eton, occasionally resided with his aunt at this village, whose churchyard was the scene of his much-admired 'Elegy,' occasioned, says his biographer, 'by the recent loss of his invaluable mother, and his particular friend West.' On the plain slab covering her tomb (which is close to the chancel) he wrote the following epitaph, which, in the opinion of the same gentleman, excites more sympathy by a single stroke, than the beautiful lines of Mr. Pope, expressive of *his* filial piety.

"'In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of *Mary Antrobus*; she died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged sixty-six. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of *Dorothy Gray*, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, ONE of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged sixty-seven.'

"The same tomb, by Mr. Gray's particular directions, became also the place of his own interment; though neither friend nor relation raised a stone to his memory till the year 1799, when the Genius of Poetry animated the kindred bosom of Mr. Penn to perform the long-neglected task. The monument erected by this gentleman stands in a field adjoining to the churchyard, and forms the termination of one of the views from Stoke House. It is composed of stone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the 'Ode to Eton College,' and the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard;' the fourth is as follows:

This Monument, in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,
Was erected A.D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and
Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining
Churchyard;
Under the Tombstone
On which he piously and pathetically
Recorded the interment
Of his Aunt and lamented Mother."

AGAINST LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar;
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store,
Need and distress await the poor;
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give,
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live;
Are children born? we anxious groan,
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage,
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

FOR LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF METRODORUS.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war;
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind.
All-beauteous nature decks the plain,
And merchants plough for gold the main;
Respect arises from our store,
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give,
Th' unmarried with more freedom live;
If parents, our bless'd lot we own,
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage,
And venerable hairs old age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?" STEPHANS

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PECULIARITIES OF PIGEONS AND DOVES

(For the Mirror.)

Bewick tells us "The various families which constitute this beautiful genus are distinguished by shades and gradations, so minute as to exceed all description. Of these by much the larger portion are the willing attendants on man, and depend on his bounty, seldom leaving the dwellings provided for them, and only roaming abroad to seek amusement, or to procure subsistence; but when we consider the lightness of their bodies, the great strength of their wings, and the amazing rapidity of their flight, it is a matter of wonder that they should submit even to a partial kind of domestication, or occupy those tenements fitted up for the purpose of breeding and rearing their young. It must be observed, however, that in these they live rather as voluntary captives, or transient guests than permanent or settled inhabitants, enjoying a considerable portion of that liberty they so much delight in; on the slightest molestation, they will sometimes abandon their mansion with all its conveniences, and seek a solitary lodgment in the holes of old walls or unfrequented towers; and some ornithologists assert, that they will even take refuge in the woods, where, impelled by instinct, they resume their native manners."

"Wild pigeons are said to migrate in large flocks into England, at the approach of winter, from the northern regions, and return in the spring; many of them, however, remain in this country, only changing their quarters for the purpose of procuring food. They build their nests in the hollow of decayed trees, and commonly have two broods in the year. In a state of domestication their increase is prodigious; and though they never lay more than two eggs at a time, yet allowing them to breed nine times in the year, the produce of a single pair, at the expiration of four years, may amount to the enormous number of 14,762 *(Stillingfleet's Tracts.)* The male and female perform the office of incubation by turns, and feed their young by casting up the provisions out of their stomachs into the mouths of the young ones."

Baron de Tott says, "The turtle dove is highly favoured in the Turkish dominions, where it is extremely plentiful, government allowing a certain rate per cent. on the duty imposed on corn, that those birds may be allowed to feed unmolested. A crowd of them constantly alight on the vessels which cross the port of Constantinople, and carry the corn uncovered either to the mills or magazines, and the boatmen never oppose them. This permission to feast on the grain brings them in great numbers, and familiarizes them to such a degree, that they are seen standing on the shoulders of the rowers, watching for a vacant place where they might fill their crops in turn."

The white nutmeg pigeon, which inhabits New Guinea, is described by Sonnerat, who mentions its feeding on nutmegs, observing that it is probably only the outer skin which serves them for nourishment, as the nut itself is voided whole, and so little altered, that, after passing through the organs of digestion, it is not rendered less fit for vegetation; and hence it happens that those birds flying from one island to another, disperse, and sow the seeds of those valuable plants in every part they frequent.

The great crowned Indian pigeon is nearly the size of a turkey; its note is very plaintive, and we are told the mournful notes of these birds alarmed the crew of Bourgainville very much, when they touched in their voyage at one of the islands they inhabit.

In Egypt, the pigeon-house (says Pocock) is reckoned a great part of the estate of the husband; and the common proverb in those parts is, that a man who has a pigeon-house need not be careful about the disposal of his daughter.

The custom of sending letters by pigeons, is mentioned by Pliny (in his *Natural History,*) to have been made use of when Marc Antony besieged Modena, A. U. C. 710. P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

SUETT.*

We believe, amongst the various anecdotes afloat concerning this very original genius, the following has not yet anywhere found a record:—Suett was one night performing on a provincial stage, the part of the *Lawyer,* in *No Song no Supper,* and when seated at table with the miller's better (?) moiety, praised as usual the leg of lamb which forms, or is supposed to form that repast, adding (of himself) "Pray, ma'am, who is your butcher?" and then answering himself, he continued, "O, but I need not ask, for I see very well that you have dealings with Mr. Suett!" From

* For anecdotes respecting Suett, vide *Mirror,* vol. i. p. 5, and vol. iv. p. 250.

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a favourite buffo this sally was well received, but when, shortly afterwards, in a similar situation, and upon the same stage, an unfortunate Thespian improvised wit, which though different in substance, was better in effect; the audience, such is the precarious nature of the *vox populi*, manifested their displeasure at the liberty taken. Let no one hereafter ask

"What's in a name?"

we maintain every thing; and it is certain that Dicky Suett's jest, would not have told without it.

GIANTS.—IRISH, SCOTCH, AND FRENCH.

Most English persons who visit Scotland as strangers, are struck with the stature and proportions of the generality of its inhabitants, male and female, and those of our readers conversant with Edinburgh pleasantry, will probably acknowledge both the justice and keenness of the satire which terms a certain *pavé*, near a certain fashionable square, "the Giant's Causeway!" However, we did not know till lately, that Scotland had produced a rival to the celebrated O'Brien, of Irish birth. When that extraordinary man was, some years since, exhibiting, amongst other places, at Yarmouth, a Scotch gentleman of good family and large fortune, who was passing through the town at the time, sent a note to him, stating his height, and requesting an interview, quite privately with O'Brien, as he did not, and could not make of himself a public exhibition. They met the same evening, at the hotel where O'Brien lodged, and upon measuring, the Scotch gentleman's height was found to exceed that of his brother-giant of Erin, by half an inch!

Monsieur Louis, the French giant, who was in London last year, stated that his reason for exhibiting himself, particularly in England, was, "that he might make a fortune here, and return to France to enjoy it." A tolerably broad satire this, on our national taste for sight-seeing.

PITT.

This celebrated man was once induced to send a specimen of his handwriting to a gentleman, who professed himself to be an adept in the art of discovering people's characters and talents, by their autographs. Pitt, by the assistance of a friend, wrote a nautical letter, in the character of a Lieutenant, R. N.—of course, signing himself under a false name. Mr. M—tt (if we do not greatly err, this gentleman is still living) having looked at the writing for some minutes, exclaimed in extreme astonishment, "Who is this person? He is not what he represents himself to be; but can any body introduce me to him? above all things I should like to see him, and know him, for he is one of the most extraordinary and clever characters that ever lived!"

BON MOT, BY J. SMITH.

In this witty author's company, not very long since, it happened that two gentlemen were discussing, rather warmly, a medical point. "You say," cried one, "that our blood is at first quite white; I will credit it, if you can also tell me in what stage (of circulation) it becomes red." "Tell him," whispered Smith to the hesitating antagonist, "tell him in the Reading Stage, of course."

FRENCH REPARTEE.

At one of the minor Parisian theatres, a piece was brought out, founded upon incidents in the life of a Frenchman, and after him called *Le Sire de Concy*. It was an indifferent composition, indifferently performed, and upon this question occurring in one of the scenes, "*Que pensez-vous du Sire de Concy?*" a man in the *parterre* starting up, exclaimed to the great delight of the audience, "*Je pense, qu'il n'est que, conci-conci!*" M. L. B.

HUMOROUS VALOUR.

Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Craufurd, was amongst other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Who so pinches at her, his death is dight,
In gralth.

The Scottish knight being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie, instead of a falcon, with a motto, ingeniously contrived in rhyme, to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:

I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nose,
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by

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a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud, in not fastening his helmet, the Scotchman agreed to run six courses more; each champion staking in the hands of the king, two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded, that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, "he surpassed the English both in wit and valour." This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of the time.

T. J. B.

The Contemporary Traveller.

THE LAKE OUROOMIA IN COURDISTAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS Lake is about eighty-nine miles in length, from north to south, and about thirty-two in breadth. During the summer months the north-east part becomes nearly dry, leaving the eastern side of Shahy, its largest island, in a peninsular state, the marshy bed of the receded waters alone connecting it with the main land. This island, the only inhabited spot on the surface of the lake, is said to be twenty-five miles in circumference, and contains mountains so abundant in wood, that the people of the plain are continually crossing the morass to cut fuel for the supply of Tabreez. There is one populous village upon it, and several others in a state of complete ruin and desertion; also the remains of a strong fortress; and wild goats, antelopes, and wild fowl of various kinds, thrive here in great numbers. The waters of this lake are the saltest in the world, and a thick, white crust of salt is deposited along its shores. Opposite the village of Goorchin-kala, a stupendous and perfectly insulated rock, bearing the same name, rises abruptly from the surface of the water. In the winter, when the waters are high, it stands many hundred yards from the shore; but in summer its western face may be approached with ease. It is perpendicular on all sides, except that facing the north-west, which forms a slope, sufficiently steep, however, to check any sudden attempt to scale it. At the base of this point, a deep ditch, which has been hewn as a defence towards the shore in the dry season, forms a communication between the waters on either side. "The spot," says Sir K. Porter, "altogether reminded me of the impregnable castle of Koeningstein, in the vicinity of Dresden. Like it, the Kala of Goorchin has only one entrance, cut through the solid rock, from which opening to the summit, the way is exceedingly narrow and difficult. On arriving at the top, the spectator is struck with its very singular appearance; a particular air of wild grandeur from the union of man's labour and nature's own rough bulwarks, in the construction of its battlements; pieces, only, of wall, having been here and there required to fill up a few chasms in the rock, which had formed its high and perpendicular defence on all sides. In the interior, the remains of houses built out of the stone of the general mass, were still visible, and also large and deep square excavations, which our guide told me were intended for granaries and stores. Walking towards the eastern brow, we found the wide mouth of a well, apparently reaching to a great depth in the rock. It is now abundantly supplied with water, and its stone circumference is worn into long hollows by the ropes and chains which have been for ages employed in raising the water. On the north side we scrambled two hundred feet down the face of the fortress on a most frightful ladder, founded by instinct of hands and feet, for path there was none, until we arrived at the mouths of two caverns, whose naturally very wide entrances had been narrowed by strong walls of massive masonry, for the apparent purpose of affording additional support to the incumbent cliff, surmounted as it was by the heavy structure of the fortress. But on entering, we found that the wall had a second object—to preserve, in the deep and cool reservoirs of these caverns, a beautifully clear water that constantly trickled into them through the fissures of the rock, and is collected here in little pools; a sort of subterranean fairy lake, most deliciously refreshing after a scorching ramble. Its freshness is a circumstance rather surprising, since it springs through a rock encircled by the saltest water in the world. Several large fig

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trees grow on the narrow shelf that leads into these cool retreats, shading the rugged entrances, and mingling their ample leaves with the grey and broken fragments of the wall. This particular feature in the scene was wild and romantic; but the whole was raised into sublimity by the awful and dizzy height, whence they waved their green boughs, and where we stood, viewing the azure surface of the Ouroomia deep at our feet, while the hollow roaring of its waters dashing into the caverns they had worn in the rock, increased in no small degree the nervous giddiness which we felt on looking down a precipice of eight hundred feet, from a ledge scarcely six in breadth, surmounted by the towering mass we so lately had the temerity to descend.

These caves have long been the occasional resort of dervishes; and a small sanctuary is shown, half excavated, and the rest completed with rude stonework, said to conceal the remains of some unknown saint, to whom frequent prayers and pilgrimages are made.

To prove the extreme saltness of the water, Sir Ker Porter observes, that after immersing his hand in it, a very short evaporation left it encrusted with a perfectly white coat of glittering saline particles. G. L. S.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

By the Author of "Sir Andrew Wylie," &c. &c.

* * * FATHER NICHOLAS having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high-roofed, and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay; and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church was celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, Father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church; and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected, and shipped for Havre-de-Grace; and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased, and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New England privateer, and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher the Rev. John Williams was appointed. With much labour it was carried to the village, and duly elevated to the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together, and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptised state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudrieul, the Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

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the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuits' College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion.—The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; then, simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff, and a cross on the top of it, headed them, and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departure of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey do Boulogne, chanted a sacred song, which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to lake Champlain The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode in a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely, from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow storms of latter times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course, and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different: animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified, even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave, but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdom of the saints, and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages by the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and crackled beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this in-

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genious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit; and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At day-break all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request; and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and dispatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep: it was to the simple ears of the Indians as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homeward, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace; and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the meantime, all the squaws and papoosses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened—they wondered—and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell!"

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longue Sault* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple; and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers, with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS king has been styled by one of our dramatic caterers, "the merry monarch;" but viewing his character as divested of the gloss of dramatic fiction, we shall discover that his mirth was unaccompanied by that invaluable concomitant recommended in the trite maxim, "*Be merry and wise.*" Of all the monarchs who have worn the English crown, from Alfred to George IV. there are none whose follies and culpabilities have been so much overlooked, and openly palliated, as those of Charles II., who, above all others in the ample annals of English succession, is the most amenable to the tribunal of posterity. Gifted with higher intellect and intelligence than fell to the lot of our kings generally, he had no excuse or subterfuge whatever to curtail those criminal weaknesses which made his reign wretchedly tyrannical and despotic. Reared under the sovereignty of feverish times, and schooled by the vicissitudes of adversity, the promise of his boyhood might have augured a better reign. Granting that his throne was no enviable elevation, owing to the distractions and rebellions which beset him, and with the appalling history of the past before his eyes, yet how little impression these made upon him, is shown by his reckless and libidinous career. When we are impugning the character of Cromwell for hypocrisy, and pitying the unfortunate Stuarts, we should bear in mind that the Protector's dissimulation

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(as alleged by historians) was *fully equalled* by the *cruel deceit* of Charles II. in the affected compromisings with which he prefaced his overthrow of the non-conforming clergy. Confessing that our aristocratic reverence for "the Lord's anointed" sits rather loosely as affecting this king, we hesitate not to affirm, that his character, destitute of every palliative feature, is unworthy of being commented upon in the same page with that of Cromwell. Let the reader, in perusing the following ancient document of his death, bear in mind that it was Charles II. who exhumated the bones of Cromwell, and hung them on a gibbet! a mean and inhuman piece of revenge on the man whose superior bravery had defeated his father at Edgehill, and whose stern policy afterwards brought him to the scaffold. The extract here given is from Ellis's *Letters on English History;* a compilation from MSS. in the British Museum. The writer of the letter was chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and a staunch and sympathizing loyalist. It is the only account we ever read of *dying politely.*

"Yesterday noon, I doe believe the most lamented prince that ever satt upon a throne, one of the best of kings, after near five dayes sickness, left this world; translated doubtless to a much more glorious kingdome than all those whiche he has left behind him now bewailing of their loss. 'Twas a great piece of providence that this fatal blow was not so sudden as it would have been if he had dyed on Monday when his fitt first took him; as he must have done if Dr. King had not been by, by chance, and lett him blood. By these dayes respitt he had an opportunity (which accordingly he did embrace) of thinking of another world; and wee are all prepared the better to sustaine so great a loss. He showed himself, throughout his sickness, one of the *best natured men that ever lived;* and by abundance of fine things he sayd, in reference to his soul, he showed he dyed as good a Christian: and the physicians who have seen so many leave this world, doe say, they never saw the like as to his courage, *so unconcerned he was at death,* though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thank'd God that he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and *beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble:* that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this worlde: he had enough of it: and he was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness express'd between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other, almost drowned in tears, upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present king for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and *begg'd his pardon for the trouble he had given him from time to time,* for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he freely left him all, and begg'd of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He bless'd all his children, one by one, pulling them to him on the bed; and then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects: whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself in the bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation throughout; and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great."

"But (says the *Edinburgh Review,* commenting on Mr. Ellis's book) this religious, and, of course, sincere devotion to departed monarchs, was far from abating a love of its new representative, that true nursing father of the Protestant Church, James II., our 'legitimate king.'" * * H.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH PEARL FISHERY.

It may not be generally known that a pearl fishery exists at the present time in any part of Great Britain.

The pearl muscle (*Mya margaritifera*) is found in abundance in the river Conway, in North Wales, and is collected by many of the natives, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out, they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of tide. The

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muscles are then put in a large kettle over a fire to be opened; and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes bare-footed, and stamps upon them, until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance, which they call *solach*, from the more heavy parts consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much per ounce for them. The price varies from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* There are a number of persons who live by this alone; and where there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish, it is preferable to any other daily labour. The pearls are generally a dirty white, sometimes blue, but never, it is believed, green or reddish. I cannot with accuracy say how many ounces are taken to the overseer each week, though I might say that there are some scores. But what makes this fishery the more singular is the mystery which hangs over it. At present it is a perfect monopoly, and there is but the one who buys them up that knows what becomes of them afterwards. It has been carried on in this manner for many years; and as such a thing, if made public, might prove more beneficial to the neighbouring poor, by causing a higher price to be given for the pearls, through competition, it would be very desirable if any of your numerous correspondents could throw some light on this interesting subject. The huts which have been erected for the convenience of boiling the fish, are on the extremity of the marsh, about a mile north of the town of Conway. The pearls are seldom found here much larger than the enclosed specimens, though about twelve miles up the river, they have been found occasionally as large as a moderate sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple, but they are very rarely met with. When I say that the price varies from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* I do not mean to say that they are valued according to their size, for the large and small pearls are all sold together; but some years ago they were as high as 4*s.*, now they are only 2*s.* per ounce.—*Correspondent of the Magazine of Nat. Hist.*

SWARM OF CRABS.

In 1811 there was a very extraordinary production of black crabs in the eastern part of Jamaica. In June or July, the whole district of Mauchioneal was covered with countless millions, swarming from the sea to the mountains. Of this I was an eye-witness. On ascending Oua Hill, from the vale of Plantain Garden River, the road appeared of a reddish colour, as if strewed with brick-dust. It was owing to myriads of young black crabs, about the size of the nail of a man's finger, moving at a pretty quick pace direct for the mountains. I rode along the coast a distance of about fifteen miles, and found it nearly the same the whole way, only in some places they were more numerous, in others less so. Returning the following day, I found the road still covered with them, the same as the day before. How have they been produced, and where do they come from? were questions every body asked, and nobody could answer. It is well known that crabs deposit their eggs once a year, in May; but, except on this occasion, though living on the coast, I had never seen above a dozen young crabs together, and here were millions. No unusual number of old crabs had been observed in that season; and it is observable that they were moving from a rock-bound coast of inaccessible cliffs, the abode of sea birds, and exposed to the constant influence of the trade winds. No person, as far as I know, ever saw the like except on that occasion; and I have understood that, since 1811, black crabs have been abundant farther in the interior of the island than they were ever known before.—*Jamaica Royal Gazette.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

(By M. Stendhal).

In 1817, a few young people met every evening at the theatre de la Scala, at Milan, in the box of Monsignor Ludovic de Brême, formerly chief almoner of the ex-King of Italy. This Italian custom, not generally followed in France, banished all ceremony. The affectation that chills the atmosphere of a French saloon is unknown in the society of Milan. How is it possible that such a sentiment can find a place amongst individuals in the habit of seeing each other above three hundred times in the course of a twelvemonth? One evening, a

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stranger made his appearance in Monsignor de Brême's box. He was young, of middling stature, and with remarkably fine eyes. As he advanced, we observed that he limped a little. "Gentlemen," said Monsignor de Brême, "this is Lord Byron." We were afterwards presented to his lordship, the whole scene passing with as much ceremonious gravity, as if our introducer had been De Brême's grandfather, in days of yore ambassador from the Duke of Savoy to the court of Louis XIV. Aware of the character of the English, who generally avoid such as appear to court their society, we cautiously abstained from conversing with, or even looking at, Lord Byron. The latter had been informed, that in the course of the evening he would probably be introduced to a stranger who had performed the celebrated campaign of Moscow, which still possessed the charm of novelty, as at that time we had not been spoiled by any romances on the subject. A fine-looking man, with a military appearance, happening to be of our party, his lordship naturally concluded that he was the hero; and accordingly, in addressing him, relaxed considerably from the natural coldness of his manner. The next day, however, Byron was undeceived. Changing his battery, he did me the honour to address me on the subject of Russia. I idolized Napoleon, and replied to his lordship as I should have done to a member of the legislative assembly who had exiled the ex-emperor to St. Helena. I subsequently discovered, that Lord Byron was at once enthusiastic in favour of Napoleon, and jealous of his fame. He used to say, "Napoleon and myself are the only individuals who sign our names with the initials N. B.," (Noel Byron.) My determination to be cold, offers some explanation for the marked kindness with which, at the end of a few days, Lord Byron did me the favour to regard me. Our friends in the box imagined, that the discussion which had taken place, and which, though polite and respectful on my part, had been rather warm, would prevent all further intimacy between us. They were mistaken. The next evening, his lordship took me by the arm, and walked with me for an hour in the saloon of the theatre de la Scala. I was gratified with his politeness, for which, at the bottom, I was indebted to his desire of conversing with an eye-witness on the subject of the Russian campaign. He even closely cross-questioned me on this point. However, a second reading of *Childe Harold* made amends for all. His progress in the good graces of my Italian friends, who met every evening in Monsignor de Brême's box, was not very rapid. I must confess, that his lordship, one evening, broached rather a whimsical idea—that, in a discussion which had just been started, his title added weight to his opinion. On that occasion, De Brême retorted with the well-known anecdote of Marshal de Castries, who, shocked at the deference once paid to D'Alembert's judgment, exclaimed, "A pretty reasoner, truly! a fellow not worth three thousand francs a-year!" On another evening, Lord Byron afforded an opening to ridicule, by the warmth with which he denied all resemblance between his own character and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to whom he had been compared. His principal objection to the comparison, though he would not acknowledge the fact, was, that Rousseau had been a servant, and the son of a watchmaker. We could not avoid a hearty laugh, when, at the conclusion of the argument, Byron requested from De Brême, who was allied to the oldest nobility of Turin, some information relative to the family of Govon, in whose service Jean Jacques had actually lived. (See *Les Confessions.)* Lord Byron always entertained a great horror of corpulency; his antipathy to a full habit of body might be called a fixed idea. M. Polidori, a young physician who travelled with him, assured us, that his lordship's mother was of low stature, and extremely fat. During at least a third part of the day, Byron was a dandy, expressed a constant dread of augmenting the bulk of his outward man, concealed his right foot as much as possible, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable in female society. His vanity, however, frequently induced him to lose sight of the end, in his attention to the means. Love was sacrificed;—an affair of the heart would have interfered with his daily exercise on horseback. At Milan and Venice, his fine eyes, his handsome horses, and his fame, gained him the smiles of several young, noble, and lovely females—one of whom, in particular, performed a journey of more than a hundred miles for the pleasure of being present at a masqued ball to which his lordship was invited. Byron was apprized of the circumstance; but, either from *hauteur* or shyness, declined an introduction. "Your poets are perfect clowns," cried the fair one, as she indignantly quitted the ball-room. Had Byron succeeded in his pretensions to

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be thought the finest man in England, and had his claims to fashionable supremacy been at the same time disputed, he would still have been unsatisfied. In his moments of dandyism he always pronounced the name of Brummel with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy. When his personal attractions were not the subject of his consideration, his noble birth was uppermost in his thoughts. At Milan, we often purposely discussed in his presence the question, if "Henry IV. could justly pretend to the attribute of clemency, after having ordered his old companion, the Duke de Biron, to be beheaded." "Napoleon would have acted differently," was his lordship's constant reply. It was ludicrous to observe his respect wavering undecided between acquired distinction and his own nobility, which he considered far above that of the Duke de Biron. When the pride of birth and personal vanity no longer usurped undue sway over his mind, he again became the sublime poet and the man of sense. Never, after the example of Madame de Staël, did he indulge in the childish vanity of "turning a phrase." When literary subjects were introduced, Byron was exactly the reverse of an academician; his thoughts flowed with greater rapidity than his words, and his expressions were free from all affectation or studied grace. Towards midnight, particularly when the music of the opera had produced an impression on his feelings, instead of describing them with a view to effect, he yielded naturally to his emotions, as though he had all his life been an inhabitant of the south.

[After quoting a passage from Moore's recently published Life of Byron, in which the poet obscurely alludes to his remorse for some unexplained crime, real or imaginary, M. Stendhal thus proceeds:]—

"Is it possible that Byron might have had some guilty stain upon his conscience, similar to that which wrecked Othello's fame? Such a question can no longer be injurious but to him who has given it birth. It must be admitted, that during nearly a third of the time we passed in the poet's society, he appeared to us like one labouring under an access of folly, often approaching to madness. "Can it be," have we sometimes exclaimed, "that in a frenzy of pride or jealousy he has shortened the days of some fair Grecian slave, faithless to her vows of love?" Be this as it may, a great man once known may be said to have opened an account with posterity. If Byron played the part of Othello, hundreds of witnesses will be found to bear testimony to the damning deed; and sooner or later posterity will learn whether his remorse was founded in guilt, or in the affectation of which he has so frequently been accused. After all, is it not possible that his conscience might have exaggerated some youthful error? * * * * * *

One evening, amongst others, the conversation turned upon a handsome Milanese female, who had eagerly desired to venture her person in single combat with a lover by whom she had been abandoned; the discussion afterwards changed to the story of a prince who, in cold blood, had murdered his mistress, for an act of infidelity. Byron was instantly silent, endeavoured to restrain his feelings, but, unequal to the effort, soon afterwards indignantly quitted the box. His indignation on this occasion was evidently directed against the subject of the anecdote, and in our eyes absolved himself from the suspicion of a similar offence. Whatever might be the crime of which Byron apparently stood self-accused, I may compare it to the robbery of a piece of ribund, committed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, during his stay at Turin.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

RAIL-ROADS AND LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-CARRIAGES.

[We quote the following very forcible and pertinent observations on the importance of Railway communications, from a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, just published. Perhaps the advantages of the project have never been more attractively put to the general reader:]—

Besides heavy goods, the railway presents equal, if not greater advantages in another important branch of internal intercourse—namely, the conveyance of light goods, or of the mails, where speed is required, and more especially for the conveyance of passengers. With a view to practical purposes, it is necessary to consider, not merely the utmost rate of speed to which locomotive carriages can attain, but that which is consistent with safety. In our common coaches it is impossible to travel at a rate beyond ten miles an hour; and even at this rate, experience shows that accidents often occur, owing to the spirit of the horses which it is found necessary to employ, and which it is, at the same time, extremely difficult to control. But it is the peculiar excellence of the power of steam, that it is at all times

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under our most pefect command, as was exemplified in the recent experiments,* where the engines could be stopped, even when going at their utmost speed of thirty miles an hour, by merely reversing the power of the steam. Another advantage is, that those vehicles, from their great weight, and their confinement on the tracks of the railway, can scarcely be overturned by any contingency. This mode of travelling consequently admits a rate of speed that would be entirely inconsistent with safety, even although it were practicable to attain it, with animal power. It would be still imprudent, however, to adopt the utmost limit of thirty miles, because such an unusual rate of velocity, surpassing that of the swiftest horse, would be alarming, if it were not dangerous; and if any accident were to happen, such as the vehicle running against any obstacle—a circumstance, no doubt, very unlikely to occur—the effects of the collision would prove fatal both to the vehicle and the passengers. At the rate of twenty miles an hour, however, it would, we think, be perfectly practicable to travel with the utmost safety and comfort; and when we consider the vast facilities of intercourse which would thence arise, if its practicability were once established by some decisive experiment, we may fairly anticipate a great reduction in our present modes of travelling. What a cheap and rapid communication could be established, by means of this conveyance, between London and all the great provincial towns! The distance between London and Manchester, or Liverpool, is two hundred miles, which cannot be travelled at present in a shorter time than twenty hours, and at an expense of at least three pounds. By the steam-carriage, running along the railway, a traveller would be conveyed the same distance in ten hours, and at the comparatively small expense of sixteen or eighteen shillings. A manufacturer of Leeds or Manchester, by setting out early in the morning, might arrive in London to dinner, transact his business in the evening, and dine at his own house the next day; and those great towns would be, in this manner, actually brought nearer to each other by half their present distance. To Birmingham, again, the distance from London is about one hundred miles, which could be travelled, by the same conveyance, in five hours; so that a merchant might leave London early in the morning, reach Birmingham to breakfast, transact business, and return to London to dinner. Between great towns not so far distant, where the intercourse is, consequently, more frequent, the advantages would be still more important. Between Liverpool and Manchester, for example, we may safely estimate the number of passengers every day at four hundred each way, and the average fare to be about seven shillings each, the daily expenditure will amount, in this manner, to about two hundred and eighty pounds. By the use of the steam-coaches, the fares would be reduced to two shillings and sixpence, and would thus amount only to one hundred pounds per day—making a daily saving of one hundred and eighty pounds, or upwards of sixty thousand pounds per annum. But this great facility and cheapness would, undoubtedly, give rise to a much more extensive intercourse: since the journey could be performed in an hour and a half, merchants would often dispatch their clerks with goods or with messages, in place of sending invoices or corresponding, and would much more frequently travel themselves between the two places: the intercourse would be increased in this and a thousand other ways of the same kind; and new sources of trade and business would thus be opened upon the railway, by these increased facilities of communication. Of this we have a remarkable instance on the Stockton and Darlington railway. Between these towns there was formerly no coach at all on either of the roads along which the railway runs parallel, and an intercourse of this kind never entered into the views of its contrivers. Very shortly after the opening of the railway, however, a coach was tried on it, the success of which gave rise to others; and in less than a twelvemonth, the Railway Company drew a revenue from this source of four or five hundred pounds a year. An intercourse and trade seemed to arise out of nothing, and no one knew how; and altogether the circumstance of bustle and activity which appeared along the line, with crowds of passengers going and returning, formed a matter of surprise to the whole neighbourhood.

Another great source of revenue and of trade on this improved mode of intercourse would arise from the conveyance of those fine goods, parcels of value, and all light articles, where speed and certainty are required; and which are now sent, at great expense, by coaches. In this manner the seats of the various finer and lighter manufactures would be

* At Liverpool, in October last. For Engravings of the Prize Engines, and details of the Race, see *Arcana of Science* for 1830.

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brought almost into immediate contact with the great markets for their disposal. A merchant in London, on receiving any particular order, might send either to Nottingham, to Birmingham, or to Sheffield, or even to Manchester or Leeds, and have the goods in his shop the next or the following day, and at an expense not exceeding one shilling and sixpence, or two shillings.

Lastly, what a wonderful improvement would arise in the conveyance of letters, and the rapid circulation of intelligence! The mails might safely travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and be conveyed between London and Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles, in eighteen hours; an event, happening in London, would be known in Edinburgh the same day. Such a rapid transmission of intelligence would, to our ancestors, have appeared miraculous and incredible; even lately, when the experiment of steam-carriages was about to be tried, the idea of travelling at such a rate of speed was considered to be impracticable; and those who, with better knowledge of its principles, actually contemplated such an improvement, were treated as wild visionaries. But we see these views, however extravagant they may have appeared, realized, and even outdone, by experience. Their practicability is now completely established, and only requires means for carrying it into effect.

Such, then, are a few, and but a few, of the important advantages which would arise from the introduction of this improvement.

BURKE.

Mr. Burke, assuredly, possessed an understanding admirably fitted for the investigation of truth,—an understanding stronger than that of any statesman, active or speculative, of the eighteenth century,—stronger than every thing, except his own fierce and ungovernable sensibility. Hence, he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conduct, in the most important events of his life,—at the time of the impeachment of Hastings, for example, and at the time of the French Revolution,—seems to have been prompted by those feelings and motives, which Mr. Coleridge has so happily described:—

"Stormy pity, and the cherish'd lure
Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul."

Hindostan with its vast cities, its gorgeous pagodas, its infinite swarms of dusky population, its long-descended dynasties, its stately etiquette, excited in a mind so capacious, so imaginative, and so susceptible, the most intense interest. The peculiarities of the costume, of the manners, and of the laws, the very mystery which hung over the language and origin of the people, seized his imagination. To plead in Westminster Hall, in the name of the English people, at the bar of the English nobles, for great nations and kings separated from him by half the world, seemed to him the height of human glory. Again, it is not difficult to perceive, that his hostility to the French Revolution principally arose from the vexation which he felt, at having all his old political associations disturbed, at seeing the well-known boundary-marks of states obliterated, and the names and distinctions with which the history of Europe had been filled for ages, swept away. He felt like an antiquarian whose shield had been scoured, or a connoisseur, who found his Titian retouched. But however he came by an opinion, he had no sooner got it, than he did his best to make out a legitimate title to it. His reason like a spirit in the service of an enchanter, though spell-bound, was still mighty. It did whatever work his passions and his imagination might impose. But it did that work, however arduous, with marvellous dexterity and vigour. His course was not determined by argument; but he could defend the wildest course by arguments more plausible, than those by which common men support opinions which they have adopted, after the fullest deliberation. Reason has scarcely ever displayed, even in those well-constituted minds of which she occupies the throne, so much power and energy as in the lowest offices of that imperial servitude. — *Edinburgh Review.*

THE LARK.

In the neighbourhood of Ipswich, Mr. Cobbett says, I heard the first singing of the birds this year; and I here observed an instance of that *petticoat government*, which, apparently pervades the whole of animated nature. A lark, very near to me in a ploughed field, rose from the ground, and was saluting the sun with his delightful song. He was got about as high as the dome of St. Paul's, having me for a motionless and admiring auditor when the hen started up from nearly the same spot whence the cock had risen, flew up and passed close by him. I could not hear what she said; but supposed that she must

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have given him a pretty smart reprimand; for down she came upon the ground, and he, ceasing to sing, took a twirl in the air, and came down after her. Others have, I dare say, seen this a thousand times over; but I never observed it before.

IPSWICH.

I KNOW of no town to be compared with Ipswich, except it be Nottingham; and there is this difference in the two; that Nottingham stands high, and, on one side, looks over a very fine country; whereas Ipswich is in a dell, meadows running up above it, and a beautiful arm of the sea below it. The town itself is substantially built, well paved, every thing good and solid, and no wretched dwellings to be seen on its outskirts. From the town itself, you can see nothing; but you can, in no direction, go from it a quarter of a mile without finding views that a painter might crave, and then, the country round about it, so well cultivated; the land in such a beautiful state, the farm-houses all white, and all so much alike; the barns, and every thing about the homesteds so snug; the stocks of turnips so abundant every where; the sheep and cattle in such fine order; the wheat all drilled; the ploughman so expert; the furrows, if a quarter of a mile long, as straight as a line, and laid as truly as if with a level: in short here is every thing to delight the eye, and to make the people proud of their country; and this is the case throughout the whole of this county. I have always found Suffolk farmers great boasters of their superiority over others; and I must say that it is not without reason.

GRIEF.

IN one man grief is mute as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, nor yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter—and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a "dent in it."

What is as natural in one man in agony as it is natural for the leaves to look for the light, is as unnatural in another man in the same agony, as it would be for a bishop to walk up the steps of his throne in a cathedral on his head or bottom, like Joe Grimaldi.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SLANDER.

WHEN a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly-imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted; but, in the latter case, the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes; unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high—the meek as well as the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.—*Ibid.*

TAXES.

WE will take, in round numbers, the taxes at fifty millions, and the income of the British population at two hundred millions, or about fourteen pounds for each individual on the average. In this case, the taxes as a whole, form an income tax of twenty-five per cent. and each individual contributes to them about 3*l.* 10*s.* yearly.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MOTIVES FOR LOVE.

WE love handsome women from inclination, ordinary ones for interest, and virtuous ones from reason.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THERE is a ridiculous story told of Lord Chesterfield, which sets that nobleman's ideas of a country life in so strong a point of view, that it deserves to be related. Walking, one day, with a friend in the street, he was exceedingly annoyed by a little cur, which continued barking and biting at his heels. He bore this for some time with great patience; but at length, turning round, said with apparent good humour, "I wish you were married, Sir, and settled in the country!"

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is the Ward of Farringdon Without like the County of Cambridge?—Because it has got a *New-market in it.*

Which is the best modern representative of Hercules?—*The King of Clubs.*

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A GOOD REASON.

At a late trial, a witness was examined to prove that his signature to a certificate of marriage was forged. On his cross-examination, the opposite counsel exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Will you *swear*, Sir, that that is not your hand-writing?" "No," replied the other, "I don't like to swear to it, because *I can't read!*"

ORIGIN OF THE SAYING TOM PO.

Tom Po, was an expression commonly used (says Butler) for an apparition; and it was usual to say to one that seemed fearful of going into another room in the dark, "You are afraid you shall meet *Tom Po.*" The rise of this might be from the Nayros, or soldiers of Malabar, in the Indies, of whom Linschoten gives the following account:—"As these Nayros go into the street, they used to cry *Po, Po*, which is to say, take heed, look to yourself, or I come, stand out of the way; for that the other sort of people called *Polyas*, that are no *Nayros*, may not once touch or trouble one of them, and therefore they always cry, because they should make them room, and know that they come; for if any of the Polyas should chance to touch their bodies, he may freely thrust him through, and no man ask him why he did it." P. T. W.

ANECDOTE OF DR. KITCHEN, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

Somewhat in principle like the Vicar of Bray, (vide *Mirror*, page 231,) which was to take care of himself. From an idle abbot under Henry VIII. was made a busy bishop; Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church!* J. R. S.

LORD BACON, A BOND STREET LOUNGER, IN HIS HEIGH-DAY.

Pennant says, "The body of the Old Cathedral of St. Pauls was the common resort of the politicians, the newsmongers, and idle in general. It was called Paul's Walk; it is mentioned in the old plays, and other books of the times."

We are also informed in the *European Magazine*, that the gallants from the inns of court, the western and the northern parts of the metropolis, used to meet at the central point, St. Pauls; and from this circumstance obtained the name of *Paul's Walkers*, as we now say *Bond Street Loungers*. Tradition says, that the great Lord Bacon used in his youth to cry, *Eastward Ho!* and was literally a *Paul's Walker*. It was common to affix bills in the form of advertisements, upon the columns in the aisles of the church. P. T. W.

SUGAR.

The quantity of sugar at present consumed in Great Britain, may be estimated at 160,000 tons, or about 360,000,000 lbs.; which taking the population at 16 millions, gives, at an average, 22½ lbs. for each individual. In workhouses, the customary annual allowance for each individual, is, we believe, 34 lbs.; and in private families, the smallest separate allowance for domesties, is 1 lb. a-week, or 52 lbs. a-year.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

The importance of correctness and of consistency necessarily increases with the subject. The traveller, whom the fame of Miss Kemble's Juliet tempts into the pit of Covent Garden, may be allowed a smile, (especially if he has ever owed a night's lodging to the hospitality of a Franciscan convent,) at the strange costume in which Protestant carelessness muffles up the accommodating friar.—*Ibid.*

HIGHLAND SERGEANT AT WATERLOO.

A highland sergeant, formerly billeted in Mr. Van Mon's house at Brussels, came back with the basket hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it till relieved by a blacksmith! He made very light of his wounds, and only hoped soon to be "at the enemy again." They had not disarmed him at least. J. G. B.

A young Scotchman who had just gone out to take possession of an estate in Jamaica, while wandering over the grounds with an old negro, observed some pompions growing on a rocky piece of waste ground, and inquired of his guide what they were? "Dem Cotchman, Massa," said the negro. "And why are they called Scotchmen?" said the other. "Because," replied Sambo, "dem grow 'mong de rock and de stone—dem grow ebery where." W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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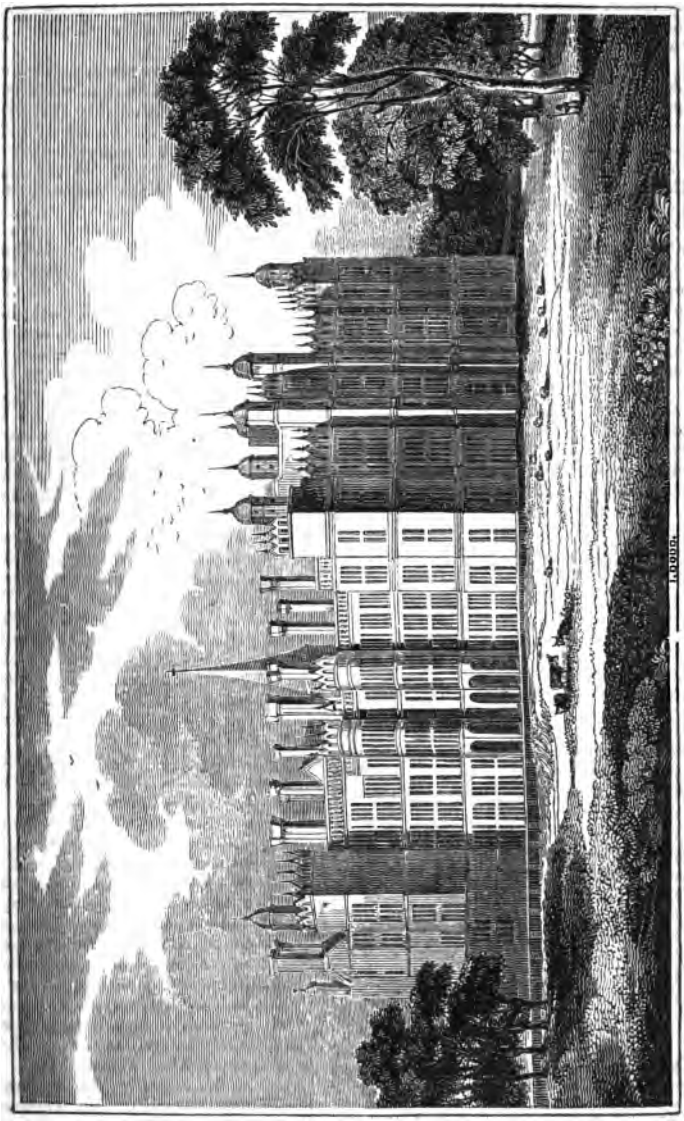

BURLEIGH HOUSE.

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BURLEIGH HOUSE.

The screen and entrance lodges to the princely domain of Burleigh, or Burghley, formed one of the illustrations of the last volume of *The Mirror;* so that the reader's partial acquaintance with an historical outline of the spot may be presumed on reasonably enough.*

Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of Burleigh, from the screen and lodges, already represented, having cost 5,000*l.* The grounds are extremely picturesque, and are minutely described in a "Guide" published by Mr. Wilson, the respectable bookseller of Stamford, and son-in-law of Mr. Drakard, of whose "*History of Stamford*" we have already spoken in terms of high commendation. The Burleigh "Guide" is a reputable octavo tome, of about 300 pages, and is partly occupied by a Catalogue Raisonnée of the superb works of art assembled within the walls and cabinets of the mansion.

Landscape-gardening, in all its varieties, have added to the natural beauty of the grounds. About a mile from the Lodges is a lake three-quarters of a mile in length, over which is an ornamental bridge. Next is the Dairy, and the Gamekeeper's Lodge—the latter an interesting Gothic cottage, forming an agreeable contrast with the majestic grandeur of the hall. The park, from north to south, is about two miles; and from east to west, from half a mile to a mile. As you approach the mansion, the trim beauties of lawns and fairy groves prepare you for the storehouse of art which they environ. Romantic grottoes and mossy cells, composed of Nature's rudest materials, appear on every side; and fancy has almost exhausted herself in forming to these retreats Gothic doors of wild-grown limbs, and paving them with the small leg-bones of sheep. A boat-house, and a modern Gothic temple, of great beauty, are enumerated among the embellishments; and in a recess, surrounded by evergreens, stands an elegant monument to the memory of Hannah Sophia Chambers, Countess of Exeter, with a poetical inscription to woo the contemplatist and lover of the sublime.

At length we reach the noble mansion—the turrets, cupolas, and spires of which impart at first view to the beholder a sense of its splendour and magnificence—nay, even the chimneys, those "windpipes of hospitality," are ingeniously contrived ornamental architecture. But we quote the description of the exterior from the "Guide" just mentioned:—

"It is built of freestone, in the form of a beautiful parallelogram, which measures by the inner court 110 feet by 70. The chimneys are all formed of pillars of the Doric order, connected at top by a frieze and cornice of the same. According to Horace Walpole, John Thorpe, an eminent architect, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gave the plan, and superintended the erection of the greater part of this stupendous building.

"Before the north door there formerly stood a piece of water, which was filled up when the beautiful serpentine river was formed. On this side is the principal entrance, where, between the windows, we observe the date 1587. The circumference of the circle forming the coach-road, encompassing a beautiful grass plat, is about a furlong; and from the gate to the steps, the distance is about 110 yards. On each side of the north door is a platform, extending 90 by 18 feet each way, which with the intermediate breadth of the threshold, completes a front of 200 feet. The ascent to the house is by nine large semicircular steps. In the arched roof, under the passage leading to the inner court, are escutcheons of the family arms, in one of which is *W. Dom. de Burghley*, 1577, the year when that part of the house was built.

"Surrounded by massy piles of buildings is a beautiful court, from which, on the east side, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders are distinctly seen rising one above the other, with large niches on each side. Above the Corinthian order, the uppermost of the three, are two large stone lions, rampant, supporting the family arms. The spire of the chapel rises from hence, which, although far from being ornamental, is of admirable workmanship. This part of the building appears, from the date above the dial, to have been finished in 1585. Over an arch before the chapel, is a bust of King William III. The pillars on the opposite and western end are of plain Doric; and the windows on the north and south sides of the court are of the pure modern Gothic. Four capacious gateways, with parallel corresponding folding doors behind them

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 289.—We there fell into an error respecting the precise topography of Burleigh, which is in the county of Northampton, and not in Lincoln, as we have stated. Burleigh is about a mile and a half to the south-east of the bridge over the river Welland; which river here forms the boundary between the counties of Lincoln and Northampton, and separates the borough of Stamford in Lincolnshire from Stamford Baron, in Northampton.

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on the four sides, face each other; each extending in an eliptical arch about nine feet in breadth, and the same in height. On the tops and corners of the balustrades of the building are several small Doric stone vessels in the shapes of urns and water pots."

Mr. Gilpin, in his *Tour to the Highlands*, says, "Burghley House is one of the noblest monuments of British architecture in the times of Queen Elizabeth, when the great outlines of magnificence were rudely drawn, but unimproved by taste. It is an immense pile, forming the four sides of a large court; and though decorated with a variety of fantastic ornaments according to the fashion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced symmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houses, it has still an august appearance. The inside of the court is particularly striking. The spire is neither, I think, in itself an ornament; nor has it any effect, except at a distance, where it contributes to give this immense pile the consequence of a town."

The interior baffles our *cicerone* qualifications. The hall, with its carved roof, resembling that of Westminster—the Chapel, with its splendid carving by Gibbons, and fretwork ceiling—the Drawing-rooms in similar taste—the Black Bed Chamber hung with fine old tapestry, and paintings on the window panes—Queen Elizabeth's chamber, and state bed, with green velvet and gold tissue draperies—the purple velvet bedroom hung with Bacchanalian tapestry—the state bed dressing-room, with its superb gilt dressing plate, once belonging to William III., and the cove ceiling decorated by the rich pencil of Verrio—the Jewel Closet, of cedar, oak, and walnut—the New State Bed Room, and the most magnificent state bed in Europe, with hangings of 250 yards of velvet, and 900 yards of satin, &c.—a mythological ceiling by Verrio; the tapestry too very splendid—the Dining Room, 39 feet by 26, with two silver cisterns, one weighing 3,400, and the other 656 ounces, and costing £990., and some superb coronation plate,—and the Library of 4,000 volumes of books, are but a few of the glories of this vast pile. The Kitchen, by the way, should not be forgotten, since it is not without artistical embellishment: for a painting of an immense carcass of beef is here correctly given as an exhibition of the true ensign armorial of English hospitality.

The enumeration of the Pictures would include the brightest names in the calendar of art. Among them are the works of Michael Angelo, Sophonisba Angusciola, by whom Vandyck was more benefited than by all his other studies; Berghem; Le Brun; and A. and H. Caracci; Caravaggio; Castiglione; Cimabue; Claude Lorraine; Corregio; P. di Cortona; C. Dolci; Domenichino; A. Durer; J. Van Eyck; Gerards; Giordano; Guercino; Guido; Holbein; Angelica Kauffman; Kneller; Sir Thomas Lawrence;* Lely; C. Maratta; Murillo; Parmigiano; N. and G. Poussin; Raphael; Rembrandt; Rubens; Le Sœur; Teniers; Tintoretto; Titian; Vandyck; P. Veronese; Verrio; L. da Vinci; West; and Zucchero.

Such are but a few of the treasures of Burleigh; yet they will cause the reader to regard the annexed Cut as the depository of some of the most elaborate specimens of art, and as a splendid monument of the hospitalities of olden times. To our minds, such places have an unfading interest: they lead us into estimates of national character from which every one may imbibe many useful views.

THE PAST.

(For the Mirror.)

It comes o'er the heart like an echo bland,
Or a gentle voice from "Faëry land,"
On balmy breezes borne to the strand,
Of memory's sea.

It tells of the joys that our childhood knew,
Of hopes that were bright as the rainbow's hue,
Of the tears that were pure as morning dew,
On the vernal tree.

It speaks of the hours of earliest love,
Of the sylvan glen, and the summer grove,
Through which our footsteps oft would rove,
In the by-gone days.

Of the longing glance of *that* azure eye,
Of the cheek that was dashed with the rose's dye,
Of the smile that was soft as orient sky
When the sun-beam plays.

And oh it is sweet as the night comes on,
When the heart is dreary, sad, and lone,
To muse on the friends that are past and gone,
To come, oh never!

And to think they love in the memory bright,
As forms that are clad in the hues of light,
And will not depart till the "stilly night"
Be set for ever!

J. F. C.

* There are two portraits by the late P. R. A.—one of them, a whole length, is a family picture—Henry the tenth Earl and first Marquess of Exeter, the Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia. A romantic but exemplary interest is attached to this painting, from the singular courtship and union of the Earl and Countess.

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NATIONAL DEBT.

(For the Mirror.)

In the following calculation each reader can see how much of the National Debt, the taxes and the trade and commerce of his country is averaged to him, and comparatively with France and America, it will doubtless be deemed of sufficient merit for insertion.

"The debt of the United Kingdom divided equally among its inhabitants, averages £34. 15*s*. 8*d*. per head; the taxes £2. 7*s*. 11¼*d*. per head, (but as Ireland does not contribute her quota, the average of taxes upon the people of Great Britain, is about £3. 7*s*. 6*d*. per head) and its trade and commerce in exports and imports, £3. 9*s*. 9½*d*. The debt of France equally apportioned, averages £6. 5*s*. per head, the taxes £1. 5*s*. and its commerce only £1. 13*s*. 5½*d*. The debt of America averages only £1. 0*s*. 10½*d*. per head, the taxes 9*s*. 2½*d*., and its commerce £3. 3*s*. 4*d*. Now supposing the whole of the revenue of each country was derived from the exports and imports alone; it would appear that the taxes on the commerce of England amount to £68. 14*s*. 10*d*. per cent.; on that of France, £74. 15*s*. per cent., and on that of America only £14. 11*s*. 1¾*d*. per cent. I shall not go any further with the comparison, but leave it to my readers to make their own deductions."—*From Mr. Thick's Review of the Government of England.*

M. T.

TO A SNOWDROP.

(For the Mirror.)

Why dost thou, silver vested flower!
While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower,
Thus boldly brave rude Winter's power,
And rear thy head?

Why so impatient? Why not stay
Till zephyrs drive rude blasts away;
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty spots the vale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm?

Till moist-eyed April's genial showers,
Bring Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm!

Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies;
The blast of Winter o'er thee flies
Nor chills thy form.

Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
Whilst whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And cheered by Hope with mind serene
Smiles at the storm!

The Cosmopolite.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

"But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye,
Th' informing author in his works appears."
THOMSON.

"Eyes have they, and see not," is indeed but too faithful a description of the generality of mankind, whose lack of mental vision is a misfortune approximating in some degree to that of an extinction of the corporeal organs of sight. There is, however, this distinction observable between them:—the loss of the visual orbs of the body generally strengthens and renders more delicately acute the remaining senses, whilst lack of the "mind's eye," as it chiefly arises from psychological obtuseness, augments the disorder. We may consider those who either possess no mental organ of vision, or what is more commonly the case, close it, as labouring under a heavy calamity; they grope in darkness whilst others walk in light; they are querulous whilst others are beneficent; they are sorely discontented whilst from other hearts arise grateful effusions to the source of the blessings and beauties of existence.

Happy, thrice happy are they, the fortunate possessors of eyes that behold, and hearts that enjoy with gratitude the liberal springs of bliss dispensed most abundantly around them by Supreme Beneficence. The perception of such combinations of good I may not inaptly term the *poetry of life*; since, perhaps, to observe and appreciate them, requires somewhat of the warmth, vividness, and vigour of the poetic temperament; somewhat of that bee-like, minstrel power which extracts beauty and sweetness from apparent deformity and bitterness; and somewhat of the enthusiasm which grasps at that in which the spirit's vital happiness is centered—order, purity, truth, loveliness, and heavenly good. Now let us gaze around us for awhile. How beautiful is Creation! How inimitable the forms, colours, odours, and sounds, spread around but to delight us! How useful and how exquisitely agreeable are the productions of the Divine Hand, intended solely for the service and solace of man! "Paternal Deity" appears in every variety of Creation: each production is good in itself—receives good, and adds its quota to the universal good; but we cannot trace all the ramifications of this subject; they are exhaustless; and yet we will endeavour to notice, with joy and gratitude, some few of its bearings, which we re-

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member not to have seen adduced heretofore in support of the exhilarating fact that GOD has designed in all His works the supreme felicity of His creatures; wherefore complains man of the misery of the world? Let him open the eyes of his understanding, and in beholding the gracious design of Creation he will acknowledge that where it appears subverted, he has but himself to blame. Let us awhile delightedly regard the positive provision that has been made in Creation for our comfort; aye, solely for our pleasurable comfort. How delicate a blue is the sky; cool and grateful is it to the sight, and justly contrived to attemper the warm, vivid rays of fiery orbs to the tender organs of corporeal vision. It might have been scarlet, causing an intolerable anguish to the aching gaze, and flaming over a world withered beneath its wrathful hue. How lovely and refreshing is the verdant gala-array of the earth. Had its livery been black, instead of exhilarating the spirit of man, and proving to it a vital prescience of a fairer world, it would have overwhelmed the soul with a gloom, horrid and funereal as itself. How delightful is the pure, soft, and scented summer-breeze. How invigorating the frosty breath of winter. Blasts, hot, poisonous, and noisome, might, instead, have continually assailed the lungs of tormented animal life, and rendered existence a penalty of enduring suffocation; and how then would have fared vegetation? How cool, clear, inoderous, tasteless, and tempting is water; that fluid upon which depend the lives of animals and vegetables innumerable; it might have been as revolting to every sense as it is now agreeable; but granting that it had been flavoured with the rarest attar of rose or violet, the taste ever recurring in our viands, would as quickly have disgusted the palled appetite as the occasional infusion of fruits and flowers now gratifies How valuable is fire; yet it might have been our master instead of our servant, and earth itself one tremendous, terrific volcano. That these gifts are not what they might have been, is solely attributable to the design evident throughout Creation of securing the felicity of the creature; but besides essential comforts we possess luxuries: had fruits been necessary to our preservation in mortal existence, a few, a very few, might have sufficed us; but, oh! what a countless variety are lavished upon ungrateful man, all exquisite in form, colour, odour, and flavour; all tempting the taste and amply gratifying it. Had flowers been necessary to refresh the springs of being, a few, a very few, might have answered the purpose: but, lo! earth is as "the garden of the Lord," gemmed with myriads of these exquisite creations, all beautiful and inimitable in form, texture, colour, and odour, and all strewed over the world, as if the outpouring of a hand, which knew not how to restrain its glorious munificence. Flowers are indeed but emblems of His countless blessings—"who openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."—Flowers are, in the language of the poet, "Nature's jewels;" incitements to poetry and to refined sentiment. They are emblems of the lovely, the innocent, and the most dear; gentle and delicious memories do they breathe of the absent and the dead, whilst they enhance the beauty, gaiety, and rapture of the living. Oh, man! cultivate a taste and love for flowers—those overflowings of His bounty who created the first Eden, and from whom we hope to receive the second; and that taste and love will form a portion of the *Poetry of Life*.

Study also the beauty, order, contrivance, and utility of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and believe me, a mind thus cultivated and disposed to interest itself in the exalted works of the Author of Creation, shall never fail in the essential sources of happiness. Above all, direct your serious attention to your own species, for whose use and pleasure these invaluable gifts "are, and were, created." Man is in himself a Microcosm—a miracle—and you, oh, reader, are one of those fortunate beings, for whom the excellency of Supreme Wisdom and Goodness, hath been, from the formation of all things, exerted, and will be for ever and ever. You are framed with inimitable beauty and skill—with grace so peerless, and art so consummate—that the LORD OF LIFE hath condescended to wear on earth your nature and likeness, and in your semblance to ascend into the Heaven of Heavens. You might have been made an object of disgust and terror, and your delicately sensitive frame a source of unutterable anguish. Think what had been your state had no cutaneous tegument veiled from vision the astonishing and appalling machinery by which you "live, and move, and have your being!" Imagine what had been your sensations had no warm, elastic material of tempered sensibility shielded a frame of acute perception from those external assaults, which would then have imbued

it with excruciating and unutterable agony. Where then would have been that delight and golden key of all hearts —Beauty? And where those godlike interpretations of mind, in every eloquent feature, which enthral the sensitive spirit, and woo it to immortal affection even for the least beautiful of those beings, who know that of them it is written—"I have called ye gods." Let our contemplations ascend also from such indicators of mind to mind's ineffable charms: how valuable is memory; how heavenly is affection; how captivating and various is talent; and how exquisite are those generous and noble influences which incite the soul to divinest actions, and exalt it in the chain of being to a rank "but a little lower than the angels." Say, ye that are adepts in the art of making your own misery, is not happiness the manifest design of your creation? Are ye not endowed with faculties, perceptions, and varied blessings, adequate to this beneficent end? Have ye not a pure and soothing religion to sustain ye under the affliction of natural infirmities; and under such adverse casualties as Providence in everlasting mercy assigns for your portion? Have ye not also a promise, immutable as its Maker, of immortal existence in a new land, whose bliss so far transcends the completest happiness of earth as to defy the definition by words the portraiture by imagination? And with all this, are ye not miserable? Alas! "my people do not consider," is the tender and affecting reproof, which, if applicable to sentient beings in ages long past, is unhappily not less so to such in the present day. Would man but "consider," soon should he learn the felicitous art of extracting the sweet from the bitter of life: sunshine, order, and beauty, would be apparent where his effuscated vision beholds now but darkness, confusion, and deformity; his state would become ameliorated, his nature ennobled, and his existence (invulnerable to puerile cares, and the disgraceful ebullition of conflicting passions) would roll on smoothly in a charmed circle, only to be merged at length in a transcendently blessed eternity.

Now, this Utopian secret of living, I have ventured figuratively to term the *Poetry of Life*, from its apparent analogy to that divine art, which eminently soothes, instructs, irradiates, and ennobles human nature; and into which, if fervent feelings and exalted imaginations enter, it is but to adorn and recommend their subjects; to withdraw the earth-bound spirit from the thraldrom of things unworthy its attention, and to bestow upon it a prescience of its destined glory and divinely blessed abode.

M. L. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

(Concluded from page 268.)

* * * After the lapse of a few weeks, Byron seemed to have acquired a taste for the society of Milan. When the performances for the evening were over, we frequently stopped at the door of the theatre, to enjoy the sight of the beauties who passed us in review. Perhaps few cities could boast such an assemblage of lovely women as that which chance had collected at Milan in 1817. Many of them had flattered themselves with the idea that Byron would seek an introduction; but, whether from pride, timidity, or a remnant of dandyism, which induced him to do exactly the contrary of what was expected, he invariably declined that honour. He seemed to prefer a conversation on poetical or philosophical subjects. At the theatre, our discussions were frequently so energetical as to rouse the indignation of the pit. One evening, in the middle of philosophical argument on the principle of *utility*, Silvio Pellico, a delightful poet, who has since died in an Austrian prison, came in breathless haste to apprize Lord Byron that his friend and physician, Polidori, had been arrested. We instantly ran to the guard-house. It turned out that Polidori had fancied himself incommoded in the pit by the fur cap of the officer on guard, and had requested him to take it off, alleging that it impeded his view of the stage. The poet Monti had accompanied us, and, to the number of fifteen or twenty, we surrounded the prisoner. Every one spoke at once; Polidori was beside himself with passion, and his face red as a burning coal. Byron, though he too was in a violent rage, was on the contrary pale as ashes. His patrician blood boiled as he reflected on the slight consideration in which he was held. I have little doubt but at that moment he regretted the wall of separation which he had reared between himself and the ultra party. At all events, the Austrian officer spied the leaven of sedition in our countenances, and, if he was versed in history, probably thought of the insurrection of Genoa, in 1740. He ran from the guard-house to call his

men, who seized their arms that had been piled on the outside. Monti's idea was excellent—"*Fortiamo tutti; restino solamente i titolati.*"*—De Brême remained, with the Marquess de Sartirana, his brother, Count Confalonieri, and Lord Byron. These gentlemen having written their names and titles, the list was handed to the officer on guard, who instantly forgot the insult offered to his fur cap, and allowed Polidori to leave the guard-house. In the evening, however, the doctor received an order to quit Milan within twenty-four hours. Foaming with rage, he swore that he would one day return, and bestow manual castigation on the governor who had treated him with so little respect. He did *not* return; and two years afterwards a bottle of Prussic acid terminated his career—at least, *sic dicitur*. The morning after Polidori's departure, Byron, in a *tête-a-tête* with me, complained bitterly of persecution. So little was I acquainted with *i titolati*, to use Monti's expression, that in the simplicity of my heart I gave his lordship the following counsel: "Realise," said I, "four or five hundred thousand francs; two or three confidential friends will circulate the report of your death, and bestow on a log of wood the honours of Christian burial in some snug retired spot—the island of Elba, suppose. An authentic account of your decease shall be forwarded to England; meanwhile, under the name of Smith or Wood, you may live comfortably and quietly at Lima. When, in process of time, Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood becomes a venerable gray-headed old gentleman, he may even return to Europe, and purchase from a Roman or Parisian bookseller, a set of *Childe Harold*, or *Lara*, 30th edition, with notes and annotations. Moreover, when Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood is really about to make his exit from this life, he may, if he pleases, enjoy one bright original moment: thus may he say—Lord Byron, who for thirty years has been numbered with the dead, even now lingers on this side of eternity: I am the man: the society of my countrymen appeared to me so insipid, that I quitted them in disgust." "My cousin, who is heir to my title, owes you an infinity of thanks," coldly replied Byron. I repressed the repartee which hovered on my lips. Byron had a defect in common with all the spoiled children of fortune. He cherished in his bosom two contradictory inclinations. He wished to be received as a man of rank, and admired as a brilliant poet. The *Elena* of Mayer was at that time the performance most in vogue at Milan. The public patiently endured two miserable acts, for the pleasure of hearing a sublime *sesteto* in the third. One day, when it was sung with more than ordinary power, I was struck with the expression of Byron's eyes; never had I seen any thing so enthusiastic. Internally, I made a vow that I never would, of my own free accord, sadden a spirit so noble. In the evening, I recollect that some one alluded to the following singular sonnet of Tasso, in which the poet makes a boast of incredulity:

"Odi, Filli, che tuona ....
Ma che curar dobbiam che faccia Giove?
Godiam noi qui, s'egli è turbato in cielo,
Tema il volgo i suoi tuoni ....
Pera il mondo, e rovini! a me non cale
Se non di quel che più piace e diletta;
Che, se terra sarò, terra ancor fui."

Hear'st thou, Phyllis, it thunders?
But what are Jove's acts to us?
Let us enjoy ourselves here; if he be troubled
in his heaven,
Vulgar spirits may dread his thunder.
Let the world perish and fall in ruins: I care not,
Except for her who pleases me best:
For if dust I shall be, dust I was.

"Those verses," said Byron, "were written under the influence of spleen—nothing more. A belief in the Supreme Being was an absolute necessity for the tender and warm imagination of Tasso. He was, besides, too much of a Platonist to connect together the links of a difficult argument. When he composed that sonnet, he felt the inspiration of his genius, and probably wanted a morsel of bread and a mistress." The house in which Lord Byron resided was situated at the further extremity of a solitary quarter, at the distance of half a league from the Theatre de la Scala. The streets of Milan were at that time much infested with robbers during the night. Some of us, forgetting time and space in the charm of the poet's conversation, generally accompanied him to his own door, and on our return, at two o'clock in the morning, were obliged to pass through a multitude of intricate suspicious-looking streets. This circumstance gave an additional air of romance to the noble bard's retreat. For my part, I often wondered that he escaped being laid under contribution. Had it been otherwise, with his feelings and ideas, he would undoubtedly have felt peculiarly mortified. The fact is, that the practical jokes played off by the knights of the road were frequently of the most ludicrous description—at least, to all but the sufferers. The weather was cold, and the pedestrian, snugly en-

* Let us all go out: let those only remain who are titled personages.

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veloped in his cloak, was often attacked by some dexterous thief, who, gliding gently behind him, passed a hoop over his head down to his elbows, and thus fettered the victim, whom he afterwards pillaged at his leisure. Polidori informed us that Byron often composed a hundred verses in the course of the morning. On his return from the theatre in the evening, still under the charm of the music to which he had listened, he would take up his papers, and reduce his hundred verses to five-and-twenty or thirty. When he had in this manner put together four or five hundred, he sent the whole to Murray, his publisher, in London. He often sat up all night, in the ardour of composition, and drank a sort of grog made of hollands and water—a beverage in which he indulged rather copiously when his Muse was coy. But, generally speaking, he was not addicted to excessive drinking, though he has accused himself of that vice. To restrain the circumference of his person within proper limits, he frequently went without a dinner, or, at most, dined on a little bread and a solitary dish of vegetables. This frugal meal cost but a franc or two; and on such occasions Byron used, with much apparent complacency, to accuse himself of avarice. His extreme sensibility to the charms of music may partly be attributed to the chagrin occasioned by his domestic misfortunes. Music caused his tears to flow in abundance, and thus softened the asperity of his sufferings. His feelings, however, on this subject, were those of a *débutant*. When he had heard a new opera for upwards of a twelvemonth, he was often enraptured with a composition which had previously afforded him little pleasure, or which he had even severely criticised. I never observed Byron in a more delightful or unaffected vein of gaiety, than on the day when we made an excursion about two miles from Milan, to visit the celebrated echo of *la Simonetta*, which repeats the report of a pistol-shot thirty or forty times. By way of contrast, the next day, at a grand dinner given by Monsignor de Brême, his appearance was lowering as that of Talma in the part of Nero. Byron arrived late, and was obliged to cross a spacious saloon, in which every eye was fixed on him and his club foot. Far from being the indifferent or phlegmatic personage, who alone can play the dandy to perfection, Byron was unceasingly tyrannized by some ruling passion.—When not under the influence of nobler failings, he was tormented by an absurd vanity which urged him to pretend to every thing. But his genius once awakened, his faults were shaken off as a garment that would have incommoded the flight of his imagination: the poet soared beyond the confines of earth, and wafted his hearers along with him. Never shall I forget the sublime poem which he composed one evening on the subject of Castruccio-Castracani, the Napoleon of the middle age. Byron had one failing in common with all poets—an extreme sensibility to praise or censure, especially when coming from a brother bard. He seemed not to be aware, that judgments of this nature are generally dictated by a spirit of affectation, and that the most favourable can only be termed certificates of resemblance. I must not omit to notice the astonishing effect produced on Lord Byron by the view of a fine painting of Daniel Crespi. The subject was taken from the well-known story of a monk supposed to have died in the odour of sanctity, and who, whilst his brethren were chanting the service of the dead around his bier in the church at midnight, was said to have suddenly lifted the funeral pall, and quitted his coffin, exclaiming, "*Justo judicio Dei damnatus sum!*" We were unable to wrest Byron from the contemplation of this picture, which produced on his mind a sensation amounting to horror. To indulge his humour on this point, we mounted our horses in silence, and rode slowly towards a monastery, at a little distance, where he shortly afterwards overtook us.—Byron turned up his lips with an incredulous sneer when he heard, for the first time, that there are ten Italian dialects instead of one, and that amongst the whole population of Italy, only the inhabitants of Rome, Sienna, and Florence, speak the language as it is written. Silvio Pellico once said to him—"The most delightful of the ten or twelve Italian dialects, unknown beyond the Alps, is the Venetian. The Venetians are the French of Italy." "They have, then, some comic poet living?" "Yes," replied Pellico, "a charming poet; but as his comedies are not allowed to be performed, he composes them under the form of satires. The name of this delightful poet is Buratti; and every six months, by the governor's order, he pays a visit to one of the prisons of Venice." In my opinion, this conversation with Silvio Pellico gave the tone to Byron's subsequent poetical career. He eagerly demanded the name of the bookseller who sold M. Buratti's works; and as he

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was accustomed to the expression of Milanese bluntness, the question excited a hearty laugh at his expense. He was soon informed, that if Buratti wished to pass his whole life in prison, the appearance of his works in print would infallibly lead to the gratification of his desire; and besides, where could a printer be found hardy enough to run his share of the risk? An incomplete manuscript of Buratti cost from three to four sequins. The next day, the charming Comtessina N. was kind enough to lend her collection to one of our party. Byron, who imagined himself an adept in the language of Dante and Ariosto, was at first rather puzzled by Buratti's manuscript. We read over with him some of Goldoni's comedies, which enabled him at last to comprehend Buratti's satires. One of our Italian friends was even immoral enough to lend him a copy of Baffo's sonnets. What a crime this had been in the eyes of Southey! What a pity he was not, at an earlier period, made acquainted with the atrocious deed! I persist in thinking, that for the composition of *Beppo*, and subsequently of *Don Juan*, Byron was indebted to the reading of Buratti's poetry. Venice is a distinct world, of which the gloomy society of the rest of Europe can form no conception: care is there a subject of mockery. The poetry of Buratti always excites a sensation of enthusiastic delight in the breasts of the Venetian populace. Never, in my presence, did black and white, as the Venetians themselves say, produce a similar effect. Here, however, I ceased to act the part of an eye-witness; and here, consequently, I close my narrative.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

Notes of a Reader.

TIGERS.

Sir Stamford Raffles, in one of his letters, thus describes the dread of tigers in the vicinity of Bencoolen:—

"The only inconvenience will arise from the tigers and elephants, which abound in the vicinity; one of the villagers told me that his father and grandfather were carried off by tigers; and there is scarcely a family that has not lost some of its members by them. In many parts, the people would seem to have resigned the empire to these animals, taking but few precautions against them, and regarding them as sacred; they believe in transmigration, and call them their *nene*, or grandfather. On the banks of one of the rivers of this coast, upwards of a hundred people were carried off by tigers during the last year. When a tiger enters a village, the foolish people frequently prepare rice and fruits, and placing them at the entrance as an offering to the animal, conceive that, by giving him this hospitable reception, he will be pleased with their attention, and pass on, without doing them harm. They do the same on the approach of the small-pox, and thus endeavour to lay the evil spirit by kind and hospitable treatment."

Lady Raffles had an instance of these superstitious fears of the natives, on a journey into the interior:

"The coolies, in passing through the forest, came upon a tiger, crouched on the path; they immediately stopped, and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *tuan besar*, great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass quietly, and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety."

PANORAMA OF THE MAINE.

This is another of Mr. Leigh's ingenious River Views, upon the plan of the Panorama of the Rhine, noticed in our 12th volume. It represents the river and the adjacent country, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp, and delicately acquatinted by John Clark. The forests, vineyards, and towns are of microscopic interest, and so distinctly shown as to make the voyage with the eye of exhaustless curiosity. Hochheim, surrounded by vineyards, is of prominent attraction, and vies with the more intellectual interest of Frankfort. Altogether this Panorama is a delightful representation.

THE NUTMEG TREE

Is exceedingly beautiful: it bears in profusion, spreads its branches in a wide circle, and the fruit is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; the outside covering, or shell, is of a rich cream colour, and resembles a peach; this bursts, and shows the dark nut, encircled and chequered with mace of the brightest crimson; and, when contrasted with the deep emerald green leaf, is delightfully grateful to the eye.—*Lady Raffles.*

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HERALDRY.

New editions of Clark's "*Introduction to Heraldry*," and "*The Heraldry of Crests*," are before us, and allow us an opportunity of recommending them to the students of Heraldry, as the best arranged books for the subject. The first work has stood the test of *half a century*, and both the present editions are produced in a style which corresponds with the extensive patronage they have received from the public.

THE SPORTSMAN'S VOCAL CABINET.

Mr. Armiger, the editor of Howitt's *British Preserve*, proposes to assemble under this title, scarce, curious, and original songs and ballads relative to Racing, Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, Hawking, Angling, Archery, Cricketting, &c. The design is good and as far as we have seen, (two parts) well executed.

Perhaps no species of harmony has more of the true spirit of conviviality than sporting songs. There is so much good and jovial feeling, associated with rural sports, that we would not give a whit for the heart that could not enter into their enjoyment. They are utterly devoid of affectation or false feeling, and in the same ratio are to be cherished for the good and kindly bonds by which they hold together friends and associates. We remember passing some of our earlier days in the participation of these delights—and never, never has it been our lot to number happier hours even among the more studied and artificial pleasures of society.

LARGE FLOWER.

Sir Stamford Raffles, in describing a journey beyond Bencoolen, says:—

"The most important discovery was a gigantic flower, of which I can hardly attempt to give anything like a just description: it is perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world, and is so distinct from every other, that I know not to what I can compare it. Its dimensions will astonish you—it measured across from the extremity of the petals rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep—estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; and the weight of the whole flower, fifteen pounds."

But the whole vegetable part of the creation is here on a magnificent scale.

"There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation: the magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts strikingly with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our forest-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height. One tree that we measured was, in circumference, nine yards! and this is nothing to one I measured in Java."

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

We extract the following interesting account of the recent Grand Dress Ball at Constantinople, from the *Standard* Journal. The novelty and attractive character of the details well befit them for this division of *The Mirror*.

"*Constantinople, Feb.* 18, 1830.

"This being the first exhibition of the kind in Turkey, and as the officers of state and others of distinction were expected to attend, a lively interest has been excited in Pera, and for weeks the subject has engrossed conversation among the beau monde.

"Having had the honour of receiving from his Excellency Count Guilleminot a card of invitation, I eagerly embraced the opportunity not only of seeing the Turkish officers, but also the corps diplomatique and la societe of Pera.

"About eight o'clock, I accordingly repaired to the palace, a very splendid edifice, situated in a garden on the declivity of the hill on which Pera is built. In the lobby there was a line of domestiques in uniform, leading from the entrance to the door of the grand saloon. On entering it, and close to the door, we found the band of the Russian frigate now here, in full uniform (which had been offered by the officers for the occasion). Passing through the saloon we entered the audience chamber, a most magnificent room, and of great extent, covered with a very rich carpet, composed of one entire piece. On the west end was the throne, a richly gilt chair, elevated a step from the floor, on which was a canopy of crimson silk, ornamented with gold fringe and tassels. Immediately opposite, at the other end of the room, was a very large full-length portrait of his most Christian Majesty. On the left, in the centre of the room, and in a recess, was a richly gilt table, on which stood a clock of most beautiful

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workmanship. On the opposite side was a chimney, with an elegant marble mantel-piece, over which was a mirror of uncommon size and great value. Divans, or sofas, surrounded the room. On the left of the throne the ambassadress and her amiable daughter were seated, and on entering the chamber we were presented to her ladyship, and afterwards to his excellency the ambassador, who was also in the chamber. I then visited the set of rooms, which consisted of the large saloon, a number of splendidly furnished apartments, and a billiard room, all adorned with many fine and old paintings.

"On the arrival of the ladies, some gentlemen in waiting, dressed in character, as Spanish grandees, knights in armour, &c., received them at the door of the saloon, and escorted them to the audience chamber. The company assembled rapidly at a little before nine o'clock. Those dressed in character (who had assembled in a large and magnificent saloon below) were announced, and a double line was formed by the company from the entrance through the saloon and chamber of audience to the spot where the ambassadress was seated. The characters were all extremely well dressed (some in masks, but chiefly without them), but so numerous that it would be in vain to attempt to describe them. There were knights in ancient armour, Spanish grandees, a knight of Malta in scaled armour, a knight in full armour, certainly seven feet high (a Russian gentleman on his travels to Jerusalem), Swiss, Spanish, and Italian peasants, Albanians, Turks, Circassians, Persians, Chinese, Scotch Highlanders, Arabians, an African prince in natural dress (a well-supported character), and, in short, every species of Oriental costume. A fine character in mask was an old gentleman, dressed, one half of his coat in scarlet uniform, with epaulette, and military boot, the other half an antique court dress of black, with a white stocking on the other leg, and one half of his hair jet black, the other powdered white as snow. This character was extremely well managed. Another fine character was one caricaturing modern female dress, as big as a tun; her lacings evinced a fruitless attempt to conquer nature by squeezing herself into shape, and on her head she had a burmah (the head-dress of the Frank ladies) bigger than any old Dutch corn-fan to be found in the ancient city of Communipaw. There was a couple of English midshipmen dressed in the costume of doctors in the year 1701, with large cocked hats, and their hair and faces powdered; and a magician, harlequin, a devil and his imps, men in female garbs, &c. &c. Among the ladies were Mary Queen of Scots (a very handsome woman), Spanish, Biscayan, and Italian signoras and peasants, Jewesses, sultanas, Circassians, Turkish ladies, and highland lasses, all dressed in full costumes. Shortly after the characters were presented a bustle was discovered at the door of the saloon, and a giant, twelve feet high, entered, and was presented. The dress was a kind of Chinese cap, and a scarlet cloak reaching to the ground. He made his bow to the ambassadress, and then took his station in the saloon. This was extremely well managed, and I understood was a design of his excellency's. It was effected by a figure moving by springs placed on the shoulders of a man. Shortly thereafter another bustle at the door excited attention, and the devil himself on two sticks, ten feet high, entered, and after presentation walked about the saloon with the giant. This character was well dressed, and his satanic majesty's conduct was highly approbated. The actor was a young gentleman, mounted on stilts, with a bear-skin dress reaching to the ground and well imagined mask. Then came a group of four masked musicians, dressed in the costume of the year 1700, with large cocked hats, long-skirted coats, and buttons two inches in diameter—one was all white, another sky-blue, the third pink, and the fourth yellow. A drum and tambourine now announced that something novel was approaching, and a showman entered with a caravan of wild beasts, &c. a show picture, from which he described the subjects with great humour. By and by the band struck up, and a cotillon was danced by Mary Queen of Scots, a sultana, a Mingrelian girl, and a bonny Scotch lassie in highland dress. The gentlemen were a Spanish grandee, an Arabian, an Albanian, and a highlander, the latter completely and correctly dressed, with kilt, plaid, and sporran, pistols, dirk, and powder-horn. The dancing was excellent, particularly the Scotch couple (a Mr. Buchanan, secretary of the English legation, and the wife of an English merchant), who bore off the bell in both dress and dancing, and were decidedly the best supported characters of the party.

"When the cotillon was ended the masked musicians—a fiddle, guitar, clarionet, and flute—took their places in the centre of the saloon and began a

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waltz, and here was a scene of most extraordinary novelty and interest, by the strange association of characters in the waltz. As each couple waltzed round the large ring and withdrew, their places were instantly taken up by pairs equally bizarre. After the musicians had performed one waltz, the band played a cotillon, but shortly thereafter the waltz was called for, and this continued to be the favourite dance for the evening. It was impossible to behold this scene without delight—the perpetual change of couples, and the odd combination of characters, kept the fancy continually on the stretch. I left the dancing-room, and visited the Chamber of Audience and the different rooms. Here were all the ambassadors, the corps diplomatique, and other distinguished characters. Count Orloff (one of the handsomest men I have ever seen) in his splendid uniform and decorations, and with his aides, made a most conspicuous and fine appearance; an aide-de-camp of the Grand Seignor (but dressed in the Circassian costume), a number of Turkish officers (two of whom were blacks), and all the Russian and English officers now in Constantinople. The two negroes were eunuchs and officers of high rank in the Seraglio; they wore the modern military uniform, with a diamond star on the left breast, and were, doubtless, here for the purpose of conveying a description of this strange and novel scene to the ladies of the Seraglio. They conducted themselves with great propriety and politeness. Some of the female masks were particularly attentive to the Turkish officers. One frolicsome hussy, dressed in nankeen cap and gown, was uncommonly attentive to the sultan's aide-de-camp, and actually made him walk arm-in-arm with her through the whole suite of apartments; and he had no idea but that it was a female who had taken such a fancy to him.

"In the apartment next adjoining the audience chamber there were three card-tables, at one of which Count Orloff, Mons. de Ribeaupierre, and the Austrian and English ambassadors, formed the party. The Turkish officers seemed to take great interest in the game; but the dance, the dance, absorbed every thing else, by its continued novelty and interest.

"At twelve o'clock supper was announced, and the gentlemen escorted the ladies to the supper-room, where about forty were accommodated at a time, the gentlemen standing behind and waiting upon the ladies. After supper the dance was resumed, and continued with unabated interest until five in the morning. On the whole this was one of the most brilliant parties ever given. There could not have been less than 600 persons present, and every one was delighted and felt loth to depart.

"You will expect me now to give you some account of the ladies, but, alas, I am aground here. I have all my life paid so little attention to the *affaires de mode* that I know not how to begin. I should feel much more in my element if I had to describe the rigging of a fine ship; but as I must say something on the subject I can only remark that the ladies were all superbly dressed, and completely in the French style, with a great profusion of jewels. The demoiselles generally wore flowers entwined in their hair, and the elder ones the beautiful burmah (a turban head-dress) so generally worn by the Frank ladies of Smyrna and Constantinople. Their complexions are uncommonly fine, and there was as much beauty displayed as any country could produce on a similar occasion. There being few or no wheel carriages in this part of the world the ladies came and returned in sedan chairs.

"I was disappointed in not seeing any of the Turkish ministers, two of the principal ones being sick; and, moreover, the Ramazan (or their Lent) being close at hand it was conjectured that this circumstance might have deterred them. On the whole, however, I was never more gratified in my life. At this fête were natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Mr. O. and myself being the only ones from the western world we had not only the honour of representing our own country but a whole hemisphere, and, next to the giant and the Russian knight in armour, our countryman was the tallest of the party."

Fine Arts.

COLONEL BATTY'S VIEWS OF EUROPEAN CITIES. NO. II.

Gibraltar.

We noticed at some length, the appearance of the first number of this very beautiful work; and we are happy to add that the number before us fully sustains the high character we have given of the previous portion.

The present Number contains a Vignette and Five Views. The former represents the Rock of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean Shore, and is exquisitely engraved by R. Wallis. The first view, Gibraltar, from the Bay Side, is by George Cooke. The rock rises majes-

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tically above the water of the bay, and the town and castle are seen on the slope at its foot. In the distance, behind the Mole, the mountains of the Barbary coast rear their lofty heads. This plate is one of the finest marine pieces we have seen for a long time. The lights of the heavy, squally sky, the foam of the busy waves, and the bold, etchy shore or foreground, are admirably managed by the artist. The outline of the rock, and the extreme delicacy and finish of the stupendous mass can hardly be sufficiently commended: indeed, the same terms will apply to the whole scene.

The *second* view, or great western face of the mountain, with the town, old Moorish castle, and the modern defences, is of great picturesque beauty, though we are bound to confess not equal in execution to the previous plate. The point of view is still very attractive. "The Moorish castle, whose massy towers are seen above the northern extremity of the town, was built, according to an Arabic inscription still visible, in the time of the Caliph Walid, soon after the period of the Moors landing here. It is chiefly constructed of tapia, or cement, moulded in frames, and the whole incrusted with cement of a finer quality: the cupolas and arches are of brickwork. These walls and towers have become so indurated by time, that, during the great siege, the shot from the enemy's cannon made but little impression on them. Independent of the picturesque appearance of this scene, it is interesting from exhibiting the point against which the most strenuous efforts of the enemy were directed during the memorable siege. From the warm reception given to the assailants, the battery on the Mole acquired the name of the Devil's Tongue. Gibraltar remained in the possession of the Moors from the period when they first took it, A. D. 711, for about 750 years, when the Spaniards again got possession of it. On July 23, 1704, Sir George Rook, with the combined English and Dutch fleets, cannonaded Gibraltar. On the 24th, after a feeble resistance, this important fortress surrendered to the English."

Gibraltar, from above Camp Bay, is the *third* plate, and has even more picturesque effect than its predecessor. Large masses of rock jut out into the great bay, and form several small bays, and with the craggy cliffs, and bold crest of the mountain, are beautifully executed.

The *fourth* view, Gibraltar from Europa Point, is by E. Goodall, and is a truly terrific scene. "The blue Mediterranean, at times so placid and beautiful, is subject to violent tempests, which sometimes come on so rapidly and unexpectedly as to require great caution in its navigation. The effect of one of these storms just clearing off has been chosen as most appropriate to the savage grandeur of the scene."

The *fifth* plate, Gibraltar, from Catalan Bay, is admirably engraved by Willmore, and forms a pleasing contrast with the sullen sublimity of the scene last described. It is an exquisite sunlit view, and sparkles at every point. The little bay is one of the most charming in nature. Among the artist's effects, the distant light, and light fleecy clouds, are managed with great skill. It may be interesting to mention, that "during the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, it is said that the sands at Catalan Bay sank several feet, and large masses of the rock rolled down into the sea. On the same occasion, the Mediterranean also, at this point, rose and fell repeatedly, nearly seven feet."

A "BROWN" STUDY.

THIS is an effective little mezzotint, drawn and engraved by Mr. Frederick James Havell. The scene is an artist's *studio*, or in plain English, his garret, with models, sketches, easel, pallets, and colours placed or rather strewed about the uncarpeted floor and unpapered walls, with all the *negligé* air of genius. The artist occupies the only chair; he is, as our friend Leigh Hunt would say, "feet on the fenderish"—and in a *brown* study. The print, though only double the size of a lady's hand, is full of interesting details, and the little appurtenances of art to which we have alluded, are grouped with much skill.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

PART I. of this beautiful work contains germs of high promise. The views are four in number, 1. Arran, for the Heart of Mid Lothian, with its "thunder-splitten peaks,"—an exquisite marine view, by Daniell. 2. Doune Castle, a delightful sunset, for Waverley, after J. D. Harding. 3. Penrith, from the same Novel, after Dewint. 4. Windermere, for Guy Mannering from the chaste and delicate pencil of Westall. The whole are finely engraved by E. Finden, and will even add a charm to the works they are intended to accompany. This is no mean praise.

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LAST HOURS OF NELSON.

THE editor of the *Family Library* has very judiciously reprinted Dr. Southey's Life of Nelson—"the best written piece of biography in the language"—as the Twelfth Number of the abovementioned Miscellany. Hundreds of our readers have, doubtless, seen the original work: as every line of it may be read and read again with increasing delight, we do not search for the interpolations in the present edition—but quote one of the best written portions entire:—

"It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.—'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he.—'I hope not,' cried Hardy.—'Yes!' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately;—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'For,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.'—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!'—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?'—'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.'—'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he, 'I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh, no!' he replied: 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

"By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,'—putting his hand on his left

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side,—'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great; he replied, 'So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added; 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'Do you anchor.' His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard:' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever.

"Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult: but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty.' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

"Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer;—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously began. That consolation — that joy — that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard, a minute or two before he expired.

* * * * * *

"The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and post humous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner,' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the

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seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence."

The volume is printed by Whittingham, and illustrated with several woodcut battle-pieces, and a medallion portrait from the pencil of George Cruikshank. The engravers have done their duty to the designs, and for etchy spirit, (than which nothing could be more appropriate for such stirring scenes,) these cuts are perfect gems.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

GAMING FOR MONEY.

In the reign of Richard I. an edict was issued concerning gaming, by which no person in the army was permitted to play at any sort of game for money, except knights and clergymen, who in one whole day and night, should not lose more than twenty shillings, on pain of forfeiting one hundred shillings to the archbishop of the army. The two kings might play for what they pleased; but their attendants not for more than twenty shillings, otherwise they were to be whipped naked through the army for three days. HALBERT H.

BOILING TO DEATH.

In the year 1531, Richard Brose was boiled to death in Smithfield, for putting poison into some soup, by which sixteen persons were killed. He was cook to the Bishop of Rochester, at Lambeth. T. P. A.

EPITAPH

To the Memory of a Young Lady, aged three years, in Bexhill Churchyard.

I LAY me down to rest me,
And pray to God to bless me,
And if I sleep and never wake,
I pray to God my soul to take,
This night for evermore. Amen.
T. G. P.

CORONATION OATH OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

In the name of Christ, I promise three things to the Christian people, my subjects:—First, That the Church of God and all the Christian people shall always preserve true peace under our auspices. Second, That I will interdict rapacity and all iniquities to every condition. Third, That I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the gracious and merciful God may extend his mercy. W. G. C.

NINEPENNY LOVERS, OR SILVER VALENTINES.

Until the year 1696, when all money not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings; and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, *To my love, and from my love;* and such ninepences the ordinary fellows (says Butler) gave or sent their sweethearts, as tokens of love. P. T. W.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why might Brutus's ghost have been a cook? — Because it went to Philippi (fill a pie.)

Why is a gallows like the word of a man of honour?—Because you may depend upon it.

If Queen Anne had been subject to giddiness in the head, why would she have been like an event expected to take place?—Because she would have been anticipated (ann-dizzy-pated.)

Why was the ticking of Julius Cæsar's featherbed like Sir Walter Scott's Novels?—Because it was Roman-tic.

When is cheese most like a college?—When it is eaten (Eton.)

When is cheese like music?—When it is sound.

When is cheese like Goliath the Philistine?—When it is mighty (mity.)
E. LEAR.

A SCHOOLMASTER said of himself, "I am like a *hone*—I sharpen a number of *blades*, but I wear myself in doing it.

CURIOUS LOVE.

It appears the women in Muscovy do not love their husbands unless they beat them. Purchas, in his *Pilgrims*, tells us, "That if there the woman is not beaten once a week, she will not be good; and therefore they look for it weekly: and the women say, if their husbands did not beat them, they should not love them."
P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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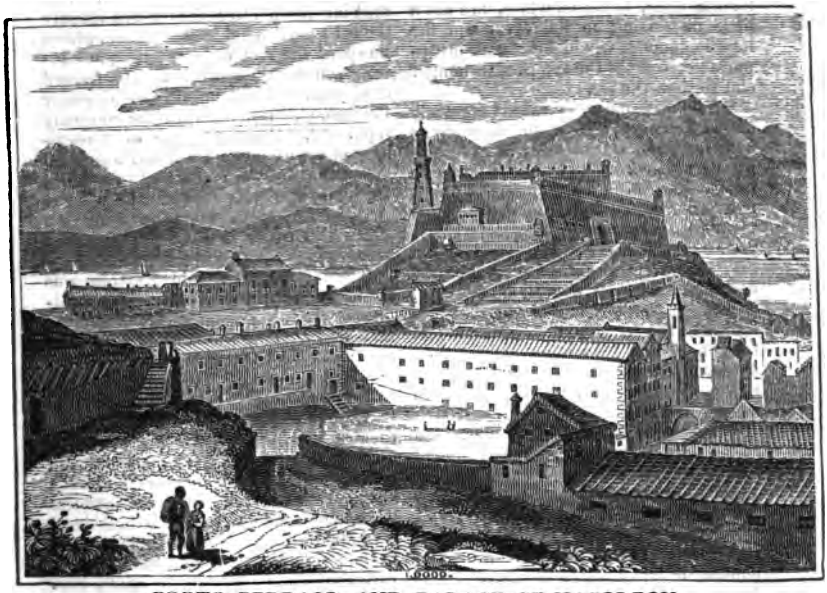
Elba.



PORTO FERRAJO, AND PALACE OF NAPOLEON.

Elba was a little pinnacle of Napoleon's towering fame, and will never be effaced from the recollection of the reader. It was once the *empire* of the new Sesostris,

——— the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car.
* * * * * *
——— the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild!
Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones!
Whose table earth — whose dice were human bones!
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And as thy Nature urges, weep or smile.

Elba is an island opposite to the coast of Tuscany, about sixty miles in circumference. The air is healthy, excepting in the neighbourhood of the salt marshes. The country is mountainous, and, having all the florid vegetation of Italy, is, in general of a romantic character. It produces grain, but exports a considerable quantity of wines; and its iron ore has been famous since the days of Virgil. There are also other mineral productions. The island boasts two good harbours, and is liberally productive of vines, olives, fruits, and maize. Perhaps, if an empire could be supposed to exist within a brief space, Elba possesses so much both of beauty and variety, as might constitute the dream of a summer-night's sovereignty. Bonaparte seemed to lend himself to the illusion.*

The Engraving is from Mr. W. H. Williams's *Travels*, and includes the Fortress at Porto Ferrajo, the capital, and the palace of Napoleon. His description of the scene with some particulars of the ex-emperor will, therefore, be read with peculiar interest:—

"The palace is a plain house of two stories with wings, situate on the ridge above the town, between the forts of Falcone and Stella, which crown two rocks somewhat higher, and at a short distance from each other. It commands towards the south a fine view of the town, harbour, and mountains, and on the north of Piembino, the coast of Italy as far as the mountains of Lucca, and the islands to the west. Not a boat can stir without being observed. The

* Life of Napoleon. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. vol. viii.

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whole of this ridge, which is a rocky promontory or peninsula, projecting into the bay, is without a bush, if we except a fig tree in the small garden of the palace. The houses and the rock, (for it is nearly destitute of herbage,) the bastions, and flanking walls of the fortifications, being all white, are not a little distressing to the eyes, and the heat in summer would be almost insupportable, did not the sea breeze temper and freshen the air.

"You will naturally expect a variety of particulars relative to Napoleon's habits, plans, and projects, in his diminutive empire. This, at least, was to us an interesting subject for inquiry, and perhaps the information which we picked up may not be uninteresting to you. His restless activity attended him everywhere. On his passage, he had designed a national flag for his imperial island, and actually had it made by the sailors of the frigate which brought him to Elba; and before he set foot on shore, he had it hoisted on the fort, and saluted by the ships as they came to anchor in the roads.

"His mode of life was peculiar. He rose at two in the morning, and studied till daylight, being particularly fond of French history and Egyptian researches. At daylight he went out on foot, or on horseback, whatever the weather, to superintend his public roads, or the building of his country house, at Saint Martino, about three miles from the town. At nine he returned to breakfast, which consisted of a dish or two of meat, of which he eat sparingly, and various kinds of wine, of all of which he tasted. A cup of coffee followed. He then retired to bed, and slept two hours; after which he remained in his cabinet till the evening (in summer), receiving strangers, directing his government, giving audiences on business, arranging his plans, and latterly, perhaps, preparing those spirited proclamations which he issued on his landing in France.

"In the evening, attended by Bertrand or Drouet, he took an airing to St. Martino or Longone, with more than his usual state, and always in his carriage. He dined at eight, and never without company. Persons of distinction he placed beside him; but at the opposite side of the table there was left an open space. He ate rapidly of a great variety of dishes, calling for them promptly as he wanted them: a few glasses of French wine, swallowed hastily, concluded his dinner; and a dish of coffee was the signal for rising from the table, which all were expected to obey, whether they had dined or not. Half an hour sufficed for this meal. If ladies were at table, he would generally help them himself, and sometimes, when gay, was full of compliment to all around. When thoughtful, he said nothing, and nobody presumed to address him. His drawing-room after dinner was usually the little garden behind the palace, where he spent the rest of the evening in conversation with his friends. He retired at eleven; but his mother, and his sister Pauline, still remained till the company separated. On Sunday he went regularly at twelve o'clock to mass, where all the authorities were expected to attend; the mass was celebrated in the palace. A levee followed, when he addressed himself in order to each person round the circle.

"When he arrived in Elba, he was to the last degree unpopular. The visitations of the French had left lasting memorials among the suffering inhabitants; but his address and liberality soon operated a change. He began instantly to alter and improve; to make roads and to raise buildings. In a few weeks a theatre was erected, for the evening's amusement of the Elbese; an old church was converted into a spacious barrack; an easy carriage-road was made into the town, and conducted by the best level towards the opposite extremities of the island; others were lined and levelled. Five thousand men were constantly employed at six Pauls, or about three shillings a-day, in these various undertakings; and the peasantry witnessed suddenly the effect of improvements, which, till then, perhaps, they had scarcely imagined. The influx of foreigners, attracted by curiosity to see the individual, who had been unceasingly present to the hopes and fears of almost every man in Europe, during by far the most eventful period of its history, brought money and occupation to the islanders. They seemed to receive a new existence, and for the first time, perhaps, to regard themselves as holding an ascertained place in the map of the world—a place not only comparatively, but actually distinguished. Within nine months, 867 English alone had been presented to Napoleon. Besides, this was only a foretaste of the blessings in store: long years of prosperity, astonishing improvements, an imperial revenue, actually overflowing into the pocket of every peasant, peace with the world, a national flag respected, an independent and commercial state. Can any one conceive, as the effect of all this, anything short of the strongest attachment to the

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man, whose appearance among them was working such a change? Add to this his insinuating address. Napoleon—who had bowed with his single arm the stubborn necks of emperors, and shaken the foundations of the oldest European thrones, that seemed to have existed but by his license—talking unattended, and familiarly, with any common peasant whom he met with in his walks, interesting himself in his condition, listening to his story, hearing, and, when possible, redressing his complaints—was calculated to make an irresistible impression; and he has done so. The populace are said to have wept when he left their island, from the regard to his safety. Had he sufficiently regarded his own, he would not have given them occasion for tears."

Mr. Williams made a tour of the island; and his notes are as follow:—

"The island presents, at a distance, ranges of high mountains, either covered with small brushwood, or stony and barren. Among these, however, there is a lower range of hills, more or less cultivated with numerous little flat valleys, rich in vineyards and various fruits. These retired valleys and little plains are all divided and cultivated like orchards. From the practice of burning for pasture, the wood and shrubbery upon the hills is in general small, except where the suggera or cork tree abounds. The rest consists of evergreen oak, arbutus, covered at this season with its vermilion fruit, while myrtle in flower, lentanello, heath higher than our tallest broom, and a plant called mucchia, which covers the most barren spots, delighting to grow among stones and sandy soil, and diffusing, to a considerable distance round, an odour somewhat similar to that of nutmegs. Multitudes of sweet smelling herbs perfume the air: mint, lavender, and thyme, and many other aromatic herbs and shrubs, to which a botanist would find a name, are scattered with profusion over every hill and thicket. The sea breeze wafts over the island the united fragrance of this "wilderness of sweets:" it was at first delightful, and we often lingered a little to enjoy it; it soon, however, became less pleasing, and at length almost overpowering.—Among the scented mucchia, the red-legged, or Barbary partridge, is found, but not very abundantly, except near Campo and St. Ilario, on the south-west extremity. Game, indeed, is not in plenty, and chiefly consists of birds of passage from other countries. The beccafico, pigeons, turtles, and quails, are seen only in their transit to the opposite continents. A species of small hare is the only quadruped of game kind. Among ruined walls, and on the bare stony mountains, we meet with the scorpion and tarantula."

To return to Napoleon. Sir Walter Scott describes him as having established four places of residence in the different quarters of the island; and, as his amusement consisted in constant change and alternation, he travelled from one to another with the restlessness of a bird in a cage, which springs from perch to perch, since it is prevented from winging the air, its natural element. It seemed as if the magnitude of the object was not so much as the subject of his consideration, providing it afforded immediate scope for employing his constant and stimulated desire of activity. He was like the thorough-bred gamester, who, deprived of the means of depositing large stakes, will rather play at small game than leave the table. Humiliating as are these comparisons, they are equalled by a passage in Lord Byron's "Ode:"

> Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
> And gaze upon the sea;
> That element may meet thy smile,
> It ne'er was ruled by thee!
> Or trace with thine all idle hand
> In loitering mood upon the sand
> That earth is now as free!

HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

In all diseases, hydrophobia not excepted, prevention is better than cure. It is well known to practitioners in the diseases of dogs, that this dreadful malady chiefly proceeds from the savage custom of dog-fighting; while some of the best informed of these authorities even go so far as to doubt any instance of its spontaneous existence, or without the bite of a rabid animal at some period or other; and it is, it appears, classed with some other disorders which are only produced by communication, where the punishment of vice seems the object nature had in view. It is now as may be seen from these observations, supposed that by the mere fighting of healthy dogs hydrophobia is created; but the complaint it is known frequently lies dormant, and never suspected till discovered by its dire effect. Besides which, an habitual ferocity and propensity to biting is excited in dogs by frequent combats, which is the cause of their becoming mischievous when in a rabid state. In evidence of the truth of this persuasion, Mr. Youatt, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, adds his

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own, and informs us, "that by fighting-dogs, in a tenfold greater degree than by any other breed, *rabies canina* is propagated. See also the following extracts from Samuel Cooper's *Dictionary of Practical Surgery*, page 604:—

"The term hydrophobia is a palpable misnomer, for in no instance does there ever exist any dread of water (in dogs.) On the contrary, dogs are in general very greedy after it. There is very little of that wild, savage fury that is expected by the generality of persons. An early antipathy to strange dogs and cats is observed." Page 605. "These animals, when actually affected with rabies, from their quiet manner, have even not been suspected of having the disorder, and have even been allowed to run about, fondled, and slept with. (*See Mem. of Swedish Acad.* 1777.) Boerhaave, however, suspects that it sometimes arises from infection. We learn from Dr. J. Hunter, that in the hot island of Jamaica, where the dogs are exceedingly numerous, not one was known to go mad during forty years. Although (says M. Larry) hydrophobia is more frequent in warm than temperate climates, it is not observed in Egypt; and the natives assured us that they knew of no instance in which the disorder had manifested itself, either in man or animals. No doubt, (it is remarked) this is owing to the species and character of the dogs of this country, and their manner of living."

It is remarked that "the Egyptian dogs are almost constantly in a state of inaction; during the day they lie down in the shade, near vessels full of fresh water, prepared by the natives. They only run about in the night time." Then, in speaking of the Egyptian dogs, it observes, that "their disposition is meek and peaceable, and they rarely fight with each other; possibly all these causes may exempt them from *rabies*."—Larry in *Mem. de Chir. Militaire*, tom. ii. p. 226.

In Mr. Meynell's account, which was communicated to him by a physician, it is asserted, "that the complaint never arises from hot weather, nor putrid provisions, nor from any cause except the bite; for, however dogs have been confined, however fed, or whatever may have been the heat of the season, the disorder never commenced without a possibility of tracing it to the preceding cause, nor was it ever introduced into the kennel, except by the bite of a mad dog. This malady is also stated to be rare in the northern parts of Turkey, more rare in the southern provinces of that empire, and totally unknown under the burning sky of Egypt. At Aleppo, where these animals perish in great numbers for want of food and water, and the heat of the climate, this disorder is never known. In other parts of Africa, and in the hottest zone of America, dogs are said never to be attacked with madness." Page 609, "A species of hydrophobia has been known to originate from an inflammation of the stomach, (*Med. Essays*, vol. i.) also from the bite of an epileptic patient, or of persons in violent fits of passion."

The dangers of hydrophobia then appearing to be increased by dog-fighting, the abolition of dog-fighting and the pits where it is practised, must tend to prevent hydrophobia.

LEWIS GOMPERTZ.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle:—

"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"

"Is it to Cork you are going?"

"Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?"

"Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all."

"Then which way ought I to go?"

"Oh, that depends on your honour's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?"

"Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow—do you know any thing about any kind of road here?"

"There now, if your honour had asked that before, I could have told you at once."

"Out with it then!"

"Why the truth is, your honour, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way."

"Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?"

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"Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice, and stop where you are."

Mr. C. Croker, in his clever description of the south of Ireland, gives characteristic sketches of the peasantry, which every traveller will realize. The Irishman has the curious habit of conversing confidentially with every thing. "Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village?" said one of the tourists to the driver, who had for the last hour found no slight difficulty in urging on his wearied hacks. "I did not, your honour," was the reply; "but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

A curious example of this understanding between man and horse was given in a ride from Cork to Mallow. The tourist had advised a farmer, with whom he rode, to quicken his pace, as there were signs of a storm. The man's answer was—"Sure and so I would, for the pleasure of your honour's company; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk; and more blame to me, if I belie myself to any one, let alone the dumb *baste!* For says he to me, 'I'm tired, and I'll not go a step faster, and you can't make me, moreover!' And says I, 'I scorn it! and so take your own way!'"

I know few things finer in the northern incantations, or in the Fury scenes of antiquity, than some fragments of an Irish legend of the war between Eagan and "Conn of the hundred battles," probably some Scandinavian Nelson. The night before the final struggle, Eagan received the announcement of his destiny from these Irish Volkyriur:

"When Eagan came back from the council, three witches stood before him, with fiery-looking eyes, and long grizzly hair hanging down over cadaverous countenances. The eyebrows of those fiends were large, rough, and grim, growing into each other, and forming two arches of matted bristles. Their cheeks were hollow, shrivelled, and meagre; their blasting tongues held ceaseless gabble; and their crooked, yellow, hairy hands, and hooked fingers, resembled the talons of an eagle. Thus, on small, in-bent, and bony legs, they stood before Eagan.

"'Whence came ye, foul ones?' asked the chief.

"'We come from afar by our powers,' they replied.

"'I demand to know your powers,' said Eagan, leader of the mighty bands.

"'We make the sea run higher than the mountain-tops by our breath; we bring snow on the earth by the nodding of our hoary heads; we spread flame through cities by our words; we change the shape of all things—of man and ourselves—by the rolling of our eyes!'

"'Enough!' exclaimed the mighty Eagan; 'I demand your names!'

"'Our names are—Ah, Lann, and Leana, daughters of Tradan the magician. We have come from far countries, to warn you of death. Eagan shall fall by the keen-edged and bone-cleaving sword of the ever-victorious 'Conn of the hundred battles.'

"'On your own heads may the warning alight, ye hags of hell! May your forebodings sink into the air, and find no answer in the mountains! May the trees bear the curse of your evil words, the poison of your tongues fall on the rocks of the valley, and your hatred be buried in the billows of the rolling sea!'

"'It is the will of Fate that we speak: we have spoken without haste or hire!'—Muttering their spells, they vanished from before Eagan.

"That night came the three to the tent of the King of Spain's son; and to him they too boded ill; and thence they came where the hosts of 'Conn of the hundred battles' lay on the field, and they roused the hero with their words:

"'In thy arm be thy strength; in thy sword be thy safety; in thy face be thy foes; in thy step, thy prosperity! The pride of Ireland is against thee, in life and in motion. Be thou restless as the treacherous light, that shines in the eye of the benighted traveller!'"

The last words said to be spoken by Cromwell are invaluable as a key to his whole career. He had, during the progress of his illness, boldly predicted that he should recover. Some of his immediate councillors, who saw the inevitable result of the disorder, ventured at last to recommend that he should speak less confidentially on the subject, to save his character for prediction. But the Lord Protector judged on principles fitted to act upon the multitude. He refused to qualify his words: "If I recover," said he, "the fools will think me a prophet; and if I die, what matter then if they call me an impostor!"

The secret of Dante's struggles through life, was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the households of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than

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the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

NOTHING is more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crebillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do?" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

THE expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp *at the sun!*"

PARR'S remark on Gibbon's style contains the essence of all the criticism that can be written on the subject: "Gibbon is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style upon all topics. He is like a fashionable auctioneer, who has as much to say on a ribbon as on a Raphael."

THE maxims of solitary students are seldom good for anything, except perhaps to show into what absurdities men will plunge headlong, when they have no better guide than their own wisdom. The only valuable maxims, are those which experience of the world, forces on men of the world. Sir Joshua Reynolds continually deprecated Imitation, as the ruin of rising ability, as an impediment which if talent raises for itself, at once and for ever limits its progress. "Then we have a host of players of the Garrick school," said he, "and not one of them can ever rise to eminence, *because* they are of the Garrick school. If one man always walks behind another, how can he ever equal him, *still more* get before him."

HORNE TOOKE was a man of remarkable sagacity, singularly well acquainted with the state of England, and familiar with the course of public transactions in all times and nations. But in his delight at the progress of the French revolution, he boldly predicted that the same formidable process must be inevitably undergone by this country. On a man of more unprejudiced mind, the whole aspect of the empire must have irresistibly impressed the directly opposite conviction; but Horne Tooke wished, and therefore believed. He was perfectly certain that the overthrow of ranks, at least, must come within a short period. "I trust," said he, in the utmost sincerity of familiar intercourse, "we shall live to see the day when the distinctions of title will be abolished, and we may eat our mutton without being teazed with such childish objects as ribbons, stars, and garters." He perpetually predicted the immediate downfall of the whole system of the country, and sneered habitually at the attempts to revive credit. On hearing of the bankruptcies, frequent at that period, he could not dissemble his rebel gratification. "You are not going," he would say, "you are gone: it is not a slight hurt, but a mortal gangrene"

THE late Mr. Windham now and then said some happy things. In the debate on the Walcheren expedition, when the ministers stated that its object was to take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*—"Take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*," said Windham contemptuously—"Antwerp, with every inch of the road covered with dykes, batteries and inundations? Why, they might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery!" The oddity and force of the illustration excited great applause.

He made a capital simile on the state of the ministry, soon after the Whigs had seen Percival fixed in power by the Prince Regent: "We waste powder and shot upon them," said he, "they are like wild-fowl in a lake: we may knock them down fast enough, but the difficulty is to get them out."

MOORE'S words to the Irish melodies are sometimes tender and poetical,—though they are generally too full of *concetti*, and too fond of rambling into obscure allusions, to touch the heart. But the original poetry of Ireland is sometimes tender and natural in the highest degree. Nothing can be finer in the poetry of passion than some of the love verses of Edmond Ryan, better known in the old remembrances of Ireland, as Edmond of the Hills, from his unhappy and wandering life. Ryan had fought for James II.; and his estate was confiscated after the defeat of that most worthless of kings. His remaining life was spent at the head of bands of outlaws, struggling for subsistence, and sometimes desperately avenging his wrongs on the heads of the possessors of the forfeited estates. One of his wild poems is addressed to some proud beauty

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who had forgotten him. After a long recapitulation of her charms, the outlaw bursts into the following powerful and pathethic complainings. They are the very anguish of poetry :—

" Why art thou false to me and love,
While health and joy with thee are vanished?
Is it because forlorn I rove,
Without a crime, undone, and banished?

Why do I thus my anguish tell?
Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin?
Oh! lost treasure, fare thee well!
Oh! loved to madness—to undoing!

Yet, oh hear me fondly swear,
Though thy heart to me is frozen—
Thou alone of thousands fair,
Thou alone should'st be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please,
Every care and fear would fly me;
Wintry storms and raging seas
Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me.

Such, oh Love! thy cruel power—
Fond excess and fatal ruin!
Such, oh Beauty's fairest flower!
Such thy charms, and my undoing!"

Monthly Magazine.

A GRAVE REHEARSAL—UNDERTAKERS.

Surely Dame Nature tried to cry,
The morning when she made the die
For moulding undertakers;
With sallow-visag'd, scarecrow forms
Brought into life in clouds and storms,
With hands to knead their fellow-worms,
And take them to the bakers.

Their grave-stone eye-balls, deadly white,
Hang out, like flags of truce in fight,
As sign-boards to the dying;
Whilst their suppress'd lugubrious moan,
Borrow'd from Satan as a loan,
But *seems* to echo as from stone
Automatons in crying.

Their very vesture, cut from palls
Too brown to deck the hearse, recalls
Grim death's fatality:
Like Pluto's myrmidons on earth,
Their prescient parents gave them birth,
Industriously to cause a dearth
In live mortality.

And when they've placed our burial urns
In vaults, like snuff-jars of 'returns:"
Man's last magnificence.
Making rife merriment of woes,
Arrang'd upon the hearse in rows,
They laugh away, like carrion crows,
At death's omnipotence.

At last, they mount their own black carriage,
And end, by taking death in marriage,
Their body rakings.
The remnants of their mortal dust,
Encased within a leaden crust,
Are laid beneath the earth, in trust
For undertakings.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A wealthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue-stocking school;
"Excuse me, good Sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question?"

Ibid

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SHIP ON FIRE.

The *Fame*, in which Sir Stamford Raffles embarked, on his return from India to England, happened to be destroyed by fire. The catastrophe is thus described by Sir Stamford, in a letter dated Bencoolen, February 4, 1824 :—

"We embarked on the 2nd instant, and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy, for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of fire! fire! roused us from our calm content; and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats! Where is Sophia?—Here. The children?—Here. A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one; I'll take her, says the captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard. It cannot be got at—it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Scuttle the water-casks. Water! water! Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the boat, Nilson! Nilson, come into the boat! Push off—push off! Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

"All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off; and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, and the whole of the after part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway; and seeing the rest of the crew, with the captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her: have you all on board?—Yes, all, save one. Who is he?—Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him?—No, impossible. The flames were issuing from the hatch-

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way. At this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go for him, says the captain. The two boats then came together; and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overladen. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe? — Yes, we have got the man: all lives safe. Thank God! Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford.—There's one scarcely visible.

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass; but we had no light except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a south-west direction. There being no landing-place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, in a N.N.E. course, as well as we could: no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship, for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her mizen-mast: pull away, my boys: there goes the gunpowder! Thank God! thank God.

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames. There was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long-boat, or to make a raft. All we had to rely upon were two small quarter-boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings. The children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things: Can the ship be saved? No. Let us save ourselves, then. All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

"Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and star-light. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully: they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit; and never did poor mortals look out more for day-light and for land than we did. Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were unable to undergo starvation, and exposure to sun and weather, many days; and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

"At day-light we recognised the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected; and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads. They had seen the flames on shore, and sent out vessels to our relief; and here certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognised was one of our missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting

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continually. About two o'clock, we landed safe and sound; and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting that my administration had been satisfactory here, we had it unequivocally from all. There was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised!'

"The loss I have to regret beyond all is my papers and drawings: all my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history—not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and almost every other island of note in these seas,—my intended account of the establishment of Singapore,—the history of my own administration,—eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies,—and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my arrival here, and on which, for the last six months, I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This however was not all: all my collections in natural history,—all my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of *two thousand* in number, with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends, Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarce an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board: a living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c., domesticated for the voyage. We were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's ark.

"All, all has perished! but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine."

THE following interesting anecdote is mentioned by Lady Raffles, on the occasion of the death of their first child:—

"Whilst the editor was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of this favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch, with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed native woman, of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery), in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. 'I am come, because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen?—Were you not the envy of every body? Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him?—and, instead of letting this child continue in this world, till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NEW DRAMAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S dramatic pieces are without doubt, the least successful of all his writings. Critics think the public are fully sensible of this fact, and they allow comparative failures to pass by without analysis.

The specimens before us are two in number, the *Doom of Devorgoil and Auchindrane*. The first piece was written long since for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the author had a particular regard. It was not represented, for "the manner in which some mimic goblins were intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable;" it had also other faults, and we question whether it would ever have worked together for the good of the Adelphi treasury.

The general story of the *Doom of Devorgoil* is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the faries, or those who, for sins of a milder description are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest." They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick, one of the *dram. pers.* is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The machinery of the piece is too obscure, and to say the truth, hardly worth unravelling to the reader. Besides the Baron of Devorgoil and his Lady, there is a lover-hero and a daughter of the first mentioned; and a little underplot of Blackthorn, a companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen, a niece of the baron. The stage business throughout the piece is amply explained, and the author speaks of "flats" as familiarly as would one of the Adelphi scene-painters.

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Our extracts must be in detached songs and passages. In the opening scene occurs the following

SONG.

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

Katleen speaks very unequivocally of the towers of Devorgoil:

Dungeons for men, and palaces for owls;
Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's barn
For yonder hungry hall—our latest mouse,
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found
Starved in the pantry: and the reverend spider,
Sole living tenant of the Baron's halls,
Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a whole summer
Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney seated
Upon our last of faggots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewling mad with hunger!

Blackthorn and vassals sing the following weaponshaw:

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in dangers.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour that shares it—
If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

The fall of the House of Devorgoil:

There sank the lineage of a noble name,
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,
Mother and nursling, of the House of Aglionby,
Leaving but one frail tendril. Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,
Belated, lying homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The manshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell chief, the doer of the deed;
Which still, they say, roams through his empty halls,
And mourns their wasteness and their manlihood.

Act I. closes with the following song, whilst a storm is raging:

When the tempest's at the loudest
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor,
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

The relief of the piece is in the humorous underplot of Leonard and Katleen, and their best scene is where they disguise themselves as Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy, (two traditionary goblins,) in order to torment Gullcrammer, a pedantic pretender to Flora. We quote a portion:

Duet without, between Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy——

COCKLEDEMOY.

Here, father, here.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Now the pole-star's red and burning,
And the witch's spindle turning,
Appear, appear!

Gullcrammer (who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet.)

I have heard of the devil's dam before,
But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me!
The Papists have the better of us there,
They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,
And pat for such occasion—I can think
On naught but the vernacular.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
We'll sport us here—

COCKLEDEMOY.

Our gambols play,
Like elve and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.

And domineer,

BOTH.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.

Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst bars

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The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn, as Owlspiegle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly; Flora, as Cockledemoy, attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the room, without seeming to see Gullcrammer. They then resume their chant, or recitative.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl!

COCKLEDEMOY.

No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,
Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Oh, no, she has claws, and I like not that.

GULLCRAMMER.

I see the devil is a doating father,
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way
To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—
What will they think on next? It must be own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKLEDEMOY.

That's best, that's best!

BOTH.

About, about,
Like an elvish scout,
The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

They search the room with mops and mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps on the bed. Gullcrammer raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. Cockledemoy does the same, and grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to Owlspiegle.

COCKLEDEMOY.

I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.

BOTH.

Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sharpening his razor.*)

The sword this was made of was lost in a fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world becomes forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (*placing the napkin.*)

And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.

Drops something from a vial, as going to make suds.

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with t'other.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*arranging the lather and the basin.*)

My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade:
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl thrice croak'd hath the raven,
Here, ho; Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!

* * * * * *

OWLSPIEGLE *shaves* GULLCRAMMER, *while* COCKLEDEMOY *sings.*

Father never started heir,
Shaved too close, or left too bare—
Father's razor slips as glib
As from courtly tongue a fib.
Whiskers, moustache, he can trim in
Fashion meet to please the women;
Sharp's his blade, perfum'd his lather,—
Happy those are trimmed by father!

This is all we have room for at present. Of Auchindrane, which is by far the best drama of the two, we may speak anon.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

HAITIAN FUNERALS.

Mr. Mackenzie, in his interesting "Notes on Haiti," observes—

"It strikes a stranger as very extraordinary that the people should seem to delight in attending funerals. The women are the principal attendants, and the greater the number, the greater the honour paid to the deceased. Some uncharitable foreigners ascribe this to the want of places of public amusement, at which the ladies can exhibit themselves.

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Funerals and church thus, it is said, become their only resource. I found afterwards in Jamaica, that the humblest slave aspires to the glory of a fine funeral; so that personal vanity may not be the sole cause of the Haitian practice of inviting the whole town to escort the dead to their last earthly home. The custom extends to foreigners as well as natives; and, with half-a-dozen exceptions, I can with truth declare that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence were to funerals, and I must candidly own that I did not do due honour to the dead; for the time of the ceremonial being one at which the sun was very powerful, I generally contrived to mourn by deputy."

HAITIAN EXECUTIONER.

At Port-au-Prince, among the other things to which a stranger's attention is called, is a savage ruffian-like black man (named Gattie), who labours as a porter. He walks about bare-footed, dressed in a linen shirt and trousers, with a large beard, and his eyes fixed on the ground. This fellow was Christophe's chief executioner, of whom it is told that, when directed to perform the duties of his office, he invariably waited on the relatives of his victim, and demanded a fee, in proportion to which he inflicted more or less torture on the unhappy sufferer. He had attained from practice such an unenviable dexterity in decapitation, that for a proper remuneration he could with his sabre remove the head at one stroke, and by the instant prostration of the trunk, avoid staining the collar with blood. At least such is the tale told, when, shuddering at his ill-omened countenance, he is pointed out by those who remember him in all his glory and iniquity.—*Notes on Haiti.*

EXECUTION IN HAITI.

Mr. Mackenzie also relates the following terrific description of an execution:

"Very soon after my arrival, rumours prevailed of a dissatisfied spirit being at work, on account of the arrangements with France; but no overt act occurred, or was said to occur, before my return from my journey. At this time the boldness of the discussions excited the attention of the government; and on the 26th June three black officers were arrested, on a charge of having tampered with a soldier, to join them in assassinating the president. The ostensible prime mover of the plan, Captain Bellegrade, also a negro, escaped. In the course of a few days after several arrests took place, and disclosures of importance were reported to have been made as to the extent of the dissatisfaction. The trial of the three accused was first fixed for the 2nd July; but the subsequent arrest of a fourth black officer produced a delay until the 3rd of the same month, when the four accused, Captain Jean François, Lieutenant Michel, Lieutenant Lion, and Sergeant Lion Courchois, were brought before a court-martial, consisting of nine members, seven of whom were blacks. The prisoners were charged with conspiring to murder the president, to expel or murder all Europeans, and to alter the government. They denied the intention to murder the president, or any of the foreigners; but avowed their wish to put an end to the existing system of government, which they treated as oppressive, and to break off all connexion with France—a connexion which they considered to be maintained merely to extort the last of their miserable pittance.

"I was not in court, but I was told that this style of defence was soon stopped; nor were the counsel permitted to discuss the inapplicability of the law under which the trial was going on, to the particular cases, or to adduce evidence of their innocence. It was even asserted that, on one of the advocates urging his right to be heard, he was stopped by the president's holding out his watch, and remarking, as he pointed to it, "le tems presse."

"The accused were convicted and sentenced to death. They called for a court of revision, which was refused; and in two or three hours the unfortunate men were at the place of execution.

"The place of execution is a large open space close to the principal burying ground, called "La Cimetiere." On my riding there I found a considerable body of people assembled, and some women, clothed in white, close to the ditch that surrounds the place of interment, uttering wild cries, and exhibiting frantic gesticulations. They were the wives and female relatives of the unhappy convicts.

"The ground was guarded by the civic militia, whose apprehensions had been strongly excited by rumours of pillage meditated by the sufferers. A considerable body of troops, said to have been disaffected, remained in quarters, and the artillery, under the command of one of the most devoted of the president's adherents, were drawn up during

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the time of the execution, at no very remote distance.

"I had not been long on the ground before the bustle announced the approach of the four convicts. Each was tied, by the arms behind his back, to a rope in the hands of a police-soldier, who walked after him; each too was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, and smoked a cigar. A strong guard surrounded the whole of the prisoners, and the melancholy procession was closed by the shooting party, which consisted, as well as I can recollect, of about five-and-twenty men.

"I shall never forget the firm intrepidity with which these poor fellows advanced to meet their fate. They moved on without the slightest hesitation until they arrived at the fatal spot, close to a dead wall, at the extremity of the open space already referred to. On reaching it they still remained pinioned; but the policemen retired, and the shooting party advanced, with evident reluctance. At the word being given, the firing commenced, and instead of the wretched scene being closed by one, or at most by two well-directed fires, there was absolutely a succession of discharges resembling a feu-de-joie. I am sure that not less than one hundred discharges must have taken place before the execution was ended. On reaching the ground, the whole four refused to be bandaged, threw off their hats, and exclaimed to their executioners, "Ne craignez pas!" The first volley only slightly wounded Captain François, who stood at the extreme left; a second brought him down, though still alive. Michel was shot through the body in several places, and had both his arms broken before he fell. Lieutenant Lion fell next, after having been severely wounded. During the whole of this revolting exhibition, Sergeant Lion Courchois was standing on the extreme right of the party, calmly smoking a cigar, without moving a limb or a muscle of his face. A ball through his body brought him to the ground; and as he touched it, he spat the cigar from his mouth, and calmly discharged the volume of smoke from his lungs. The firing party then advanced, and putting the muzzles of their pieces to the bodies of these unhappy men, ended their sufferings by blowing them literally to pieces. At this part of the exhibition I gladly rode off, for it was the most revolting I had ever witnessed; and strongly as I felt the disgusting cruelty of the proceeding, I was more strongly impressed with admiration of the cool, resolute, and unpretending intrepidity of these poor fellows, who had no strong stimulus to maintain their energy. They dreamt not of future immortality, nor that a record should ever be made of a firmness and courage which would have done honour to any Roman. Whether admiration for the conduct of the dead, or disbelief of the charges against them, operated most, I cannot pretend to say, but there was certainly a general gloom after the execution, such as I never before witnessed in Haiti."

Fine Arts.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

Last Wednesday week there was a private view of two new Dioramic scenes; and, certes, St. Swithin seemed to favour its exclusiveness. The rain poured and pelted, and reminded us of the Spectator's fondness for rambling in a picture-gallery on a wet day. Thither we sped with undamped enthusiasm.

The new views are Mount St. Gothard, painted by Mons. Daguerre; and the Interior of Rheims Cathedral, by M. Bouton.

The view of St. Gothard is at the Passage Aux Roches, and taken from Faido, the principal town of the Val Levantine. The road turns on the sides of Mount Piotino, and crosses the Tersin at the Bridge of Azio Grande. It was made, at great expense, by frequent cuttings through the rock. In the background rises St. Gothard covered with perpetual snow. The Tersin rolls under a bridge seen in the middle of the picture, having opened for itself a passage through the mountain—but tremendous pieces of rock obstruct its course and ruffle its waters, which fall in enormous cascades into chasms and precipices which the eye cannot measure.

We can scarcely do justice to the pictorial illusion of this scene. The sublime and stupendous character of the mountain is admirably preserved, as is the distant St. Gothard, with the beautiful effect of sunlight gleaming on the perpetual snow. The vastness and extent of the scenery are so powerfully impressed on the spectator, that it is scarcely possible for him to believe that he is merely beholding, comparatively, a few square yards of canvass, aided by light and shade. There are no figures introduced to give effect to the proportions of the scenery, or by comparison, to aid an estimate of its majestic character. The mountains rise in all the sullen grandeur of the sublime; but the

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deck which crowns the chasm, and the road winding round Mount Piotino, are mere puny labours of man. Still, this humiliating association is relieved by the recollection that by a triumph of art, the eye is here gladdened with one of the most astounding spectacles in nature.

The interior of Rheims Cathedral, by its extreme simplicity, contrasts singularly with the richness of the architecture of the interior, a view of which appeared in No. 145, of the *Mirror*. It is lighted by numerous painted windows. The pavement, or floor, is of cubic pieces of marble of four colours, which were brought here in 1791, from the church of St. Nicaise. Rheims is one of the most ancient and celebrated churches in France. It was built in 1211, almost burnt in 1481, but restored in 1484, by command of Charles VIII., for his coronation; and it is in this cathedral that the Kings of France, his successors, have been crowned. The proportions of the building are 460 feet in length, 100 feet in breadth, and 124 feet in height. The present view is from behind the choir, the back of the altar being only seen. This is in the form of an ancient tomb. On it are six candelabras and the cross presented to the Cathedral by Charles X. and used at his coronation. Of this picture, the most successful parts are the altar and candelabras, which *stand out* so as to deceive every spectator: indeed, during the change of the views, with the strong light falling on this part, we could not believe it a flat surface. The light through a richly painted circular window, 100 feet high, is reflected in beautiful tints on the polished marble pavement; and a similar effect through a small window on the right cannot be sufficiently praised. A picture attached to one of the pillars of the opposite side, with the cobwebs of ages at the back, has other peculiar touches of the Dioramic artist.

In short, it is hardly possible to render the illusion of painting more complete than has been done in these two views; the effect is almost unique; and, barring one point, we never expect to see it excelled in this or any other branch of the pictorial art.

Objection has been made to the introduction of machinery, to represent the torrent in the St. Gothard view. We would rather it were omitted; for where legitimate art has so closely imitated nature, the adoption of extraneous means rather interferes with, than assists, the pleasing effect. Besides, it does not add to its dignity.

Spirit of Discovery.

Formation of Shot.

It is the cohesive principle which gives rotundity to grains of shot; the liquid metal is allowed to fall like rain from a great elevation. In its descent the drops become truly globular, and before they reach the end of their fall they are hardened by cooling, so that they retain their shape.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—Treatise on Mechanics, by Capt. H. Kater and Dr. Lardner.*

Wings of Insects.

The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.——*Ibid.*

Equestrian Feat explained.

The properties of compounded motions cause some of the equestrian feats exhibited at public spectacles to be performed by a kind of exertion very different from that the spectators generally attribute to the performer. For example the horseman standing on the saddle leaps over a garter extended over the horse at right angles to his motion; the horse passing under the garter, the rider lights upon the saddle at the opposite side. The exertion of the performer, in this case, is not that which he would use were he to leap from the ground over a garter at the same height. In the latter case he would make an exertion to rise, and at the same time, to project his body forward. In the case, however, of the horseman, he merely makes that exertion which is necessary to rise directly upwards to a sufficient height to clear the garter. The motion which he has in common with the horse, compounded with the elevation acquired by his muscular power, accomplishes the leap.—*Ibid.*

Two Pints less than a Quart.

If a pint of water and a pint of sulphuric acid be mixed, the compound will be considerably less than a quart. The density of the mixture is, therefore, greater than that which would result from the mere diffusion of the particles of the one fluid through those of the other. The particles have assumed a greater proximity, and therefore exhibit a mutual attraction.

In this experiment, although the liquids before being mixed be of the temperature of the surrounding air, the mixture will be so intensely hot, that

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the vessel which contains it cannot be touched without pain.—*Ibid.*

Turning a Corner—Centrifugal Force.

A carriage or horseman, or pedestrian, passing a corner moves in a curve, and suffers a centrifugal force, which increases with the velocity, and which impresses on the body a force directed from the corner. An animal causes its weight to resist this force, by voluntarily inclining its body towards the corner.

As the velocity is increased, the centrifugal force is also increased, and therefore a greater inclination of the body is necessary to resist it. We accordingly find that the more rapidly a corner is turned, the more the animal inclines his body towards it.

A carriage, however, not having voluntary motion, cannot make this compensation for the disturbing force which is called into existence by the gradual change of direction of the motion; consequently it will, under certain circumstances, be overturned, falling of course outwards or *from* the corner.—*Ibid.*

Why a Rope-Dancer carries a Pole.

The feats of rope-dancers are experiments on the management of the centre of gravity. The evolutions of the performer are found to be facilitated by holding in his hand a heavy pole. His security in this case depends, not on the centre of gravity of his body, but on that of his body and the pole taken together. This point is near the centre of the pole; so that, in fact, he may be said to hold in his hands the point on the position of which the facility of his feats depends. Without the aid of the pole, the centre of gravity would be within the trunk of the body, and its position could not be adapted to circumstances with the same ease and rapidity.—*Ibid.*

Oil Mill.

The seeds from which the oil is to be extracted are introduced into hair bags, and placed between planes of hard wood. Wedges inserted between the bags are driven by allowing heavy beams to fall on them. The pressure thus excited is so intense, that the seeds in the bags are formed into a mass nearly as solid as wood.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

This popular song was sung as an anthem at the Chapel Royal, in the reign of *James II.* It is uncertain by whom the *words* were written, but the *music* was composed by Dr. John Bull, belonging to the choir of the chapel. It first became a popular song (with the alteration of James to George) through the late Dr. Arne, who set it in parts, and introduced it at one of the London theatres, during the Irish rebellion, where it met with unbounded applause, and has continued to be a favourite national air from that period to the present time. W. H. N.

METAPHYSICS.

Specimen of a Collegiate Examination.

Professor.—What is a salt box?

Student.—It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof.—How is it divided?

Stud.—Into a salt box, and a box of salt.

Prof.—Very well, show the distinction.

Stud.—A salt box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

Prof.—Are not salt boxes otherwise divided?

Stud.—Yes, by a partition.

Prof.—What is the use of this division?

Stud.—To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

Prof.—How? think a little.

Stud.—To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

Prof.—To be sure, to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt boxes otherwise distinguished?

Stud.—Yes, into possible, positive, and probable.

Prof.—Define these several kinds of salt boxes.

Stud.—A possible salt box is a salt box yet unsold, in the joiner's hands.

Prof.—Why so?

Stud.—Because it hath not yet become a salt box, having never had any salt in it; and it may probably be applied to some other use.

Prof.—Very true; for a salt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt box. What is a probable salt box?

Stud.—It is a salt box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath twopence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper: and a positive salt box is one which hath actually and *bonâ fide* got salt in it.

Prof.—Very good; what other division of salt boxes do you recollect?

Stud.—They are divided into substan-

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tive and pendent. A substantive salt box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser, and the pendent is that which hangs by a nail against the wall.

Prof.—What is the idea of a salt box?

Stud.—It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt box when no salt is present.

Prof.—What is the abstract idea of a salt box?

Stud.—It is the idea of a salt box abstracted from the idea of a box; or of salt, or of a salt box; or of a box of salt.

Prof.—Very right; by this means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt box a salt idea?

Stud.—Not unless the ideal box hath the idea of salt contained in it.

Prof.—True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short: and this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an essential or an accidental property of a salt box?

Stud.—It is an essential; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property of that salt box.

Prof.—Very well, very well, indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stud.—It is called its contents.

Prof.—And why so?

Stud.—Because the cook is content, *quoad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof.—You are very right.

STANTON HARCOURT.

THIS place is noted by Dr. Plot as having some curious remains of antiquity, in the seat of the Harcourt family. In the ancient tower of the church are some small rooms, in one of which it is recorded, Pope finished the fifth volume of *Homer*, under the patronage of Earl Harcourt. H. B. A.

A COUNTRY carpenter nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverses," observed a passenger. A. T.

FATE OF PHIDIAS.

PHIDIAS, the Grecian statuary, experienced the most unfortunate consequences of superior talents. The people of Elis, for whom Phidias had executed the admirable statue of Jupiter, which was consecrated in the temple of Olympia; became jealous of his future exertions, and when the Athenians demanded his return, the Eleans cut off both his hands before they suffered him to depart. W. C. R. R.

CHANCERY.

A LABORIOUS special pleader being constantly annoyed by the mewing of his cat, at length resolved to get rid of it. He accordingly told his clerk "to take and place it where it might remain in safety, but still where it could never get out." The clerk instantly walked off with poor puss in his lawyer's bag. On his return, being asked by his employer "whether the noisy animal had been so disposed of that it could not come back to interrupt him." The carrier duly answered, "Certainly, I have put him where he cannot get out—in the Court of Chancery."—*Reynolds's Life.*

A YOUTH ambitious of acquiring pugilistic honours, some time ago waited on Crib, the ex-champion, with the intention of taking lessons. "Now what do you consider the best posture of defence?" asked the aspiring young hero. "Why, to keep a civil tongue in your head," was the judicious reply.

TURKISH IMPRECATION.

A TURK who had been for some time at Vienna, where the hat is always taken off in saluting an acquaintance; wishing to curse a fellow believer, said, "May thy soul have no more rest than the hat of a German." Q.

MATHEW LANSBERG, the Francis Moore of the continent, observes in one of his publications, "that if you wish to have a shoe of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water—the sole of women's tongues, for they never wear out, and the seams, of the venom of a jesuit, for that is everlasting." W. G. C.

ORIGIN OF THE SIGN OF THE CROSS KEYS.

LAY devotees and palmers wore, besides hat, scrip, and staff, the coarse dalmatic, somewhat like the military cloak of the modern hussar, upon the back of which *St. Peter's keys* were cut in scarlet cloth and placed, as heralds say, *saltiere* ways, hence arose the above sign.

HALBERT H.

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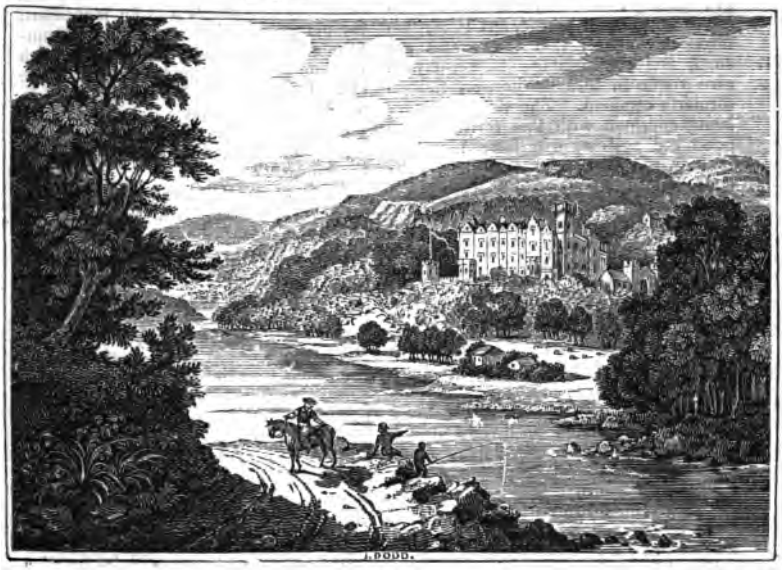
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 427.] SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1830. [Price 2d.

Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.



Sir Henry Wotton in the first-fruits of his retirement from public life, his "Elements of Architecture," has the following excellent definition of domestic architecture:—"Every man's proper mansion, house, and home, being the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his son's inheritance, a kind of private princedom—nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world—may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned." The distinguished possessor, as well as architect, of Abbotsford, has borne these principles in view; and, whether as the residence of an illustrious man of letters, or for its picturesque and unique character, the domain of Abbotsford is of almost unequalled interest. Its extent and importance remind us of the splendid literary fortunes of the founder, who, when he purchased the ground, about twenty years ago, found it occupied by a little farm onstead, which bore the name of Cartley Hole. The house and its woods have been raised by Sir Walter; and, as the author of the "Picture of Scotland" observes, "it is really astonishing that the exertions of one individual should have done so much in so short a time. The magician who has called up so many wonderful creations, with so little trouble to himself, and so much amusement to the public, seems to have found equal facility in the formation of this pleasing seat; like his African brother, he appears to have had little else to do than to *trim his lamp* in order to produce a palace."

The situation of Abbotsford, we need not tell the spectator of the above Engraving, is delightfully chosen—on the precise spot most celebrated in border history. The whole country is fraught with poetical and romantic associations. It takes its name from a ford, formerly used by the monks of Melrose, across the Tweed, which now winds amongst a rich succession of woods and lawns, while every hill in the vicinity of the mansion has been consecrated by the fascinating poetry of the owner.

The house stands in Roxburghshire, about a mile and a half from the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed, overhanging the south bank of the latter

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river, and a few miles above Melrose Abbey. Immediately below the house the Gala, the beauties of which have been celebrated in many a pastoral, joins its waters with the Tweed; and the Huntly Burn rushes through a deep ravine within the grounds. The mansion was built from designs by Atkinson, of a fine gray granite. The style is not referable to any former period, but "has this favourable effect, that the rooms are small and comfortable — now-a-days a rare virtue in mansion-houses, though formerly common. The visiter, besides being charmed with this revival of the good old system, will have his eyes feasted, and his best associations awakened, by the innumerable relics of antiquity, which the illustrious proprietor has compiled and arranged throughout its various apartments. Its walls are paneled with pieces of old oaken carved work, which are said to have formerly figured in the shape of a *close bed*, within the walls of Holyrood Palace. Two complete suits of armour are erected at the lower end; and there are various other specimens of the military implements of a former day hung around. The ceiling is divided into a great number of compartments, which are adorned in a singularly tasteful style with the coats armorial of all the families which bore arms of old upon the Border — as the Scots, the Kers, the Rutherfords, &c." *

The *Library* is one of the pleasantest rooms in the mansion, and is admirably fitted up, having a recess from its north side which commands a fine view up and down the river for a great distance. In this apartment are about 20,000 volumes, including presentation copies of most living authors, besides a very fine set of Montfaucon's works, in ten volumes folio, the gift of his Majesty. There are also cases of books and MSS. relating to the years 1715 and 1745, and to witchcraft.† In a niche at one end is a bust of Shakspeare; and on a porphyry stand is a vase, containing bones from Pirœus, inscribed—"*Given by George Gordon Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*"

Beyond the *Library* is the study, perhaps the most interesting room in Scotland.‡

"The external walls of Abbotsford, as also the walls of the adjoining garden, are enriched with many old carved stones, which, having originally figured in other situations, to which they are calculated by their sculptures and inscriptions, have here a very curious and generally a very amusing effect. Among the various relics which Sir Walter has contrived to collect, may be mentioned the old pulpit of the church of Dumfermline (from which, of course, Ralph Erskine preached), and the door of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, which, together with the hewn stones that composed the gateway, are now made to figure in a base court at the west end of the house." §

With as much pleasure as sense of duty, we acknowledge the original of the annexed Engraving — a beautiful Lithograph by Gauci, from a painting by the amiable widow of Mr. Terry, an actor of sterling merit, and honoured with the personal acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. The ingenious lady is one of the Nasmyths, and displays hereditary taste and talent for painting. Our copy is by permission: the lithograph, which is extremely interesting, as the abode of genius, and a specimen of the art, may be obtained of Mr. Waller, in Fleet-street. The size is 11 inches by 16, and is a pleasing embellishment for the walls of a book or print-room, or a portfolio of native houses of illustrious men.

In a subsequent page will be found a portion of the plot of one of, the last-published works of the owner of Abbotsford.

BRITISH PEARL FISHERY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I was much gratified and surprised on reading in your valuable miscellany an article on the British Pearl Fishery; but think the writer must either be in error respecting the price per ounce, or that the monopolist of that concern must indeed have a snug trade. Those pearls which in England are sold by the ounce, are denominated brock pearls, for which purchasers give from £5. to £8. per ounce, and are used to make brooches and other ornaments, which are invariably strung with horse-hair on mother o'pearl, previously formed into the pattern designed. Those of superior quality are sold at per pearl, at a much higher rate than the former, and which are generally cut in two for setting in gold. It would, therefore, be highly desirable to endeavour to cir-

* Chambers's Picture of Scotland, 2nd. edit. vol. i. p. 124.

† Sir Walter Scott has lately announced a History of Demonology and Witchcraft.

‡ An excellent description of the interior of Abbotsford appeared in "The Anniversary," published about a year since: an extract from which will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xii.

§ Picture of Scotland.

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culate and encourage the labour attending a trade which appears to net such enormous profits.

BUTTER.

I BEG to inform your correspondent, in answer to Beckman's *Ancient History of Butter*, (No. 414, p. 110,) that he will find that article mentioned by Isaiah, about three hundred years before the time of Herodotus. In his remarkable prophecy, chap. vii. verse 14, where he says, "Butter and honey shall he eat," &c.; nor do I think he confounded that with the articles milk or cream, as he speaks of the former in other parts of his writings. D. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF O'BRIEN, THE IRISH GIANT.

(For the Mirror.)

IN your very highly amusing and instructive miscellany, vol. viii. p. 96, I read an account of the visit to Dartford of an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the famous Irish Giant; and in vol. i. p. 79, is inserted, a comparison of his height with that of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, who is supposed to have been, by the size of his armour which is shown in Warwick Castle, 8 feet 6 inches; but O'Brien exceeded him by one inch, he being 8 feet 7. If you think the following little anecdotes respecting him worthy insertion in your interesting publication, they are much at your service.

I think it was in the year 1786 or 7, he came to Margate, where I then lived, after a very successful exhibition of himself in various towns round the coast, and put up at the George Inn, where he was visited by great numbers from all parts of Thanet and its vicinity. He was a very pleasant, good-tempered man, and during his stay, received invitations from several respectable inhabitants in the town, (particularly the Freemasons, of which fraternity he was a member,) to dine and spend his evenings, which were always pleasant, he being very agreeable company, particularly where ladies were of the party, and could sing very pleasingly many of O'Keefe's songs in the *Poor Soldier*, and other of his pieces. He was fond of a rubber at whist, in playing which, now and then, a card would slip from his hand, when from the great length of his arms, he could pick it up from the carpet without bending his body. He was frequently entertained by the late worthy and hospitable T. S., at that period proprietor of Dandelion; the very friendly and much esteemed J. H. post-master, myself, and others of the brotherhood. Being constantly in different parties with him, I usually escorted him to his inn at night, where a carriage was not necessary, he jocosely calling me his little walking stick, as he would rest one hand upon my head or shoulder in our walk to his home. One night, when at my house, the weather became very tempestuous, and rose to a violent storm; it being impossible for him to retire to his inn, we had the biggest bed enlarged, by adding a smaller one to it, placed on forms and chairs, on which he reposed very comfortably. He had a great desire to see Kingsgate, the seat of the late Lord Holland, about three miles from Margate, and at that time in its original perfect state. It was whimsical to see me, a pigmy charioteer of five feet two, driving the huge Colossus in a large, heavy one horse chaise, the fashion of that period; he sitting erect in the corner of the vehicle with his extended limbs crossing diagonally over my legs and the foot-board on my side. The contrast between us excited the jocular remarks of many who passed us on the road, some denominating me Little Jack driving the Giant, and cautioning me not to kill him. I certainly expected a crash in our jaunt, as the chaise was but a crazy affair; however, we returned in perfect safety, without Jack having killed the Giant, or either sustaining the least injury. He was always remarkably clean and neat in his person, hair profusely curled and powdered, and constantly wore a scarlet coat, white waistcoat and small clothes, with white silk stockings. He was not gracefully formed; his complexion was pale, but his face more handsome than otherwise. I have an octavo engraving of him, which most correctly shows his form and figure, as exhibiting himself; and I have in my possession a sheet of foolscap paper, on which, in one of our convivial meetings, I traced with a black lead pencil the size of his enormous hand extended with open fingers, which I wished to take in remembrance of him: I think it would stretch over a good sized shoulder of lamb. The tracing commences a little below the bend of the hand to the wrist, and the distance from thence to the end of the middle finger is twelve inches and a quarter.

When he quitted Margate he proceeded to Canterbury for exhibition; the carriage broke down with him in Prince of Orange Lane, but he received

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no injury; he wrote me a humorous account of the accident, with an invitation to visit him. I passed two pleasant days in his company. Many went to see him, among them two countrymen in their white gaberdines. O'Brien was leaning with one arm over the door to afford himself ease in standing, as he is drawn in the print, and the moment they cast their eyes upon him, they ran out of the house as fast as possible, as if they apprehended he was going to play the giant in reality, and devour them up alive.

It is three and forty years since these scenes occurred which I have attempted to describe; but which I recall to my remembrance with some degree of pleasure, though rather more than twice forty years of age. G.

The Sketch-Book.

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

An Arabian Fable,

The narrator supposed to have lived three thousand years.

"I WAS passing," said Khidr, "a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants how long has this city been built?" but he said, "This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers." Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, "How long has this city been destroyed?" but he said, "The country has always been thus." And I said, "But there *was* a city here." Then he said, "We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers." After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, "When did this land become a lake?" and they said, "How can a man like you ask such a question?—the place was never other than it is." "But heretofore," said I, "it was dry land," and they said, "We never saw it so, nor heard of it from our fathers." Then again after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, "When did this spot become dry land?" and he said, "It was always thus." "But formerly," I said, "it was a lake;" and he said, "We never saw it, nor heard of it before." And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, "When was this city built?" and he said, "Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its buildings, neither we nor our fathers."*

* Translation of an extract from Kazwini, the Arabian naturalist, in De Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*, vol. iii. p. 417.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

WHEN an elderly gentleman begins to be a twaddle, we call him an "old woman," intending any thing rather than a compliment by the appellation; yet, after all, old women are in very high repute among us; they are our oracles, and their commonest "sayings" become proverbial, while the erudite orations of the lords of the creation pass into oblivion. I am an admirer of old women, but I abominate their sayings. When once an old woman has "*said her say*," though she may have said it vulgarly, and flippantly, and foolishly, the chances are that her saying will be handed down to her children's children.

I have been the victim of a saying, one, too, that (alas!) is in every body's mouth, and yet one which, Heaven knows, is, in nine cases out of ten, utterly groundless and vexatious. The saying is this, "There are always faults on both sides." I do not exaggerate when I declare that, before I was born, this saying was my enemy! I was the first child of a very dashing couple, and I suspect that, before my mother had seen the wane of her honeymoon, I had begun to be her torment. She still went to parties, but generally with a smelling-bottle in her hand; and often when she looked less blooming than usual, people pitied her, and said "it was her *situation*."

Still she *would* go to balls; and once or twice, when an agreeable partner offered, she could not resist a quadrille. Unfortunately waltzes were introduced; my mother took steps to be fashionable; and, after an evening of the most imprudent activity, she returned home exceedingly indisposed, and before morning was delivered of a seven-months' child. Every body blamed my mother—no wonder, poor soul! But will it be believed that any human being could have the barbarity to blame *me*, a premature and imbecile suckling? even so! It was no sooner observed that I was a.

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strongly made and rather active little creature, than the nurse assured every body that I must have given my mother a precious time of it: indeed it was no wonder she could not sit at home quiet, poor thing; and if, indeed, she had been a little wrong in dancing and keeping late hours, yet, after all, there certainly were "faults on both sides."

I am thoroughly convinced that I was an exceedingly nice child; this conviction I must confess, is not grounded upon any traditionary anecdotes; on the contrary, every old acquaintance of the family has some story to prove that I was ugly, mischievous, and unmanageable; I was always breaking every thing that came in my way, my own nose included. My nurse and I were never of one mind, and every body in the house complained of high words in the nursery. My nurse really was a bad one, and though I dare say I *did* squall spontaneously a good deal, yet bad management often made me squall ten times worse. At last there was no peace and quietness in the house, and as my voice increased in power and volume, I became the more formidable. Fortunately for me, my shrieks one night attracted my mother unexpectedly to the nursery in her ball dress, and my enemy the nurse was detected in some breach of decorum which caused her to be instantly dismissed; every body abused her; it was impossible to say much in her favour; yet, after all, it was whispered that she had an ill-tempered brat to deal with, and that however bad the nurse might be, still there were "faults on both sides."

Giving a boy a bad name is a great deal worse than giving a dog one; I was sent to a public school, and the master, after hearing a catalogue of my misdemeanours, was admonished to keep a strict eye upon me. Thus he was prejudiced against me from the first, and even a pedagogue may be blinded by prejudice. I saw I was suspected, and I grew reckless; it must be admitted that I was a terrible pickle; but a great big bully of a boy was my tyrant; and thus, never having a fair chance with the master, and unmercifully fagged by one of my schoolfellows, I became sulky and obstinate. At last my tormentor was detected in an act of wanton cruelty, and I was extricated from his clutches; but though I had the gratification of seeing *him* well whipped, I heard every one of the boys say, that though he certainly *was* a bully, yet that *I* was enough to worry a saint, and that, after all, there were "faults on both sides."

But my boyishness was gone, and my hobeydyhoyishness was going. The long-looked-for period of my finally leaving school was at hand, and I eagerly anticipated that grand privilege of manhood, "the having one's own way." That was what I looked forward to during my last half year, and I believe all boys do the same: to be a man, to walk about in great boots, and a neckcloth, and to do what I pleased from morning till night!

These bright anticipations of boyhood are not, however, fated to be realized. The big boots and the neckcloth, indeed, come in due course; but at what age can man be said to have his own way?

I, for my part, never had mine. At the time I left school, I was an orphan, and I went to reside with an old uncle, who was my guardian. He was an excellent person, who always, to the best of his judgment and abilities, did his duty: and his duty being clearly now to keep his nephew in good order, I found myself subject to a durance which, in my opinion, was vile.

My uncle's government was too despotic; he legislated about trifles, and his measures being sometimes arbitrary, he unwittingly strengthened the opposition. Often, in his study, did we hold long debates about things which were of minor importance, while greater misdemeanours, having escaped his vigilance, passed without comment; but this often happens in greater debates than those which occurred in my uncle's study.

In this one solitary instance the old saying was not my enemy, but it only affords an additional proof of its injustice. I could not manage to live with my uncle, I could not accommodate myself to his habits and fancies, yet it was my duty to endeavour to do so, therefore I alone was to blame; yet still the lookers-on, who knew nothing about the matter, declared that there must have been "faults on both sides."

About this time I fell desperately in love, and I believe I am correct in saying that the young lady burned with what is called mutual ardour; that is to say, she heard I was an only child, and an orphan, and heir to considerable property, and so, when I sued for a smile, she condescended to bestow one. Her father and mother (after making a few secret inquiries concerning my prospects) took a prodigious fancy to me. The latter, indeed, was quite enthusiastic; she invited me every day, and at all hours, and there was always a knife and fork laid for me, and, moreover, every

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delicacy prepared which could be likely to tempt a young man to come and make use of those articles of cutlery. I was always treated as one of the family; I was left *téte-à-téte* with Anna Maria half the morning; and my future mother-in-law gave me all her best cookery, while her husband produced all his best wine.

There really appeared never to have been so satisfactory a match; for independently of the mutual affection of the young couple, the old people seemed violently in love with me; and it could scarcely be doubted that, if by any accident the match could be broken off, there would inevitably be *four* lacerated, broken hearts instead of only *two!*

It so happened that I met with an old schoolfellow, a very wealthy baronet; and, full of my own bright prospects, "told my love," and introduced him to the object of my adoration and her family. "Love me love my dog," of course, then, love my friend; so Anna Maria thought, and so thought her parents. Sir William was warmly received, was constantly invited, and soon seemed to be considered almost as great a pet as myself. I did not *quite* like this; I thought there ought to be a marked distinction, so I remonstrated: Anna Maria was pert and flippant; first laughed, then sneered, and at last told me, if I was displeased, I might go about my business. I left her, and appealed to my affectionate friends her parents. They seemed prepared for my remonstrance, told me they had encouraged me because they supposed that mutual affection was the groundwork of the connexion; but, since it appeared that they had been mistaken, they suggested the propriety of my discontinuing my visits! Indignantly I did as I was bid, and six weeks afterwards Anna Maria became the lady of a baronet. 'Twas a nine-days' wonder for the world; but though some pitied me, all agreed that there had been "faults on both sides."

What my fault had been, I was so dull as not to be able to discover; so I said, and a hot-headed, impudent fellow insulted me, and told me he was a friend of the family. Anna Maria's conduct had been such, that my sufferings really were not very acute; I therefore did not want to give her *éclat* by dying for her, so my reply was pacific, and I did all I could to avoid a quarrel. The bully, however, was implacable, I was forced into a duel, met my opponent at five o'clock on a summer's morning, and shot him dead ten minutes afterwards; was obliged to fly my country; every body allowed that I could not help acting as I had done, and the coroner cleared me; but to this day I believe it to be universally admitted that there were "faults on both sides."

(To be concluded in our next.)

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep-blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O diana break my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

Fraser's Magazine.

TO A NAVIGATING PIG.

Interesting quadruped!
Why with the watery element at strife?
Why quicken your pace to shorten your life?
You're not born to swim—isn't *that* enough?
And why should you die till you're fat enough?
An erroneous view of the subject you've taken
For yourself and for us—oh! pray save your bacon!
In cutting your throat, it will cost you a mille;
Come back: and we'll do it in far better style.
When we find that you're apt to be troubled with bile—
Interesting quadruped! *Ibid.*

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

Love is a pleasant thing;
When lip meets lip,
My heart is glad:
Love is a pensive thing;
When the kiss you sip,
My soul is sad.

There's triumph in the touch
Wins the dew from thine:
My heart is glad:
But sorrow follows such,
For it steals from mine;
My soul is sad.

Love is a pleasing thing;
But how brief the bliss,
And soon he flies—
How soon he taketh wing!
Give and take a kiss,
Then rapture dies!

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We have parted with a pearl,
And regret the gift—
Yet have it still!
For thy sweet kiss, sweet girl,
On my lip is left,
For good or ill. *Ibid.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, AS RENDERED INTO ENGLISH AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

(For the Mirror.)

About the year 700, it was thus written by Eadfried, eighth Bishop of Lindisfarne, or Hole-Island:

Vren Fader thic arth in Heofnas, sic gehalgud thin Noma to cymeth thin Ric. Sic thin willa she is in Heofnas and in Eortho. Vren Hlaf afer wirtlic sel vs to Daeg; and forgef us Scylda vrna, suc we forgefan Scyldgum vrum; and do inlead vsith in Custnung; ah gefrig vrich from Ifle. Amen.

About the year 900, it was made to stand thus:

Thu ure Fader the art on Heofenum. Si thin nama gehalgod. Cume thin rice; Si thin willa on eorthan swa, swa on Heofenum. Syle to daeg urne daegthanlican hlaf. And forgif us ure glytas swa, swa we forgifath tham the with us agyltath. And ne led the us on custnung. Ac alys us from ifele. Si hit swa.

About the year 960, it was rendered in the Saxon gospels, said to have been translated by King Alfred, in the following manner:

Fæder ure thu the earth on Heofenum, si thin nama Gehalgod to be cume Rice, Gewurthe thin willa on eorthan swa swa on Heofnum, urne ge deaghwanlican hlaf syle us to daeg: and forgyf us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgivath urum gyltendum. And ne geleadde thu us on costnung. Ac Alyse us of yfle.

About the year 1160, in the time of King Henry II., it was rendered thus, and sent over from Rome, by Pope Adrian, who was an Englishman, turned into rhyme, that people might more easily learn and remember it.

Ure Fadyr in Heaven rich,
Thy Name be hayled ever lich,
Thou bring us thy michell bliss:
Als hit in Heaven y-doe,
Evar in Yearth been it also:
That holy Bread that lasteth ay,
Thou send it us this ilka day.
Forgive us all that we have don,
As we forgivet uch other Mon:
Ne let us fall into no founding,
Ac shield ous fro the foul thing. Amen.

About the year 1260, it was again altered, by whom does not appear.

Fader that art in Heaven blisse,
Thin helge nam it wurth the bliss,
Cumen and mot thy Kingdom,
Thin holy Will it be all don,
In Heaven and in Ereth also,
So shall it bin full well Ic tro.
Gif us all Bread on this day,
And forgif us ure Sinnes,
As we do ure wider winnes:
Let us not in founding fall,
Oac fro Evil thu fyld us all. Amen.

In about two hundred years, it was again rendered thus:

Our Fadir that art in Hevenes, halewid be thi Name, thi Kindom come to thee, be thi Will doh in Eerthe, as in Hevene, give to us this Day oure Breed over othre substanc, and forgive to us our Dettis, as we forgiven our Dettouris, and lede us not into Temptation, but delivere us from ivel. Amen.

In a MSS. translation, by Wickliffe, written about the year 1377, it appears with little difference from this; and in a Bible, set forth with the king's license, translated by Thomas Mathews, and printed in the year 1537, it stands thus:

Ooure Father which arte in Heven, halowed be thy Name. Let thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be fulfilled, as well in Erth, as it is in Heven. Geve us this day oure dayly bred. And forgeve us our Treaspases, even as we forgeve oure Trespacers. And lead us not into Temptacion, but deliver us from evyl. Amen.

About the same time it was rendered, in the same manner, by William Tyndall, with indeed, some trifling orthographical differences; but the last is so near in its approach to the language of the present day, that to proceed further would be only to waste time, and render even successful research tedious and uninteresting. C. COLE.

DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

(For the Mirror.)

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
POPE.

THE meaning of the common expression "to dine with Duke Humphrey," applied to persons, who, being unable either to procure a dinner by their own means or their friends, walk about and loiter during dinner time, has (says Brand,) been at last satisfactorily explained. It appears that in the ancient Cathedral Church of St. Paul to which in the earlier part of the day, many persons used to resort for exercise, to hear news, &c., one of the aisles was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, not that there ever was in reality a monument there to the duke's memory, who,

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very one knows was buried at St. Alban's, but because, says Stowe, ignorant people mistook the fair monument of Sir John Beauchampe, son to Guy, and brother to Thomas, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1358, which was in the south side of the church for that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. But as Master Stowe hath discreetly advised such as are so merrily disposed, or simply profess themselves to serve Duke Humphrey in Pauls; if punishment of losing their dinners daily there, be not sufficient for them, they should be sent to St. Alban's, to answer for their disobedience and long absence from their so highly well deserving lord and master, because in their merry disposition they please so to call him. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* in the chapter, "How a gallant should behave himself in Powles Walkes," we read "By this I imagine you have walked your belly ful, and therefore being weary, or (which is rather I believe) being most gentleman like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the duke, so (because he follows the fashion of great men in keeping no house, and that therefore you must go seeke your dinner) suffer me to take you by the hand and lead you unto an ordinary." Thus we find in Harvey's *Letters and Sonnets*, 1592, "To seeke his dinner in Poules with Duke Humphrey, to licke dishes, to be a beggar." And in Nash's *Wonderful, Straunge, and Miraculous Prognostications for the year* 1591, we read, "Sundry Fellows in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe Duke Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

J. R. S.

Fine Arts

THE COLOSSEUM.

We lately took advantage of a fine day to revisit this world of art—this acre of canvass, and its mimetic wonders of grotto, fountain, and trim nature. The ascending-room has long been completed, and is freighted many times daily. The effect is singular enough, but timid people make it still more so by anticipating an accident, as a plump fall through the cylinder, through which the apartment is heightened and lowered. But this is the characteristic of timidity, and keeps many a man from rising; and others are no sooner "up" than they think of a fall. The means by which the machinery is worked, to unscientific persons, it must be confessed, is a marvel.

The Panorama increases in interest and effect on acquaintance. The day, as we have said, was favourable, and nothing could exceed the delightful *paysage* of the picture. It will always be a fine field for reflection, and when the novelties have subsided, we may amuse ourselves by noting the additions which time and art are constantly making to this already overgrown metropolis. When the eye is tired with the immense range of the painting, the fancy may be played through the telescopic glasses fixed around the gallery.

The Saloon of Art at the base of the building is constantly receiving additions, some of which are of great value. The machinery models merit notice as grand features of our times, whilst figures from mythology remind us of ages long past.

Throughout the Conservatories the same spirit of improvement and study of gratification is manifest. Besides the fine exotics, there is a border of marine wonders, as shells and corallines, which carry us to other scenes of magnificent Nature. In the alcoves, or recesses, are grotesque seats, and some of crocodile forms, which are of unique taste. The fountain has been altered, and the water gushing from shell to shell till it reaches the basin, reminds one of the Adventurer's account of the transmission of a secret from friend to friend. The mimic leaves and the shells in the pool to imitate water-lilies are exceedingly pretty.

A third cottage or apartment is in progress, and from beneath the broad eaves of the exterior we see that much has been added to the mimic rock-work. Trees and stuffed birds have been interspersed, and in the distance is a representation of such a bridge as we have described in the Diorama, with a fall of *real* water.

Altogether, it is impossible to conceive a more attractive assemblage of artistical ingenuity than may now be witnessed here. The vastness of the design astounds us, and the minuteness of the details will never fail to delight.

TASTE FOR ZOOLOGY.

During last year two hundred thousand persons visited the Zoological Gardens, and nearly the same number visited the Society's Museum in Bruton-street.

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

AUCHINDRANE, OR THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

From Sir Walter Scott's Preface to his Drama of that name.

JOHN MUIR, or MURE, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme—

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedie.

Now Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother to the deceased earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided), and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about two hundred and fifty men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued

his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and dispatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane; and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime; but he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks; but the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skallmorley, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drum-urghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis' friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing, when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleugh's regiment—trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or

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been discharged from the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect, that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his, called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly upon Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand with a spade, which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body; but as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention; and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said, or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him, had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not plead or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

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Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the earl, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The king, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for awhile to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the mean time to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a former trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. James remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the king's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one: nay, he had nearly ripened a plan by which one Pennycuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connexion of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life,

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while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed, before the king and council, all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the privy council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple; that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611; and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty.—The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the king's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation:—

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash tree, called the Dule-tree (*mourning tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was preparing to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor, "sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

Notes of a Reader.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

THROUGH the medium of the *Literary Gazette* we have been enabled to catch a glimpse of a work with the above title, from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, better known as the author of "Pelham."—From the snatches and sketches in the *Gazette*, we should think Paul Clifford a sort of prose Beggars' Opera of fifty years since. We quote an exquisite miniature of the heroine, and one of the *flash* songs; and when the work itself appears, we hope to renew our acquaintance with its pages:—

"Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once,—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in

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sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love. We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves, and sometimes riddles,—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that 'an excellent thing in woman.' She made caps for herself, and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor House, or an abridgement of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten or one's heart beat. Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine; and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that 'one felt warm when one looked on her.' If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

"Her face was like the milky way, i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties.

THE ROBBER'S GRAND TOAST.

A TUMBLER of blue ruin, fill, fill for me!
Red tape those as likes it may drain;
But whatever the lush, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drinks a bumper again!
Now—now in the crib where a *riffler* may lie,
Without fear that the *traps* should distress him,
With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

'Mong the pals of the prince, I have heard it's the go,
Before they have tippled enough,
To smarten their punch with the best Curacoa,
More conish to render the stuff!
I boast not such lush—but whoever his glass
Does not like—I'll be d——d if I press him!
Upstanding, my kiddies—round, round let it pass!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the stumps,
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand!
Why, ye stir not a peg!—Are you all in the dumps?—
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!

[*The robbers crowd around Gentleman George, each, under pretence of supporting him, pulling him first one way and then another*]

Come, lean upon me—at your service I am!
Get away from his elbow, you whelp—him
You'll only upset!—them ere fellows but sham!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!
God help him—God help him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!

Talking of highway heroes, Mathews's portraits of Jerry Abershaw and Jack Shepherd are among the best things in his new entertainment. Shepherd is perhaps the finest touch-and-go character ever seen on the stage.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

A CHEAP and *useful* Magazine, which should combine some of the old Magazine characteristics with those of the new, has, till very recently, been a desideratum. The *British Magazine* appears to us the best attempt to supply this object. It has, moreover, another recommendatory feature, which is explained in a few words—viz. "more general in its character than Magazines that are exclusively religious, and more solid and beneficial than those that are merely literary."—The superintendence is entrusted to the well-qualified editor of the *Amulet*.

The fifth number of this work is before us, and contains Original Papers

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of sterling merit and attractive character—such as Sketches of South Africa—a Residence at Constantinople, and a light, pleasant paper from a ladye-pen, with a small sprinkling of poetry. Then come Reviews of Books upon the "quotation" plan, which, with the editor's judicious opinions, form a picture of the literature of the month: next Fine Arts notices, and a Note Book of the features of the previous month. Altogether, these form a very interesting *melange;* and the half-yearly volumes, when collected and bound, will not be locked up in the parlour book-case, as we often see whole shelves of Magazines. The matter-of-fact papers bear upon the topics of the day, yet are so chosen as to be attractive at any period, while the playful fancy of the reliefs, or lighter portions, have all the ingenuity and attempt at novelty which have rendered that class of contributions so popular in the literature of our times. An extract or two stands over for our next publication.

BLOODHOUNDS.

So late as the reign of James I. of England, there is an order dated A. D. 1616, that no less than nine bloodhounds should be kept on the Border, upon Esk and other places mentioned.—*Pennant's Tour*, 1772. i. 77. ii. 397.

John Harding has given a curious account of the means used by Edward I. for taking Bruce, similar to that here said to have been employed against Wallace.

"The King Edward with *hornes* and *houndes*
him soght.
With menne on fote, through marris, mosse and
myre,
Through wodes also and mountens, (wher they
fought,)
And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate
hyre,
Hym for to take by might conquere;
But thei might hym not gette, by force ne by
traine,
He satte by the fyre when thei (went) in the
rain."

The following description of these dogs is from an old writer, well acquainted with their character:—"In Scotland are dogs of marveylous condition, above the nature of other dogs. The first is a hound of great swiftnesse, hardiness, and strength, fierce and cruell upon all wilde beasts, and eger against thieves that offer their masters any violence. The second is a rach, or hound, verie exquisite in following the foote (which is called drawing), whether it bee of man or beast; yea, he will pursue any manner of fowle, and find out whatsoever fish haunting the land, or lurking amongst the rocks, specially the otter, by that excellent sent of smelling wherewith he is indued. The third sort is no greater than the aforesaid raches; in colour for the most part red, with blacke spots, or else blacke, and full of red markes. These are so skilfull (being used by practice) that they will pursue a thiefe, or thiefe-stolne goods, in the most precise manner; and finding the trespasser, with great audacity they will make a race upon him, or if hee take the water for his safeguard, he shrinketh not to follow him; and entring and issuing at the same places where the party went in and out, hee never ceaseth to range till he hath noysed his footing, and bee come to the place wherein the thiefe is shrowded or hid. These dogs are called Sleuth-hounds. There was a law amongst the borderers of England and Scotland, that whosoever denied entrance to such a hound, in persute made after felons and stolne goods, should be holden as accessery unto the theft, or taken for the selfe same thiefe."—*Account of the Red Deer and Wild Beasts in Scotland.*——From the Notes to the Life of *Sir William Wallace*, being No. 53 of *Constable's Miscellany*.

SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR,

BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THEY weep when I have named her! I am sure
she was more dear
To *me* than all the world beside, and yet I shed
no tear;
I culled the freshest roses, and twined them for
her hair,
And then I sought her chamber—but, oh! she is
not there!

They tell me I have lost her; I smile to see them
mourn;
She *could* not thus desert me—I know she will
return:
And I have deck'd her bower with all my former
care,
And now I come to seek her—but oh! she is not
there

I saw them kneel in silence beneath a yew-tree's
gloom,
They pointed to the name I loved upon a marble
tomb!
And *then* I wept—but something forbad me to
despair,
I felt that we should meet again—for oh! she is
not there!

Oh, sing me no new songs to-night;
Repeat the plaintive strain,
My favourite air in former years,—
Come sing it once again.
Sweet thoughts that slumber'd start to life,
And give my heart relief:
And though I weep to hear that song,
'Tis *not* the tear of grief.

Her precious record of the past
Fond Memory oft conceals,
But Music with her master key,
The hidden volume steals:
The loves, the friends, the hopes of youth
Are stored in every leaf:
Oh, if I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.

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CANNIBALISM.

Mr. Maw, on Portuguese authority, hesitates not to charge the native tribes of the banks of the Amazons, as guilty of cannibalism, on an unparalleled scale;—such as to make human flesh be viewed by them as a regular fund of subsistence. We are by no means satisfied with his statements on this subject. His facts, in no case, rest on ocular testimony. A boy was shown indeed, whose father and mother, it was said, had been eaten; but the mere presence of the boy could not add weight to the assertion. A certain person told him that his father-in-law, after feasting on an Indian mess, had been dismayed by finding a human thumb at the bottom of the dish. It was furthermore stated, that the captives destined for the gratification of royal palates, were kept in large *corrals*, or gardens, which the king every morning entered, and discharged a *poisoned* arrow at the individual whom he wished that day to be served up at table. Nay, the victims themselves, it was said, felt no sort of objection to this treatment; for a girl, whom a trader offered to take out of one of these *corrals*, chose much rather to stay and take her turn of being eaten! Mr. Maw endeavours to excuse the natives, by supposing that the Portuguese, having shut them out from the fisheries on the Maranon, had left them only this horrid mode of supporting themselves. He does not reflect that any tribe, making this their staple source of subsistence, would be extinct in a month. We learn from Father D'Acuna, whose account of the River Amazons was originally published in 1641, that he had been entertained with similar stories by the same class of persons; but he ascertained their complete falsehood in regard to the tribe specially pointed at, and arrived finally at the following conclusion:—"The Portuguese publish this, that under pretext of avenging such cruelties, they may commit others that are greater beyond comparison; since, with brutal inhumanity, they dare to make slaves of men born free and independent."—*Edinburgh Review*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SINGULAR CHARITY.

At Rochester, in Kent, near the custom-house, is a building founded for the reception of six poor travellers, who being neither "thieves nor proctors," are to receive one night's lodging, food, and fourpence each. H. B. A.

On Mrs. ——'s appearing at the Masquerade, in the character of Night.

Behold in character of night,
All clad in dark array,
Fanny appears, the thought how right,
Fanny has had her *day*. T. P. A.

The common toast at all festive meetings in Selkirkshire is—

"Green hills, and waters blue,
Grey plaids, and tarry woo!"

The Scotch are perhaps the best shopkeepers in the world: they deal in every thing. A *merchant* at Galashiels was formerly known as *Willie a'things*, and in his shop cradles might be seen cheek by jowl with ready-made coffins. A stranger once wagered to inquire for an article in which *Willie* should be deficient. He asked for a pair of handcuffs. The infallible trader, not at all at a loss, immediately replied, that he happened to be *out of handcuffs* at that moment, but that he expected a supply next day from Edinburgh!

Freemasonry in Scotland first made its appearance at Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, where a party of enthusiasts, having landed from the continent in the twelfth century, spread the knowledge of their mysteries gradually over the rest of the country, by colonies termed *Lodges*.

TABLE TALK.

In the family of the great Sir Thomas More, a servant always was employed in reading during meal time, "there being no security in conversation before serving men." Our facetious statesman, therefore, appears to have had a double meaning in his allusion to security in table talk; the one as applying to the stomach being properly fortified for such exertion; the other regarding the political danger that might ensue from any accidental or misinterpreted expression! In those times "dumb waiters" might have been advantageously used; but in such case the great must have condescended to "help themselves" in a literal sense as cheerfully as they *then* did in a figurative one. J. R. S.

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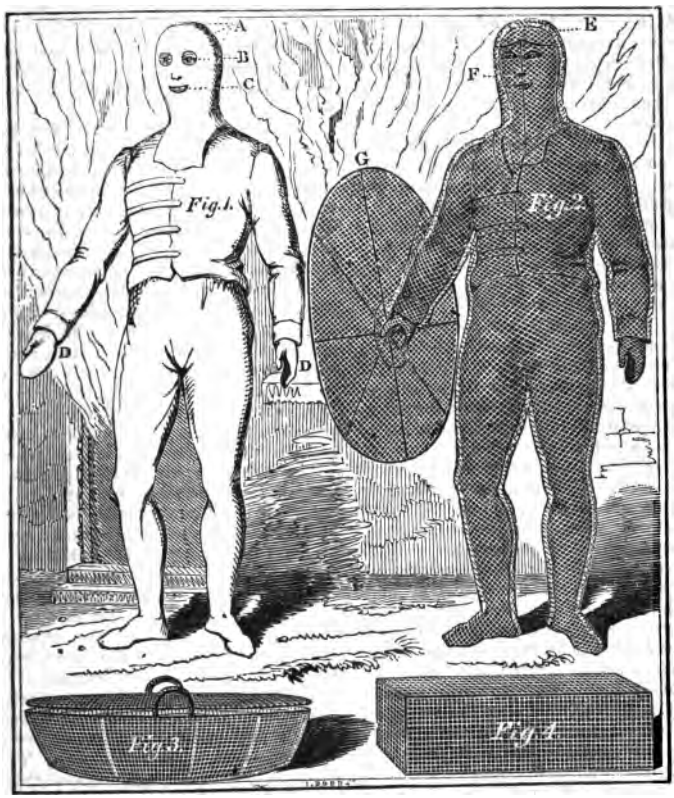
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 428.] SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1830. [Price 2d.

Fireproof Dress.



[At page 95 of the present volume of *The Mirror*, we quoted a few experiments with the Chevalier Aldini's Dress for the preservation of Firemen exposed to flames. The Chevalier's plans were first fully developed at the Royal Institution, and about three months since we were devising means for a more extended explanation of the Fireproof Dress in the pages of *The Mirror*; but time, who tarries for no man, outstripped us, and we find that Dr. Reece, in *The Gazette of Health*, for the present month, has realized all that can be wished on the subject, in a lithograph of the Dresses, &c., and an explanation which is sufficiently popular, and free from technicality, to become interesting to every reader. The importance of the subject need not be insisted on; since the recent occurrence of many distressing accidents by fire warrants our calculating on the attention of the reader, as much from a sense of humanity as a gratification of curiosity. We shall therefore proceed to quote such of Dr. Reece's description as is requisite for the explanation of the above Cuts.]

To enable a person to pass through an avenue or room filled with flame, or to

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ascend or descend a flight of stairs or a ladder enveloped in flames. Aldini recommends two dresses: one (the inner) made of a mineral production, termed asbestos, and the other (the exterior) of wire-gauze. The accompanying drawings represent *(Fig. 1)* a person clothed with the asbestos dress, and *(Fig. 2)* with the wire-gauze dress over it.

Explanation of Fig. 1.

A, a cap, with a mask, of asbestos. B, openings, covered with Muscovy talc, for the purpose of vision. C, an opening, to admit air for breathing. D D, the hands covered with thick gloves of asbestos.

Asbestos, of which this inner dress is made, is incombustible, even in the strongest fire, and is so slow a conductor of caloric (matter of heat) that it is commonly denominated a non-conductor of it. The advantages of a dress composed of such material, in cases of fire, are obvious. Being incombustible in the strongest fire, or when the whole place is in a state of *complete* combustion, and being at the same time a very slow conductor of heat, it protects the skin or dress that may be in contact with its internal surface, from the action of external fire, a sufficient length of time to admit of a person to pass through a room or avenue, and to ascend or descend a flight of stairs, and to return to the place from whence he started, with impunity. In consequence of the gloves being made of treble asbestos cloth, a person is enabled by them to grasp a red-hot bar of iron, or an article in a state of active combustion, and to hold it for about five or six minutes, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

The openings in the dress were covered by Aldini with fine wire-gauze; but Dr. Reece, observing the warm air that passed through its apertures, which contains a great portion of carbonic acid and a little smoke, to excite a considerable degree of inflammatory action in the external tunics of the eyes and edges of the eye-lids, and irritation in the lachrymal glands, so as to occasion a very troublesome secretion of tears, substituted the Muscovy talc for it, which has been found not only to protect the eyes from the action of heated air, &c., but to answer much better than wire-gauze for the purpose of vision. This variety of talc, which is procured chiefly from Russia, has of late years been found in the province of Pennsylvania. The best quality of it is more transparent than the common window glass of this country; and in parts where it is most abundant, it is used in lieu of glass for windows. In the Russian navy it has always been employed instead of glass, on account of not being liable to be broken by the concussion produced on the discharge of cannon, or any other heavy artillery. In its native state it is very easily divided into plates; and is so finely lamellated, that Hauy says he divided a piece only of the thickness of an inch into five hundred thousand plates. The transparency, toughness, and incombustibility in common fire, of this mineral production, render it particularly fit for the purpose for which it is adopted in the asbestos dress.

Asbestos, also termed *earth flax, mineral wool,* and *salamander wool,* is a mineral production belonging to the talc family. There are five varieties or subspecies of it—namely, *amianthus, elastic asbestos* or *rock cork, mountain cork, common asbestos,* and *lignifformed mountain wood.* The first variety (amianthus) is employed by Aldini for making the asbestos dress, &c. Its fibres, which are sometimes many inches in length, are flexible and elastic, and of a white greenish or reddish colour, of a silky or pearly lustre, and slightly translucent. When rubbed between the fingers, it appears unctuous. It is found in many of the islands of the Mediterranean sea, particularly Corsica: also in Italy, Siberia, Egypt, the Island of Anglesey, in Scotland, in different parts of North and South America, and of an inferior quality in this country. The price of it varies according to its quality, from twelve shillings to two guineas per pound. At present, the demand for it is very small; but should the asbestos dress be generally adopted by the fire insurance companies, it would no doubt be imported at a very reduced rate, probably at about one-eighth of the present price. The incombustible nature of asbestos was well known to the ancients. The Romans, some centuries since, made cloth of it, to wrap up the bodies of their saints, &c. when exposed to the funeral pile, for the purpose of preserving their ashes from contamination! A large piece of asbestos cloth, which had been long used for this purpose, is preserved in a state of great perfection in the library of the Vatican, at Rome. Several moderns have succeeded, by means of an admixture of flax and oil, in spinning and weaving this article, both of which are afterwards destroyed by exposing the cloth to a red heat. Aldini, after many fruitless attempts to make the asbestos cloth without the aid of flax or oil, fully succeeded in accomplishing

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it by means of steam. He found, when exposed to the steam of boiling water, the fibres were readily twisted and bent, so as to admit of being spun and weaved. The texture of the cloth, thus manufactured under his direction in Italy, appears to be very loose; but the threads, which are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, are very strong. He has also made cords with it, with which ladders may be made, to enable a person, protected by the asbestos and wire-gauze dresses, to ascend or descend through a blazing fire; and which may be conveyed through a flame to the upper stories of the premises, so as to allow a person to escape through a window.

In consequence of the present high price of asbestos cloth, Aldini, in many of his experiments (conducted on a large scale) covered the trunk of the body, and the lower and upper extremities, with thick woollen cloth, that had been macerated for a few hours in a strong solution of common alum, and afterwards quickly dried. Woollen cloth is nearly as bad a conductor of caloric as asbestos; and when its combustibility is considerably diminished by a diffusion of alum throughout its substance, it approximates so nearly to the nature of asbestos, that when defended against the action of blaze by the wire-gauze dress, it has been found, in many of the experiments made by Aldini, to answer the same purpose.

The discovery of the safety-lamp, by the immortal Sir Humphry Davy, which has been the means of saving the lives of many thousand miners from a dreadful death, led to the invention of the wire-gauze dress, represented *Fig.* 2. The flame of fire not passing through the apertures of the wire tissue, the space between this dress and that of asbestos is occupied by air, which has been found, notwithstanding the great consumption of oxygen by the surrounding combustion, the production of carbonic acid gas, and the high temperature (when nearly free from smoke and vapour), to occasion little or no inconvenience.—When Aldini repeated his experiments in London on a large scale, so that the men with his protecting dresses were completely enveloped in flame, after remaining in this state upwards of nine minutes, they declared that respiration continued the whole time perfectly free. On taking off the wire-gauze, immediately after quitting the flames, we found the temperature of their bodies increased only about five degrees, and the pulse of each slightly accelerated, with copious perspiration; but not one complained of giddiness, or any affection of the head. The temperature of the air between the wire-gauze and the asbestos dress has been found to be thirty degrees lower than the air surrounding the wire-gauze dress. This curious fact has been attributed to an absorption of the matter of heat by the wire-gauze during the time it is passing through the apertures, or perhaps some power this metal possesses of combining this subtile fluid, so as to render it latent, and also to the radiating influence of the asbestos dress. The gauze, like that of Davy's safety-lamp, is made of iron wire, and the apertures about 1-25th of an inch in length and breadth.

Explanation of Fig. 2.

E, a casque, or cap complete, of a size to admit of a hand to pass between it and the asbestos cap, for the circulation of air. A visor is attached to the front (F), for the purpose of rendering the air more fit for respiration. The soles of the boots are made of plate iron, lined with thick asbestos paper, for the protection of the feet. G, a shield of wire-gauze, of the same manufacture as that of the external dress. The use of this appendage being to turn the direction of a strong current of flame, or prevent a quantity of smoke from being forced through the wire-gauze, that would irritate the lungs, on passing through a large volume of flame, the external surface is convex. When flame is not in a rapid state of currency, this part of the apparatus is not necessary. By occupying the right hand, it has been found cumbersome, particularly in a narrow passage. Aldini, speaking of this shield, says "it is of the greatest possible use." In all the experiments made in London, under the direction of Aldini, the firemen declared that they found it of no use, but, on the contrary, an incumbrance. It is, perhaps, only useful in passing through an avenue or room filled with flame, or through which flame is passing with great force.

From the description given of these protecting dresses, a person who has not seen them would conclude that much time must be lost in putting them on, and that they are so cumbersome, as to prevent the active employment of the lower and upper extremities, which is so often necessary in cases of fire. They are so constructed, that, with the assistance of one person, they may be put on in about eight minutes, and, without any extra exertion, he is able to run with moderate speed, to bend his body and joints, and to rise again, without being

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sensible of any incumbrance. In the numerous trials to which they have been subjected in London, the firemen have executed the requisite movements with perfect satisfaction to themselves. The dresses are both pliable and light, and the gauze-wire dress, when properly jointed, will not prevent the free motion of the limbs.*

Fig. 3.—A basket of wire-gauze, for conveying a child through flames. The communication with flame being completely cut off by the wire-gauze, a flannel dress will be sufficient to protect the body from the action of the heated air; but if a covering of woollen cloth, prepared as directed, be at hand, the preference should be given to it. By means of a wire-gauze basket, a child aged eight years, wrapt up in thick flannel, was repeatedly carried through a blazing fire (of chips and straw), and although at one time it was enveloped in flame eight minutes, it did not sustain the slightest injury, or apparent inconvenience.

Fig. 4.—A case, made of thick asbestos cloth, for conveying very combustible articles through flame. For articles not very combustible, the wire-gauze basket will answer as well as this case.

These means of rescuing lives and property from destruction, in cases of fire, are not recommended by Aldini on hypothesis or mere theory. They are founded on sound scientific principles, and have frequently been put to the test of experience on a large scale. After having made several experiments in Bologna, Geneva, and other places, the results of which were perfectly satisfactory to the numerous scientific characters who witnessed them, Aldini performed the same experiments on a larger scale, at the barracks in Paris, in the presence of the Prefect of Police, and of a commission from the Royal Academy of Sciences, and other philosophical societies.

* The wire-gauze dress is made in London, by Mr. Teplis, of Frederic Cottage, Goswell-road.

STOKE PARK.—MR. PENN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

It was with the feeling of a man who meets with a face long beloved, but which has been long absent, that I saw the engraving of your No. 424. Stoke has that charm for me which engages the sympathies of all men. It was my place of residence in boyhood. Amidst its overhanging woods, its flowery meads, and churchyards "solitude serene," I first imbibed a love of nature, and her simple, but not less beautiful adornments of field and fell, rivulet and hillside. Though years have elapsed since my quitting Stoke as an abode, yet, I still love to pay it occasional visits, and refresh my memory of the happy past, by revisiting those scenes which were dear to my youth, and whose charms have not become the less vivid, though time and circumstances have materially altered the thoughts and feelings of the writer.

But my present object in addressing you is, to add a few particulars to your account of the manor-house at the present day. Of its interior the objects most worthy notice, are—1st, the library, extending the whole length of the garden front, and possessing a very large assortment of classical and valuable modern books, forming a most splendid and tasteful apartment; 2nd, the trunk of the tree under which the proprietor's great forefather, the founder of Pennsylvania, concluded the first amicable treaty with the Indians; 3rd, a sculptured head of the same individual, said to be the only authentic likeness extant. These, with a few paintings and minor curiosities, are the only things claiming particular attention.

It is the park and grounds around the house that the owner seems to have aimed at beautifying most, and in doing so, he has combined the skill of a painter with the judgment of a man of taste. In the various walks and avenues leading from the house, are placed busts of the great men of all ages, celebrated in their various departments of knowledge: amongst these I would particularize the bust of Thomson, which is erected upon a slightly rising ground, from whence may be obtained the most delightful views of the surrounding country. Immediately around the base of the pedestal, many of the various flowers, herbs, and shrubs celebrated in "The Seasons," are to be met with. There is also to be seen an open temple dedicated to Shakspeare, composed of Ionic columns, and containing a head of the bard, with an inscription and a quotation from his works. In the park, about two hundred yards from the house, stands a column surmounted by a statue of Sir Edward Coke. The *old* manor-house is still to be seen, but in a very dilapidated state, and doubtless in a few years time, it will exist but in name.

Of Mr. Penn, the eccentric, yet benevolent possessor, little can be said. He has neither mingled in the struggles of war, nor joined in the toil of poli-

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tics; in both of which so many gain notoriety. He is a bachelor, and has devoted his time principally, from his youth upwards, to the improvement and adornment of his property at Stoke, where he generally resided until within these few years. His quitting Stoke after so long an abode there, arose from a disagreement with a landed proprietor, a small portion of whose property interfered with an improvement he had in view.

His eccentricity displays itself principally in regard to females, for whose society he has a most misanthropic aversion, strict orders being issued, even to the domestics of that sex, to avoid obtruding themselves upon his notice. The housekeeper, who has been in his service some twelve or fifteen years, has always, while receiving his orders, stood with her face to his back. To account for this strangeness of manner, it is stated that an attachment he had formed in early life was broken by the unfortunate death of the object of his affections, by drowning, while he stood near at hand, and saw her perish without being able to render her any assistance. Strange though it may seem, yet during his town visits, he frequently delivers courses of lectures on matrimony! — his audience being composed of his private friends.

He has, I believe, appeared before the world more than once as an author. Some years ago a tragedy was brought out at one of the large theatres, written by him, and called, I think, "The Battle of Haddington;" it was, however, unsuccessful. J • • •

BURYING IN VAULTS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Why should this worthless tegument endure,
When its undying guest is gone for ever?
Oh, let us keep *the soul embalmed* and pure,
In living virtue, that when both do sever,
Although corruption may her sway assume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom."
HORACE SMITH.

ABOUT a twelvemonth ago, an article appeared in a popular magazine deprecating the custom of interring in vaults. The writer of that paper had personally inspected the disgusting interior of some crowded vaults in London, and bore ample testimony to the evils of the system. Allowing for a little soliloquizing "in the manner of Hervey," his remarks were pointed and discriminating. A correspondent in the same periodical replied, and made an imbecile attempt to prove that the usage of burying in vaults was sanctioned by the Scriptures, and established by the precedent of the nations of antiquity. But before entering into a minute criticism on the arguments of these disputants, it may be proper to notice a circumstance, the report of which has found its way to the daily and weekly journals, and which has material bearing on the question at issue:

"The inhabitants and neighbourhood of Fetter-lane have been annoyed of late by an increasingly intolerable nuisance occasioned by the vaults of Elim Chapel having been, from springs or other causes, overflown with water. The stench was so unbearable that the closing of several shops, and a partial stoppage to business, ensued. The nauseous effluvium was communicated to several adjoining streets; and caused, at last, the interference of the City Marshal to procure the opening of the vaults, in which was a depth of three feet of water. If the horrid stench of the unopened cemetery could have been surpassed in offensiveness, it was by the exposure and pumping out of the stagnant fluid; and the respectable householders of the vicinity declared, that had it occurred in the summer, there is no doubt but that some dreadful and contagious disease would have been the result."

Such are the disgusting concomitants which distinguish that "*last, not least,*" species of human infirmity which seeks to prolong our stay *with the living*, after the "worms have done their office." Is it not an unnecessary display of the nakedness and shame of our primeval doom thus to erect ourselves a charnel-house in the face of day, and amidst the busy pursuits of our fellow-mortals? The Everlasting has doomed our bodies to return to their kindred and congenial earth; and shall we, encircling us in the gorgeous apparel of a kingly tomb, contrast our loathsome decay with the richness of velvet, and the glittering of gold, and, by our protracted presence, annoy and endanger the living? To defend our position negatively, and without impugning the hallowed authorities already alluded to, we may challenge, with safety, any writer to prove that the practice is sanctioned by divine promulgation; and as to the customs of antiquity in regard to the burial of their dead, taking into view the different climates, prejudices, and superstitions of foreign nations, we should not shrink from breaking a lance with an opponent in the arena of controversy, in support of our doctrine. In such a contest we should have no fear

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of being able to prove, that this system of interment is sinful in the eye of God, and degrading in the face of man—a tinseled and humiliating record of our mutability, replete with moral inconsistency and physical evil.

The author of the before-mentioned paper maintained the absurdity, and ridiculed the weakness which dictated such a mode of burial, asserting its contrariety to the divine edict, "Dust thou art, and *unto dust* thou shalt return;" and dwelt upon the risk of contagion from such a custom. His antagonist answered with a few arguments drawn from antiquity and the Scriptures, in favour of interring in vaults; arguments which we flatter ourselves we shall be able fully to refute. He adduced the example of Joshua, who after having hanged the five captured kings, threw their bodies into *a cave* "where they had been hid," (Joshua x. 27.) He cited the burial of Lazarus as corroborative of vaulted interment; and refers also to that of our Saviour. After garnishing the nettles of his prosing with the flowers of Holy Writ, he wound up his exposition with an eulogy on what he termed "the light thrown upon history" by such interments, as regards the recognition of persons and features; and a declaration that there was none of the inconvenience or danger apprehended, or demonstrated, by the first writer; as the care of the mason or architect precluded the possibility of contagion. We will now endeavour to answer this gentleman's objections, *seriatim*.

The precedent of the Egyptians embalming and preserving their dead will not warrant the use of subterranean interment in our climate; as it has been recently proved that the inhabitants of that formerly great and populous country were *obliged* thus to dispose of their dead. The only irrigation, as is well known, which the land of Egypt receives is from the swelling of the river Nile, which, overflowing the country, continues stagnant for several days; and, retiring to its bed, leaves a muddy deposite on the face of the soil; the intense rays of the sun falling on this sediment, gradually restores the land to its usual consistency; but the process of such restoration generates that noxious malaria so often productive of infectious disease; added to this, the copious moistening which even the substratum of the soil receives, remains for a long period after the reflux of the river. Now, it has been proved that the Egyptians, finding that the burial of their dead in the ground which was thus saturated, was the primary cause of that dreadful malaria which produced the plague, *were obliged to abandon that mode of burial*, and have recourse to embalming, placing the bodies in catacombs excavated in dry places, and at considerable distances from their dwellings. So much for the origin of the practice in Egypt; and now let us investigate the proofs taken from Scripture.

As to the first example, that of the degrading disposal of the bodies of the five executed kings by Joshua, how can we possibly infer, that because they were thrown "into the cave wherein they had been hid," and great stones rolled into the mouth of the cave, that such a mark of ignominy was the manner of entombment then in use? As well might we insist, that because it was customary in our country, about half a century ago, to suspend the bodies of murderers on gibbets, that that was the rite of burial in use in England. Again, on the other hand, we read that after Absalom was slain in the oak, his body was thrown *into a pit* in the wood of Ephraim; so that we might infer from this, (were not the position untenable) that such a disposal of the dead authorizes the supposition, that it was the practice of Scriptural nations *to bury in the earth*. As to the second example, that of Lazarus; it is true we are told that the scene of his sepulchral rest was "a cave, and a stone lay upon it;" but the frequent repetition of the word "grave," and the information given by the Evangelist, (John xi. 17,) that "when Jesus came, he found that he had lain *in the grave* four days already," admit of the probability of there having been a grave within the recess; and this idea is further strengthened by the expression of doubt conveyed in the words of Martha, "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days;" which shows that the corpse was not embalmed, and being thus perishable, it is not likely that they would leave the body *above ground* in the cave, which, it is probable, was destined to be periodically opened for the reception of the ashes of others. Yet, admitting that the Oriental nations interred in caves, we find that these were *in fields or remote places*; and we cannot, by any ingenuity of controversy, strain a comparison between those retired and certainly appropriate sepulchres, and the horrid receptacles of unentombed humanity which are to be found in our crowded cities. But to glance at the

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last instance quoted by this gentleman, the burial of our Lord himself, whose body was deposited in a sepulchre newly hewn, and "in which never man had lain." Though our Lord was destined by his Father to assume the garb and evanescence of humanity, the provisions of that earthly assumption extended not to him after death: his body was not destined to claim companionship with the dust of the earth: and though a common interment, "with the funeral ceremonies of the Jews," marked the exit of our Great Deliverer, his body was exculpated from the doom of inglorious decay: in the words of Inspiration, "Thou didst not leave his soul in hell, neither didst thou suffer thy Holy One *to see corruption!*"

The "light thrown upon history" by the discovery of bodies identifiable with historic record, or graphic semblance, is incomparably trifling when weighed with the evil of such a system (for evil it is, though, to a superficial observer, its origin may seem obscure.) We have felt exquisite gratification on reading of the exhumation of Robert Bruce, Charles I., Hampden, and other worthies; and we have experienced the thrill of reverential admiration for departed genius on perusing M'Diarmid's account of the disinterment of Burns,—at the appearance of whose lineaments the workmen stood uncovered; yet the ashes of this illustrious being were consigned to the keeping of his "mother earth;" and on the admission of air into his coffin, that manly face beamed but for a moment in its chastened melancholy, and then, as if shrinking from intrusion on its solitude, melted away, to be beholden no more until that "second coming" which shall "change our vile bodies!" But the rarity of such discoveries, and the interest attending them, present so feeble a barrier to the reasoning against interments in vaults, that to refer to proofs, and expend argument upon them, would be superfluous; and this part of the writer's theory is, perhaps, the most unworthy of animadversion.

The assertion, that "a little care on the part of the architect or mason would prevent the possibility of contagion," strikingly displays the ignorance of this writer, and serves to convince us that he has never been in, nor knows any thing of, a vault for burial. "A little care on the part of the architect or mason," forsooth! What application has this remark to those numerous vaults in London and other immense cities, where the coffins are piled tier upon tier, to the number of eighty or one hundred in one vault, until the superincumbent weight bears down the inferior pile, demolishing even the triple casement, exposing the mysteries of the tomb, and poisoning the air with the awful fetor of mortal decay? We have no wish to draw *the too flimsy curtain* which veils such secrets; but we may be permitted to detail the opening of *one* of a series of vaults in a church in London, renowned for its antiquity, preparatory to the reception of the remains of the wife of a public character; and which resembled the scene described by the first writer. When the vault was opened, such was the overpowering stench, that it was a long time ere the workmen could descend. Some period had elapsed since the preceding burial, and the condition of the vault may be more easily imagined than described. It was a square building, the dimensions, perhaps, 12 feet by 18, dimly lighted by small grated windows to the churchyard. The constantly-recurring influx of rain and melted snow, for so many years, had formed a bed of slime upon the floor, of considerable thickness, the dampness of which accelerated the yet slow decomposition of bodies which had been progressing towards that state for ten, fifteen, and twenty years. The men, in removing the coffins, had their constitutional apathy put to the severest test, and were obliged to fortify themselves by having recourse to partial intoxication, during nearly the whole of the time, which was upwards of a fortnight. But oh! who could have forborne to shudder at the repulsive secrets which they revealed, and which ought to have been for ever hidden in the womb of earth! The reverend head of ecclesiastical dignity, and the features of forensic and lordly eloquence, were alike verging to a loathsome senescence amidst "the melancholy brightness of the lacquered plate, and the well-wrought cramp-irons;" giving irrefragable assurance, that "to such complexion we must come at last." A kind of iron shelving was erecting for the disposition of the coffins; and the workmen, in elevating them to their respective situations, were frequently bespattered with the *black fluid* which they contained, and which sometimes exuded so abundantly as to saturate their clothes and linen, and cause them to make *a temporary retreat from the vault;* on one of which occasions it was remarked to the men, by the gentleman superintending their operations, that he "wished *no one* to stay in such

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a place, for *it was more than mortal man could bear!*" Such a trifling affair as the driving in of a nail, to secure the loosened plates of inscriptions and crests, gave a new impulse to the pestiferous smell, which assailed you immediately on entering the church, though the vault was situate at the extremity. Now, in such a vault as this, (a fair specimen of the generality of them,) what avails "the care of the architect and mason" towards the prevention of such consequences? And who can define *the extent* of that agency which the malaria of such vaults has in the origin of contagious fever in such a crowded city as London, during the months of an intensely hot summer?

To point to passages of Scripture which favour our hypothesis, would be too lengthy a task: they occur in every book of the Sacred Writings. Did the Bible countenance such a mode of interment, it is strange that so elegant and acute a mind as Gessner's should overlook the fact; for, in his "Death of Abel," he describes the dead as being buried in graves dug in the earth. But we leave our remarks with the public, to whom the other writers have submitted their cause; and though we have materially compressed the comments we originally intended to make, our readers will concur with us in admitting that the custom of interring in vaults is unsanctioned by Scripture and antiquity; that it is contrary to reason, religion, and morality; and fraught with danger to the public health. What so natural as to consign our "ashes to ashes," and our "dust to dust!" A northern poet, in unison with our hypothesis, aptly observes:—

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother,
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office."

* * H.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

(For the Mirror.)

ALMOST every distinguished character of ancient and modern times has had some peculiar amusement to which he addicted himself, as a relaxation from severer studies. It is extremely curious to observe how much the highest and brightest order of minds have delighted in trifles. Agesilaus amused himself and his children by riding on a stick, and the great Scipio by picking up shells on the sea shore. The most grave and studious, says Plutarch, "use feasts, and jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meat." Socrates, in his leisure hours, was accustomed to dance and sing for diversion. The grave Scaliger relates that he was greatly affected by music, and had much delight in beholding dancing. Lucian also confesses that he was infinitely pleased with singing, dancing, and music. Mæcenas was fond of sports and games, in which he was frequently joined by Virgil and Horace. The first of our bards, the immortal Shakspeare, was passionately attached to music, and was an excellent performer on the bass viol, accompanying himself with his voice, which was particularly sweet and harmonious. Gibbon and Pope, suffering much from ill health, found their principal relaxation in pacing quietly up and down a highly-cultivated garden. Gray was rather lady-like in his amusements; fancying no gratification more delightful than lying on a sofa reading novels. Johnson, as is well known, maintained that life contained nothing better than rattling along in a post-chaise; but this is quite outdone by the absurdity of Swift, who amused himself with driving and chasing his friends, the two Sheridans, through all the rooms of the deanery. The literati have also shown themselves by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table and the sparkling graces of the wine cup. Thomson was an epicure of the first order, and an indolent epicure who would order some favourite dish, and then lie in bed till his servant announced it to be on the table: he would never suffer his peaches to be gathered, but stand with his hands behind him and bite the sunny side of the fruit as it grew on the wall. Pope was rather nice than voracious in his epicurism; but Johnson regarding his palate with undivided attention, would eat till the veins started on his forehead. Montaigne gives a very candid account of his love of delicacies. "It is indecent, and hurts one's health to eat so greedily as I do. I often bite my tongue, and sometimes my fingers, in my haste." None of our English gourmands have yet exchanged the fork for their fingers, though in their love of the banquet they may have equalled the Frenchman.

M. B. H.

MONTEZUMA.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT gorgeous dreams of future wealth and sway
Burst on the Spaniards, when they first beheld

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The Mexique monarch's home! "This is enchantment."
The fierce invaders cried. Before them stretch'd
The plain luxuriant 'neath a burning sun,
And an unsullied sky! Cities and towns
Did show like constellations on the mead;
A rich Pactolus stream'd from each bright hill
That bound the circling landscape to the view!
The lake, which like a golden sea appeared,
Shone beauteous in the midst—on it repos'd
The proudest monument of native art
That e'er th' uncultivated world upthrew,
The island capital! to which three causeways led
Over the tepid lake—The gilded roofs,
The domes and spires, the glittering minarets
With dazzling splendour glow'd!—Such was Mexico.
The pride and glory of the Western world!
This was the central city of the realm
O'er which the warlike Montezuma sway'd.
Before whose throne a hundred Caziques knelt!
A thousand lords did homage!—unto whom
A countless myriad from the East and West—
From North and South—from countries far and ide
Brought tribute—whose bright fame had spread
O'er all the ample sweep of that great continent
Each mountain gave the choicest of her flocks—
Each teeming valley her abundance pour'd—
Each river wash'd her golden sands into his l'p
And all the plenty of the land was his—
With barbarous pomp the gorgeous chief receives
His treacherous foe, as Troy of old——
* * * * * * *
It was at noon-day that they seiz'd the king
(Who had with hospitality receiv'd them)
* * * * * * *
The city rose in arms—the haughty monarch,
Subdued in spirit by the galling yoke
Of long captivity, was held on high;
And every vassal bow'd his head—that done—
A flight of arrows from the Mexique bows
Besieg'd the Spaniards—Montezuma fell!
Slain by his subjects—each of whom dismay'd
Fled from the scene and in his temple wept before
The idols of his fathers. Every day
Renew'd the strife. Revenge, the only cry.
'Twas midnight—the Castilian host
Unto the causeway of Tacuba sped,
Unseen to fly from whence 'twere death to stay.
The moon was veil'd behind the angry clouds—
The night birds scream'd aloft; not one poor star
Did light his lamp to show the dubious path
Over the broken archways; silence reign'd—
But 'twas the ominous silence of the storm.
The solemn tramp of the retiring host
Was not unheard: scarce had they gain'd the shore,
When from all parts of that great city rose
One universal, simultaneous shout;—
One general peal of warlike music rang;—
And the great war-drum in the temple toll'd.
All Mexico in arms at once rush'd on,
Assailing and assail'd. Friends and foes—
Spaniards and natives, Tlascalan allies—
Push'd on, o'erthrowing and o'erthrown—commingled.
The wounded Cortes, with scarce half his band,
Surviv'd, and gain'd Tacuba's shore. 'Twas then
That horror reign'd;—their luckless comrades ta'en,
That night were offer'd unto idol gods.
Such their desert—such ever should it be,
When man, insatiate, o'er his fellow lords,
Grasps, with hands of blood, his neighbour's gold.
How grimly stern did lurid vengeance frown
On that appalling night.

CYMBELINE.

Notes of a Reader.

AMIABLE YOUTH.

In a brief but highly laudatory review of Mr. Godwin's tale of *Cloudesley*, we find the following beautiful portrait of an injured orphan boy. The reviewer characterizes it as "one of the sweetest pictures of educated, civilized youth" he ever remembers to have read:—

"In the various pursuits of classical studies and the English language, in a word, of every thing adapted to his years, the progress of Julian was at this time astonishingly rapid. In the course of the next six or seven years, he shook off every thing that was childish and puerile, without substituting in its stead the slightest tincture of pedantry. The frankness and nobility of his spirit defended him from all danger on that side. The constitution of his nature was incapable of combining itself with any alloy of the fop or the coxcomb. All his motions were free, animated, and elastic. They sprung into being instant, and as by inspiration, without waiting to demand the sanction of the deliberative faculty. They were born perfect, as Minerva is feigned to have sprung in complete panoply from the head of Jove. The sentiments of his mind unfolded themselves, without trench or wrinkle, in his honest countenance and impassioned features. Into that starry region no disguise could ever intrude; and the clear and melodious tones of his voice were a transparent medium to the thoughts of his heart. Persuasion hung on all he said, and it was next to impossible that the most rugged nature and the most inexorable spirit should dispute his bidding. And this was the case, because all he did was in love, in warm affection, in a single desire for the happiness of those about him. Every one hastened to perform his behests, because the idea of empire and command never entered his thoughts. He seemed as if he lived in

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a world made expressly for him, so precisely did all with whom he came into contact appear to form their tone on his.

"And, in the midst of all his studies and literary improvement, he in no wise neglected any of that bodily dexterity by which he had been early distinguished. His mastery in swimming, in handling the dart and the bow, in swiftness of foot, and in wrestling, kept pace with his other accomplishments. Nor was his corporeal strength any way behind his other endowments. He could throw the discus higher and farther than any of his competitors. But his greatest excellence in this kind was in horsemanship. He sprang from the ground like a bird, as if his natural quality had been to mount into the air. He vaulted into his seat like an angel that had descended into it from the conveyance of a sunbeam. He had a favourite horse, familiar, as it were, with all the thoughts of his rider, and that showed himself pleased and proud of the notice of the noble youth. He snorted, and bent his neck in the most graceful attitudes, and beat the ground with his hoofs, and showed himself impatient for the signal to leave the goal, and start into his utmost speed. Julian was master of his motions. He would stop, and wind, and exhibit all his perfection of paces, with a whisper, or the lifting of a finger, from him whose approbation excited in the animal the supremest delight. In a word, Julian won the favour of his elders by the clearness of his apprehension, and his progress in every thing that was taught him; and of his equals, by his excellence in all kinds of sports and feats of dexterity, which could be equalled only by the modesty, the good humour and accommodating spirit, with which he bore his honours, rendering others almost as well satisfied with his superiority as if the triumph had been their own."

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Buonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety as before—and now let's be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best *restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C—, shall be my secretary; as for you, P—, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was, at last, deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the king of Westphalia"—"And I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers—"and that noodle yonder is, no doubt, the king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome, "I am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise: since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill;" at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Na-

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poleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect, the prefect to the minister of the interior, and the minister to the emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital!—*Translated from the French in the Literary Gazette.*

A LIBERTY BOY.

At the period when Buonaparte was about to be named consul for life, General Saint-Hilaire assembled the troops under his command, and delivered the following harangue:—"Comrades! the nation are deliberating on the question if General Buonaparte shall be appointed consul for life. Opinions are free as air: I would not for the world seek to influence yours. However, I think it right to apprize you, that the first man who refuses to vote in Buonaparte's favour shall be shot at the head of his regiment. Liberty for ever!"—*Ibid.*

TASTE FOR ZOOLOGY.

The last *Magazine of Natural History* contains the Address delivered by Mr. Vigors, the ingenious Naturalist, at the breaking-up of the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society, which has been superseded by the formation of the Zoological Society. A more lucid and attractive paper was never yet recorded among the Transactions of any public society. It has none of the cramp-work or useless parade of scientific learning, but exhibits in elegant and comprehensive language, the benefits conferred on zoology by the Institution since its establishment. Nearly all of these accessions to science will even interest the general reader, and we the more regret having only space for the following passage on the present popularity of zoological studies:—

"A striking feature in modern zoology is the publication of popular treatises on the subject. The extent to which some of the more valuable of these productions have been lately circulated,—I shall instance more particularly the *Menageries* and the volumes on *Insect Architecture*, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—not only proves the popularity of the science, but points out one of the powerful causes that contribute to the cultivation of it. When I mention to you that copies of these publications have been disseminated by tens of thousands, you may calculate not merely how many readers participate in the delights of the study, but how many of them may be induced from the perusal to become observers of nature, if not active co-operators in the science. We may almost, in fact, compare the effects of this copious dissemination of cheap and popular information, to those produced by the invention of the art of printing itself. It was of little avail to the great proportion of mankind that the art existed, if its beneficial effects were to extend only to the opulent and the learned. The fount of knowledge is now open to all: and that it will not be poisoned by rank or unprofitable infusions, we have an assurance in the cordial superintendence of those individuals who are most interested in preserving its purity. It is one of the most auspicious signs of the times in which we live, that men of science, without neglecting those more recondite and technical performances in which it is necessary to concentrate their knowledge, unite in arraying it in that attractive exterior which recommends it to the good offices of every man."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

SKETCH OF A RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is no other capital that possesses within a charmed circle, as it were, such a variety of beautiful excursions as this city; both sides of the Bosphorus, to the distance of twelve miles, are covered with vales, hills, groves, and sweet retired places, with which the bare and shadeless shores of Naples, or the desert territory that forms half the vicinity of Paris, can bear no comparison. One of the highest attractions of a great city is, surely, to be able to transport oneself, in a few moments, from society and tumult into the loneliness and loveliness of nature: here the stranger has only to step into one of the many hundreds of light barks that wait his bidding, and a few strokes of the oar bear him at once into some rich and silent scene, where the hum of the world is no longer heard. A

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small village, a few miles from the city, was more than once our favourite resort: it stood on a steep declivity, and was entirely embosomed in wood, through whose branches the waters of the Bosphorus were seen at the foot of the eminence. The windows of the dwelling where we lodged looked forth on the most exquisite scenery, the sails of almost every nation were perpetually passing by; in the evening came the gilded barks of the Turks, and the cruel sounds of the war sometimes broke on the ear; but in itself the dwelling was a perfect solitude in the midst of its garden, with a cool marble hall, where we preferred to take our meals, for the heat was often excessive. The village in the glen beneath was very neat and shaded, with a fountain in the middle, and a coffee-house adjoining, which was generally full of people, enjoying their coffee and chibouque, and listening to the sounds of the pipe and tambour. Notes of melancholy and sadness, however, would have better suited the condition of more than one family in the neighbourhood. In our walks we passed by sometimes the desolate dwellings, or rather palaces, of two Armenians of wealth and rank: they had been put to death on some charge of treason, and their property confiscated. The blow fell heavily on their families, who were compelled to forsake their luxurious homes, and seek a refuge beneath the roofs of some of their friends; but no friends could supply the place of father and husband, suddenly and mercilessly slain. The houses stood on the edge of the water: they were just those homes to which the heart and memory become deeply attached;—not in the crowded streets of the city, but standing afar and alone, amidst wild hills and wooded glens. Every intercession was made to save the lives of these unfortunate men, but in vain, and the prayers and tears of the wives and children could obtain no mercy. One of the former was yet a young woman, and felt bitterly the reverse that had fallen so early on her head; it was, in truth, a stern reverse; the indulged wife, the mistress of a luxurious establishment and numerous domestics, was compelled to go to the capital and reside in a spacious dwelling that belonged to one of her countrymen; but in this dwelling she had only a solitary apartment, that looked out on a large and naked court. Yet it was doubtful, in her misery, which she regretted most keenly, the loss of all her indulgences and luxuries, or the bereavement of her husband; it seemed, at times, that the feelings of the woman were stronger than those of the wife. The princely dwellings were in the meantime quite deserted; not a foot entered the many apartments, for the Turks made no use of them. They would have sold them to any bidder, and the price would probably not have been high, for they seemed to be a useless possession.

Amidst the wanderings, near and distant, that take so many of our countrymen to other lands, either in search of a fairer climate, of cheapness, or of picturesque beauty, few situations can be compared for a moment with that of these Armenian dwellings. Their interior was spacious, and very handsomely furnished, if the term may be justly applied to an Oriental residence, into which tables, chairs, mirrors, and beds, do not enter. The Armenians are every where distinguished for their love of luxury;—even their great patriarch, when we visited him, could not possibly, in the costly saloon in which he was seated, have cherished any self-denying thoughts and resolves; the world not only peeped out from every corner, but ran riot round the walls, rich ceiling and floor, ornaments, and splendid attire. What would the first recluses of the Thebais and the wilderness have said, had they entered this chamber of indulgence of the patriarch, in which we took coffee and sweetmeats, and inhaled the odours of rare spices. It is no wonder, if the disciples give way to the love of splendour and enjoyment, where the head of the church sets such an example; and in these now desolate dwellings it was evident no wealth had been spared. The Turks had destroyed or plundered but little of the furniture; and the interior remained in nearly the same state as when the owners had dwelt peacefully there. It was an impressive, but cruel, lesson of the uncertainty of the highest enjoyments; the low ottomans, with their richly-flowered silk covering—the Persian carpets—the floors of costly marble, in the lower apartments, were still there, but "there was silence" in the many chambers. The small casemented windows looked forth on the Bosphorus; and nothing could be more beautiful than to sit here at evening, and see the sun go down on the varied scenery on every side: on the villages with their white minarets—on the hills covered with woods, or the lonely glens at their feet; while the innumerable sails, as they slowly passed, were purpled with the declining ray. The gardens beneath extended to the water's edge, and were full of trees and flowers,

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but without much taste or order.—*British Magazine*, No. 5.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

(Concluded from page 310.)

I FELL in love again, and beautiful and innocent was the being who now attracted me. She was not, like my former love, an eldest daughter, "come out" to prowl about and pounce upon an eligible establishment, where she might "go in" and be mistress of her own actions. My choice was unsophisticated, and I was happy. She jumped for joy when I made my offer, and we were married in a month.

In both my love affairs I had fallen into extremes; my first love was hackneied in the ways of that worst of worlds, the fashionable one; and my second had never been used to good society, and was, consequently, unfit for it. It was my pride to take her everywhere, that she might be *seen*; but it was my shame when she was accosted, for I knew she would be *heard*. She had no conversation; she knew nothing about any thing; the topic of the day was a dead language to her; Sir Walter Scott's name sounded not more sweetly than Sir Richard Birnie's: and Lord Byron was a nobleman, and *nothing more!*

This ignorance, however blissful, was not altogether to my taste; I endeavoured to teach my fair one, and therefore I became to her somewhat of a bore. Certain young men, quite as ignorant of things in general as she could possibly be, frequented my house, and as *they* did *not* teach, she thought them infinitely more agreeable than her husband. She grew weary of me, and, alas! she ran away.

The case was flagrant; without difficulty I obtained damages, and a divorce; but still, as usual, when my friends and neighbours (or rather as benefit playbills express it), when "the nobility, gentry, and public in general," had duly discussed the case, they unanimously decided that there had been "faults on both sides.'

I was now once more a single man, at least in the estimation of marriageable young ladies. But the singleness obtained by a divorce is not quite satisfactory; it is like involuntarily beginning the world again, when, what the newspapers call "the devouring element," has destroyed one's stock in trade. One cannot but remember, also, that "such things were;" and that a certain person, intimately acquainted with all one's failings, and foibles, and fancies, is let loose upon the world, and that, "if a body meet a body in a narrow lane," the accidental rencontre would be a bore.

I am quite sure that nothing endears a couple so much to each other as divorce; the moment all ties are severed, we feel that the *shades* of character cannot, by any possibility, hereafter annoy us, it is astonishing how very prominently all the little *lights* start forth on the canvass. So it was with me; others looked upon me as a single man, but I could not blot from the tablet of my memory that I had heard Jemima Simkins vow to love, to honour, and to obey me. She had done neither of the three duties, and it wounded me keenly to hear faults attributed to both sides; but had a footpad stopped me on the highway, and robbed me of watch and cash, I do believe the same thing would have been said.

The same thing, in fact, *was* said, shortly afterwards, when I was an innocent sufferer, to a severe, indeed, a ruinous extent. Having no domestic ties, no cheerful fire-side at home, I began to get low-spirited, and longed for some sort of occupation. I had no pursuit; I could not ride out of a morning, for the mere purpose of riding home again in the afternoon. It is very well for elderly ladies to take what they call airings; but a man in the prime of life requires something more exciting—at least I did; and when I had arranged with the partners of a banking-house in a neighbouring town, that I should be admitted into the firm, I became comparatively happy, for I deemed myself a man of business.

Accounts were not at all in my way. As a boy, I had sighed over the mysteries of multiplication; addition had added materially to my distress; and subtraction had taken away much of my repose. Daily, however, did I ride into town to call at the bank; assuming all the serious importance of a man of business, talking of my engagements and avocations, and really persuading myself that I had a *great deal* to do.

All this time I actually knew nothing of the true condition of the bank; I had given it "my name, which is no part of me;" and, in return, I was told that I should add considerably to my income. But though *I* had evidently "no *speculation* in my eye," my partners certainly had in theirs. We speculated in mines, and, unluckily, the mines exploded, and the bank was blown up.

This news was told me one morning, when I was snugly enjoying my tea and toast: I was insolvent; every thing I,

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had went to answer the calls upon the bank; and, after all, the creditors were paid three-and-seven-pence in the pound: so they curse me, beggar as I am. The principal obloquy certainly has fallen on my partners; but still every body says there were "faults on both sides."

Is not this hard? Have I not a right to execrate old women's sayings? But I must end my lamentation; and for once I will admit that even the saying in question may, in an instance or two, few and far between, be used with propriety; for should the reader not quite perceive the point and drift of this paper, and accuse the writer of dulness, *then* I am quite sure there must be *faults on both sides.*—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MUSIC.

We have been much gratified with "A History of Music, by W. C. Stafford," forming the 52nd volume of *Constable's Miscellany.* It is withal a delightful little book; and though within four hundred pages, traces the history of Music from its origin to the present day, or, from "Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," to the present popularity of that sylph of song, Miss Paton. It does not pretend to a scientific treatise on Music, but a popular account of the progress of the art; and we are happy to perceive that in the arrangement of his materials, the editor has availed himself of the latest, as well as the best, authorities: his quoted illustrations of national music are extremely interesting, and are principally from recent travellers.

Popular works on Music have always occurred to us as among the most attractive reading: they glide on, and the narrative flows *con spirito*, which is just the character of Mr. Stafford's book. The names, dates, and facts are, for the most part, very neatly brought into the page. Thus, in "Flemish and German Music:"—

"The most celebrated composer Germany has produced since Beethoven, was Carl Maria Von Weber, a native of Eutin, in Holstein, where he was born in 1787. The celebrated *Der Freischutz* has made the name of this author as familiar in the mouths of Englishmen 'as household words;' and his qualities are as well known to us as those of any of our native-born professors. Till the year 1824, however, he had been scarcely heard of in England, though his countrymen were enraptured with him; and the first question put to a foreign amateur, on his arrival in Germany, was—'Do you know the Freyschutz of Marie de Weber?' 'No,' was invariably the reply. 'Fly, then,' was the response, 'and get rid of your culpable ignorance, and we promise you pleasure—admiration—delight—enthusiasm!' All these emotions that opera is undoubtedly capable of exciting; and his *Oberon* and *Euryanthe* are scarcely less highly distinguished by marks of original genius. The enthusiasm excited by the performance of *Der Freischutz* in England, where it was brought out in 1824, caused Mr. Kemble to engage M. Weber as director and composer of the music for Covent Garden Theatre. He was in England, however, only a few months, when he died, at the house of Sir George Smart, in 1826, to the great regret, not merely of the musical world, but of all who knew him."

There is, nevertheless, some obscurity in the preceding extract, from which the general reader would conclude Mr. Kemble to have introduced Weber's *Der Freischutz* to our stage. The fact is, the opera was first offered to Mr. Kemble for Covent Garden Theatre, but being rejected, it was produced at the English Opera House in the following summer (1824). Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the latter theatre, is therefore entitled to distinct mention in the success of the opera in England. The overture to *Der Freischutz* was first publicly played in England at the oratorios of 1824. We chanced to hear it; and so insensible were the audience to its merits, that the early part of the performance was coldly received, and slightly hissed. Towards the close, however, the applause became very great.

The following passage from the "History of Music" will doubtless be acceptable to the reader, as it illustrates the earliest music of our own country:—

"The Saxons, when they conquered England, were heathens; they were converted to Christianity by missionaries, sent over by Pope Gregory, A. D. 596, by whom the Gregorian service was introduced. From that time, the arrival of prelates and other churchmen from Rome, caused it to be generally used in the churches of the island; and, when monasteries were founded, establishments for teaching music were connected with them. The venerable Bede, who lived in the eighth century, was an admirable musician; and he celebrates the

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names of many churchmen and others, who cultivated the tuneful art. Alfred the Great touched the harp with the hand of a master; and, according to the annals of the church at Winchester, and many ancient authors, he founded a musical professorship at Oxford. Music appears, at this period, to have formed an important part of a learned education; but the difficulty of attaining a complete knowledge of it was such, owing to the imperfect state of notation, that nine or ten years were generally spent in the study.

"The celebrated St. Dunstan, who flourished from about A.D. 930, to A.D. 988, was a great musician. He furnished several churches with organs; which instrument seems to have been in very general use in the tenth century in this country. The monks encouraged the study and practice of music; but to them is ascribed the suppression of the romantic and amorous songs of the Saxons, of which we have now no remains.

"The science of music suffered nothing in England from the Norman invasion. The army of William was accompanied by minstrels, one of whom, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for his courage and intrepidity, than for his musical skill, asked and obtained leave to begin the onset. He advanced before the troops, singing the song of Roland; and, rushing into the thickest of the fight, lost his life.

"After the Norman conquest, the itinerant professors of music became known by the general appellation of *Minstrels*; and were also distinguished by the more specific ones of *Rhymers*, *Singers*, *Straytegers*, *Joculators*, or *Jugglers*, *Testours*, or relators of heroic action, *Buffoons*, and *Poets*. The king had his minstrel, who was an officer of rank in the courts of the Norman monarchs; and the household establishments of the nobles and great men were not complete without this important character, who, 'high placed in halls,' formed a striking feature in the rude sports and solemnities of the times. Strutt tells us that, 'in the middle ages, the courts of princes, and the residences of the opulent, were crowded with minstrels; and such large sums of money were expended for their maintenance, that the public treasuries were often drained.'

The name of our gallant and chivalrous monarch, Richard I., must not be omitted in a notice, however brief, of English minstrelsy. He was not only the patron of poets and minstrels, but himself struck the tuneful lyre with no mean hand; and some of his songs are still preserved. The example of the king was followed by his nobles and courtiers; and, in their baronial mansions, on all occasions of high solemn feasts, the observances of chivalry, and the charms of music, were united.

"Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flamed aloof;
From many cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall
The storied tapestry was hung.
With minstrelsy the rafters rung,
Of harps, that from reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright.
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory rose;
And to the strings of various chimes,
Attemper'd the heroic rhymes."

"The imprisonment of Richard, on his return from the Holy Land, by Leopold of Austria, and his deliverance through the means of his minstrel Blondel, by whose indefatigable zeal and devotion to his master's interests it is said that the place of his imprisonment was discovered, are events familiar with every school-boy.

"It is a matter of debate as to the period at which the degree of Doctor in Music was instituted in this country. Wood, in his *History of Oxford*, affirms that it was conferred by Henry II.; but Spelman thinks that the degree was not granted to graduates in any science, in England, till the reign of John, about A.D. 1207. It is certain, however, that music was very early honoured amongst us by the application of this distinction to its professors.

"Walter Odington, a monk of Evesham, in Worcestershire, flourished in the thirteenth century, in the reign of Henry III., and was celebrated for his profound knowledge of music. He wrote a treatise on the art, the fifth and sixth books of which treat of its state in England in the author's time; and we learn from it, that musical tones were expressed by the first seven letters of the alphabet—great, small, and double'; solmization was practised after the Guidonian method; *longs* and *breves* were then in common use in the chanting, or plain song, and five lines were used for the musical stave.

"It is evident from Chaucer, that music was a very general accomplishment in his time. He describes his 'squire' as singing or fluting all the day—his monks, nuns, and mendicant friars, are likewise vocalists; and he mentions, amongst instruments, the fiddle,* psaltry, harp, lute, citern, rote (or

* This was a Saxon term, and seems to have meant the same instrument as the French *viole*.

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hurdy-gurdy), and the organ. Many songs were written at and before this period; but, though we have some remnants of ecclesiastical chants of an earlier date, there is no secular music existing anterior to the fifteenth century. The most ancient English song that has yet been met with, with the music, is one written and composed upon the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. At this period, the English people frequently had music at their weddings, banquets, and other solemnities; and even the lowest class were not without it in their humble amusements. The theory of the art was little known beyond the clergy, who were the composers of the songs (for the most part, at least), which formed the diversion of the laity. Music had also become an essential part of the choral service of the church: it was used in all cathedrals and collegiate churches; and in most of the latter there were large endowments for the canons, minor canons, and choristers.

"It is not exactly known when the musical characters now in use were invented, nor when they were introduced into England. They all appear to have been derived from the points, the use of which Guido, if he was not the first to invent, greatly simplified. We find Thomas de Walsyngham, who flourished about A.D. 1400, mentions five characters as used in his day, viz. the *large*, the *long*, the *breve*, the *semibreve*, and *minim*. He adds—'Of late a new character has been introduced, called a crotchet, which would be of no use, if musicians would only remember, that beyond the minim, no subdivision ought to be made.'—What would this ancient have said to the quavers and demi-semi-quavers of our days?

"Musical notation was much improved by the invention of printing, which, as Sir John Hawkins observes, proved an effectual remedy for all the evils arising from its instability; and, besides easing the public in the article of expense, it introduced such a steady and regular practice, as rendered the musical an universal character."

Perhaps the present work might have been advantageously extended to another volume. We should like to see a fine chapter or two on the philosophy of Music; and though its speculative pleasures would have interfered with the matter-of-fact character of the volume before us, the entertainment of the reader would still have been kept in view.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FLASH.

THE language of the thieves, or the low Londoners (a distinction, I fear, without a difference), is perhaps one of the most expressive—nay, one of the most metaphysical in the world! What deep philosophy, for instance, is there in this phrase, "the oil of Palms!"—(meaning money!)—*Dedication to Paul Clifford.*

CURIOUS COGNOMEN.

THE hero of Waterloo must be reminded at dinner every day of his most brilliant victories; for, by a recent examination at a police-office, it appears that his grace's cook rejoices in the appellation of Monsieur *Bony!* This is reducing the ex-emperor to submission with a vengeance.

LIBERTY GAINED BY FASTING.

THE records of the Tower mention a Scotsman, imprisoned for felony, and strictly watched for six weeks; during which time he did not take the least sustenance; on which account he obtained his pardon. P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE PHŒNIX.

IN the Holy Land, yea all over the east, the palm tree is by way of eminence called the *phœnix*, because of its numerous uses, insomuch that Palestine could hardly be inhabited without it. When the palm tree grows old it is cut down, and the stump burnt to ashes, from which ashes springs a young palm tree, or rather young phœnix.
HALBERT H.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME HANS-TOWNS.

"THE Germans (says Baily,) bordering on the sea, being anciently infested by barbarians, for their defence, entered into a mutual league, and gave themselves the name of *Hans-towns*; either from the sea on which they bordered, or from their faith, which they had plighted to one another with their own hand; *(Hansæ)* or from the same word, which in their language signified a league, society, or association."
P. T. W.

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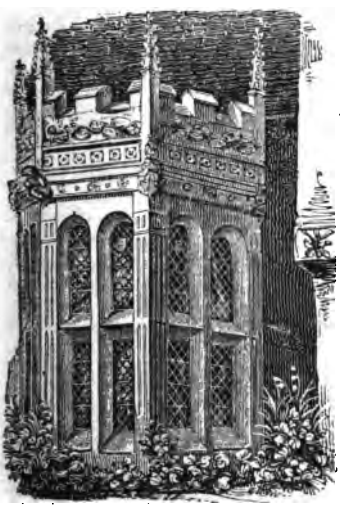
The Mirror

OF

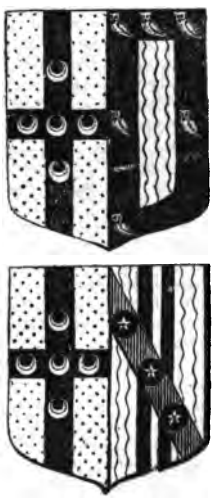
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 429.] SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1830. [PRICE 2*d.*

Riddal Hall, near Leeds.



Window, date 1400.



Arms of the Ellis' Family.

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KIDDAL HALL.

LITTLE need be said in praise of early English architecture, as exhibited in the "proper mansions, houses, and homes" of our forefathers. There is a warmth and breadth of snugness and comfort in the associations which it kindles in our recollections of past ages, which but ill assort with the frigidity and puny proportions of the building taste of our times. Massive, broad-eaved roofs, wherever they are preserved, clumsily contrast with slate-work of yesterday, perking from a clump of nodding foliage; but the rich tracery and casement-work of bay-windows is, to the lover of hoar antiquity, more gratifying than the modern elegance of plate-glass, which in the parlance of philosophy, extended across our window openings, "admits the light while it repels the storm."

Perhaps no portion of architectural antiquities is more popular or attractive than *windows*; and as an interesting illustration of this fact, a correspondent, of considerable antiquarian attainments, has favoured us with the original drawings of the annexed Engravings.

The *first* is a pictorial view of the "Hall" in which the specimen is preserved—viz. "Kiddal Hall"—in the parish of Barwick-in-Elmet, about six miles north-east of Leeds, in Yorkshire.

The *second* Cut is a sectional view of the window, technically termed embayed: the Gothic pinnacles, embattled parapet, and embellishments were very perfect at the date of our drawing—after a lapse of four hundred and thirty years, as stated in the following inscription in old English characters on the exterior:—

"Orate pro aĩ'bus Thome Ellis et Anne uxoris sue qui ista' fenestra' fecerunt An'o Dni MCCCCC."

From the Ellis' family, which long after continued at Kiddal, immediately descended Dr. Ellis, Bishop of Kildare, and the late Right Honourable Welboro Ellis. The present proprietor of Kiddal is —— Wilkinson, Esq., of Potterton.

Within the window are emblazoned the Ellis' arms represented in the *third* Cut, viz. Or, on a cross sa. five crescents of the field.

Barwick-in-Elmet is likewise entitled to special mention as the ancient seat of the Northumbrian kings; and its extent and magnificence have been attested by the discovery of many interesting remains in the Saxon style.

"The vast fortification of Barwick, which probably surpassed every similar work in the kingdom, remains unaccounted for, unless we suppose it to have been the work of Edwin, the most powerful monarch of the whole dynasty, and, in the confusion which followed his death, to have been abandoned by his successors."*

Not a single Saxon coin has been discovered here, but bones discovered outside the trench to the west, within the memory of persons alive, a few years since, prove that it was not abandoned without slaughter.

SINGULAR CHARITY AT ROCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING seen a notice of the Charity at Rochester, in Kent, in *The Mirror*, No. 427, it struck me that it might not be uninteresting to your readers to be informed of the founder of such charity, and a few other particulars relating thereto, in addition to the laconic notice of it by your correspondent, *H. B. A.* I therefore send you the following:—It was founded by Richard Watts, of whom there is a tradition, that being taken suddenly ill, he sent for a Proctor to make his will, who instead of following the instructions given him by the testator, had framed the will, bequeathing the whole of the property to himself; but the testator suddenly recovering from his illness, and discovering the fraud intended to be practised on him by the Proctor, caused him to embody *Proctors* with *Thieves*,† in the exclusion from the benefit of his charity. But there are some who are of opinion, that the inscription refers to such as were wont to collect money under begging briefs, and who were in general infamous characters.

Travellers accepting this charity are allowed the use of a tea-kettle, cups, saucers, plates, knives, and forks, but they must restore, give up, and (if broken) make good every article that is provided for their use and comfort, before leaving the house. A good fire is kept up for the purpose of taking tea or supper, and for drying clothes, &c. There are several rules and regulations for the due preservation of order and decorum, among which is, that they are to go to bed on or before eight o'clock; and to pay implicit obedience to the directions of the matron. Σ. Γ.

* Thoresby's "Leeds."
† I think it is *Rogues* on the stone.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AT ATHENS.

(For the Mirror.)

Classical scholars will no doubt be able readily to refer to the original of the following very curious record of an *ancient* ghost; one not, we believe, quite so well known as the gigantic demon of Brutus, &c.; but perhaps more interesting, because bearing a very considerable resemblance to the apparitions of which we read and hear, in ages somewhat more modern. Those fair readers to whom the works of the celebrated Roman, which contain the following narrative, are in the original tongue "a sealed book," will, we surmise, hail with all due satisfaction, a translation which is likely to gratify the laudable curiosity they must feel respecting the ghosts and haunted houses of ancient times.*

The translation, apparently not by a modern hand, is headed thus:—

Letters out of Pliny. Lib. 7. Epist. 27.

(To Sura.)

"You and I are both at leisure, you to teach, and I to be informed. I have for a long while earnestly desired to know whether there are any such things in reality, as spectres, or whether they are only the results of a fearful imagination. For my part, I am inclined to believe the former, from what happened, as I have been told the story, to Curtius Rufus. He was walking up and down a portico, towards the evening, when the shape of a woman appeared to him, but much bigger than the life, and much more beautiful. This unexpected sight strangely surprised him, when the phantom told him she was Afric, and came on purpose to tell him his fortune; adding, that he was going to Rome, where he should be advanced to the greatest honours; that he should return back to this province in quality of governor, and there die. Everything exactly happened as the spectre foretold. The story goes, that as he was sailing for Carthage, and coming out of the ship, the very same figure met him upon the shore, upon which he felt sick, and remembering what it had formerly told him, gave up all hopes of recovery, before the physicians thought his case dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is much stranger, so is it more terrible than the other. There was a large and stately house at Athens, but untenanted by reason of the ill name it lay under; for in the depth of the night you might hear a noise like that of the dragging of chains, which at first seemed to be farther off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: at last a ghost appeared in the shape of an old man, lean and meagre, with a long beard, and the hair of his head matted; it had fetters about its legs and manacles on its hands, which it shaked and rattled. These strange noises disturbed the neighbourhood so, that few or none could sleep for them; some fell sick with watching so long, and their fears increasing, died soon after; for though the spectre was not visible in the day, yet their memory still represented it to their eyes, and one fear begat another: for this reason no one would dwell in the house, but it stood empty and was left wholly to the ghost to play its midnight frolics in; however, there was a bill put over the door to signify that the house was to be let or sold, if by chance they could meet with a chapman who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happened that one Athenodorus, a philosopher, coming to Athens, read the bill, inquired after the rent, and suspecting there was something extraordinary in the matter, because it was to be had so cheap, he informed himself of the neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole business. He was so far from being discouraged by it that it made him more eager to strike a bargain. When it began to grow dark, he ordered a bed to be made for him in a room that faced the street. He called for paper, ink, and candle, and ordered all his servants to withdraw. He employed his mind, his eyes, and his hands in writing, lest his imagination having nothing to employ it, might be at leisure to create visions and spectres. All the former part of the night the scene continued quiet enough; at last he heard the rattling of iron and shaking of chains. Our philosopher did not so much as lift up his eyes to see what was the matter, nor leave off writing, but endeavoured all he could to neglect it; the noise still increasing and moving nearer, so that sometimes it appeared to be within, and sometimes without, the room, at last Athenodorus looked behind him, and saw it just as the neighbours had described it to him. It stood still and beckoned with its finger, like a man who

* This reminds us that in an early No. of *The Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, appeared some curious notices of modern "Haunted Houses;" and we may be some day inclined to give *Addenda* on the subject, but for the present merely mention it *en passant*.

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calls to another. He, on the other side, made a sign that it should tarry a little for him, and fell a-writing again. All this while the spectre rattled his chains over his head as he writ, and he, looking behind him, found that it beckoned to him as before; so he took up his candle in his hand and followed it. The ghost walked leisurely along, as if its chains did hinder it; after that it turned into the courtyard and immediately vanished underground. Our philosopher took some leaves and herbs that he might know the place again. The next day he went to the magistrates of the town, and advised them to dig in the place where this happened, which accordingly they did, and found a parcel of bones wrapped about with iron chains, formerly belonging to a body, which time, and the earth together had putrified. These relics were publicly buried, after which, the house was haunted no more.

I am inclined to believe this story, having had it so confidently affirmed to me I earnestly entreat you to bestow a little consideration, to inform me better on this point. 'Tis a subject worthy of the deepest inquiry; though I confess I am not worthy to have you to communicate your learned thoughts to me. Although you can plead on both sides, and manage an argument either pro or con, as the custom of the gentlemen of the bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that talent here, but fairly to determine the point, because I would not be dismissed uncertain or left in suspense, since this is my reason for giving you this trouble. Farewell."

To this singular relic we can only add, that as several interesting original papers, as well as extracts from various works, have from time to time appeared in *The Mirror*, elucidating this fact, that almost all the superstitions of times comparatively, and actually modern, have a classical origin, the *family likeness* which the Athenian Ghost bears to many an English one, will be readily acknowledged.

M. L. B.

Select Biography.

CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAITI.

(Abridged from Mr. Mackenzie's "Notes.")

HENRY CHRISTOPHE was born, according to an official account sanctioned by himself, in the island of Grenada, in the year 1769, and came at an early age to St. Domingo. He was not a pure black, but a sambo or griffe, as it is called. He was the slave of a French gentleman, whose daughter resided there when I was at the Cape, to whom the former domestic was kind and attentive in his prosperity. He afterwards became a waiter at an hotel, then privateer's-man, and then returned to an hotel and gaming-house. It does not appear when he entered the army; but in 1801 he was general of brigade and governor of the Cape. He distinguished himself on the arrival of the French expedition, first in his negotiations with Le Clerc, and second by filling his house, richly furnished, with combustibles, and setting fire to it, as a signal for the conflagration of the whole city. Before Toussaint submitted, Christophe had yielded to French ascendancy, and served for some time, but afterwards joined the bands that were roused to revolt by the unsparing atrocities of Rochambeau, whose memory has an unenviable celebrity in every part of Haiti. On the expulsion of the relics of that corps, in 1803, Christophe was one of the officers that signed the act of independence; and although he served under Dessalines, he is reported to have entered into a confederacy which led to the assassination of the Emperor Jacques I. at Pont Rouge. That, however, is resolutely denied by his partisans.

The death of Dessalines was the signal for intrigue; and Christophe, having failed in obtaining the wished-for ascendancy over the whole, retired to the Cape in the beginning of 1807, and was proclaimed president and generalissimo of Haiti. On the 28th of March, 1811, he was elected king, under the title of Henry I. The act called 'La loi constitutionnelle du Conseil d'état, qui établit la royauté à Haiti,' completely established the feudal law.

During his presidency, and the early part of his reign, he was mild, forbearing, and humane; but afterwards his nature seemed to have been completely changed, and he indulged in whatever his uncontrolled passions suggested — and they suggested almost every act that can violate the charities of life; and as he proceeded in his career, he became suspicious and wantonly cruel.

He was destitute of even the elements of education, and scrawled a signature mechanically, without knowing a single letter. He, however, understood English as well as French, and possessed a rare memory, as well as acuteness. Yet he never would speak the former when engaged in discussions with the British, by which means he had leisure to consider the topic which his inter-

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preter was translating, and had at the same time an opportunity of determining the fidelity of that officer. A ludicrous story is told of an American captain, who had been brought before him for some violation of law, and who, indignant at the rating he received, and ignorant of his Majesty's accomplishments, muttered to himself a wish that he had the sable king at Charleston. Henry quietly asked him, 'How much do you think I should fetch?' The offender was dismissed; nor do I believe that any further notice was taken of his irreverent remark.

All his acts were not equally marked by the kingly virtue of mercy, his want of which began to be felt after he assumed the monarchy; for although he had all the semblance of a constitution, he was practically a thorough despot, dictating to the puppets, who appeared to those at a distance to act independently. On his return from his last unsuccessful attempt on Port-au-Prince, in 1812, some busy meddler told him, that the women of colour had gone to the cathedral, to implore Heaven to prevent his return. This was sufficient; bands of sanguinary ruffians proceeded from house to house of those destined for slaughter in the dead of the night, and massacred, without remorse, an immense number of these hapless beings. Indeed it is reported that, on an order for the indiscriminate murder of all the people of colour, even the sanctities of domestic life were violated; and I have sat at the same table with a black general, who I believe to have put to death, with his own hands, his coloured wife and children, in order to satiate his master's thirst for blood. But even that did not secure him from outrage, for in a fit of passion he did him the favour to knock out one of his eyes.

He also assassinated some German officers, who had been allured by his promises to erect fortifications, under some vague pretence of treason; but the real motive was to prevent the exposure of his defences.

Whatever may have been the motives of his early career, those of his latter life, if we can judge from his conduct, were to obtain uncontrolled power, and the most perfect indulgence of all his inclinations, however improper and licentious. I was told by a person who witnessed the transaction, that having detected one of his servants at Sans Souci stealing a very small quantity of salt fish, he ordered him to be laid down in his presence in the kitchen, and the man was literally scourged to death, and all entreaty sternly rejected. His Majesty then went to breakfast with as much composure as if he had been performing a very ordinary act.

I had in my possession a copy of the sentence of a court on a man who had been convicted of robbery, with the mandate of the king to carry it into effect within twenty-four hours. This gentle punishment was to scourge the convict to death with rods.

An English resident, named Davidson, fell under his suspicion as a spy: he was arrested, confined, and was even tortured. At the instance of all the foreigners, he was released, but compelled to quit the country at considerable loss.

His indulgences are described to have been of the most abandoned description. He addicted himself to brandy, which added fuel to his naturally ungovernable passions; and though, to gratify his European friends, he insisted on marriage, and set the example in his own person, yet he habitually broke its ties; and the palace acquired a title to a very degrading designation. It is recorded that the ladies attended there in regular rotation to abide the will of their despotic chief; and not one solitary Lucretia has been immortalized.

Among his other deeds, he was devoted to a female of colour, the wife of one of his officers, who, even when I saw her, justified her pretensions to beauty and grace. In order to have undisturbed possession of the lady, he voted the husband mad, and consigned him for a long time to a mad-house. Sated, however, with the charms he had so ardently coveted, he discovered that their possessor was an improper character, and, above all, that she had 'une mauvaise langue.' He then ordered her to go in procession to the 'Maison des Fous, with drums and trumpets sounding,' to take out her husband, and to restore him to his connubial rights;—and though these violations of decency were public, yet no one dared to report them in Europe, such being the vigilance of his police, and such his dreaded severity.

His archbishops (two) were privately taken off; and so was Medina, the French agent. In short, the dagger and the cord were unsparingly used, and occasionally the poisoned chalice took off an unsuspecting victim, whom it would have been imprudent to have sacrificed more openly. But though I consider it more than probable that such statements are correct, yet as they may have been exaggerated, I do not relate

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them with the same confidence that I have felt in such details as are supported by documents.

In the midst of all this brutality, Christophe was intent on exalting the condition of his kingdom; although his personal gratifications were probably the mainsprings of his action. He was the principal dealer in the country; and some English merchants, who had had extensive transactions with him, have described him to me as singularly well informed on all matters connected with this branch of his business. To promote the civilization of his subjects, he assembled men of talent, even from Europe, established schools, built fortifications, disciplined his army, formed courts for the administration of justice, encouraged commerce and agriculture, and undoubtedly promoted activity and enterprise. But the monarch was sullied with remorseless cruelty. As an ignorant untaught man, he may be considered one of those phenomena that occasionally excite attention, but leave scarcely any beneficial trace behind. He seems to have possessed a rare degree of native acuteness, activity, intrepidity, and the art of commanding the respect of those around him. These qualities, however, united with his absolute ignorance, were disadvantageous, as, while they made him thoroughly master of one view of a subject, he was blind to every other; and thus knowing nothing of the almost imperceptible degrees by which civilization can be rendered permanent, he attempted to carry his object by storm, and succeeded, until bodily infirmity convinced his barbarians that he was mortal. With all his strength of mind, he could not resist the temptation of encouraging a belief that he was protected by a tutelary demon, who would have instantly avenged any insult offered to him. It is also said that he had great faith in *Obeah*. With all his atrocities he was an affectionate father, and endeavoured to place his children above himself in mental culture.

Towards the close of his reign his cruelty became dreadful. He buffeted his generals—beat the governor of the Cape, Richard, with a huge stick, whenever he displeased him—degraded generals to the rank of private soldiers—sent his ministers to labour on the fortifications—and, above all, kept his soldiers in arrear of their pay from extraordinary avarice. A fit of apoplexy gave confidence to the dissatisfied, and revolt broke out, and terminated, as is well known, in the destruction of the monarchy.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LEARNED POODLES.

From the Magazine of Natural History.

Two very remarkable savans now divide the attention of the French public with the romantic tragedy of *Hernani*, by Victor Hugo.

They are poodles from Milan, where they have received their education; the elder, named Fido, is white, with some black patches on his head and back, and the younger, who is called Bianco, is also white, but with red spots. Fido is a grave and serious personage, walks with dignity round the circle assembled to see him, and appears much absorbed in reflexion. Bianco is young and giddy, but full of talent when he chooses to apply it. Owing to his more sedate disposition, Fido, however, is called upon to act the principal part of the exhibition: a word is dictated to him from the Greek, Latin, Italian, German, French, or English language, and selected from a vocabulary where fifty words in each tongue are inscribed, and which altogether make three hundred different combinations. An alphabet is placed before Fido, from it he takes the letters which compose the given word, and lays them in their proper order at the feet of his master. On one occasion he was told to spell the word Heaven, and he quickly placed the letters till he came to the second e; he stood for an instant as if puzzled, but in a moment after he took the e out of the first syllable, and put it into the second. His attainments in orthography, however, are not so surprising as those in arithmetic; he practises the four rules with extraordinary facility, arranges the double ciphers as he did the double vowels in the word heaven, and rarely makes an error. When such does occur, his more thoughtless companion is called in to rectify it, which he invariably does with the greatest quickness, but as he had rather play than work, and pulls Fido by the ears to make him as idle as himself, he is quickly dismissed. One day the steady Fido spelt the word Jupiter with a b, instead of a p, after the manner of the Germans; Bianco was summoned to his aid, who, after contemplating the word, pushed out the b with his nose, and seizing a p between his teeth, put it into the vacancy. Fido is remarkable for the modest firmness with which he insists upon his correctness when he

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feels convinced of it himself; for a lady having struck a repeating watch in his ear, he selected an 8 for the hour, and a 6 for the three quarters. The company present, and his master, called out to him he was wrong; he reviewed his numbers, and stood still, his master insisted, and he again examined his ciphers, after which he went quietly, but not in the least abashed, into the middle of the carpet, and looked at his audience; the watch was then sounded again, and it was found to have struck two at every quarter, and Fido received the plaudits which followed with as gentle a demeanour as he had borne the accusation of error.

One occupation seems to bring the giddy Bianco to the gravity of the elder savant, and when the spectators are tired of arithmetic and orthography, the two dogs either sit down with each other to écarté, or become the antagonists of one of the company. They ask for, or refuse cards, as their hands require, with a most important look, they cut at the proper times, and never mistake one suit for another. They have recourse to their ciphers to mark their points, and on one occasion Bianco having won, he selected his number, and on being asked what were the gains of his adversary, he immediately took an 0 between his teeth, and showed it to the querist; and both seem to know all the turns of the game as thoroughly as the most experienced card-players.

All this passes without the slightest visible or audible sign between the poodles and their master; the spectators are placed within three steps of the carpet on which the performance goes forward; people have gone for the sole purpose of watching the master, every body visits them, and yet no one has yet found out the mode of communication established between them and their owner. Whatever this communication may be, it does not deduct from the wonderful intelligence of these animals; for there must be a multiplicity of signs not only to be understood with eyes or ears, but to be separated from each other in their minds, or to be combined one with another, for the various trials in which they are exercised.

I have seen learned pigs and ponies, and can, after these spectacles, readily imagine how the extraordinary sagacity of a dog may be brought to a knowledge of the orthography of three hundred words; but I must confess myself puzzled by the acquirements of these poodles in arithmetic, which must depend upon the will of the spectator who proposes the numbers; but that which is most surprising of all is the skill with which they play écarté. The gravity and attention with which they carry on their game is almost ludicrous, and the satisfaction of Bianco when he marks his points is perfectly evident.

I must not omit a very amiable feature in the character of these four-footed savans, which is, that their great superiority of instruction over their brethren has not in the least destroyed their more engaging qualities. Not only are they obedient, but lively, affectionate, and gentle, and have not one particle of conceit, though all Paris sees and admires them.

I can vouch for the entire veracity of the above statement, and am, Sir, yours, &c.—*Sarah Lee, 27, Burton Street, Burton Crescent, March*, 1830.

THE VETERAN TAR.

BY DELTA.

A MARINER, whom fate compell'd
To make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof
To mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,
When rock'd amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in this spot of garden ground
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender, that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And, blending with the roses' bloom,
Sea-thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war,
Rigg'd out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung,—his hours,
When lonely to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And stormstones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Stuff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
No relative had he;
Even from his childhood was he seen
A haunter of the quay;
So, at the age of raw thirteen,
He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
He sail'd—a growing lad;
And all the isles of Western Ind,
In endless summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St. Lucie,
To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
When 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
Stoop'd Victory from the batter'd shrouds,
To crown the British tar —
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
On board a ship of war.

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Through forty years of storm and shine,
He plough'd the chanceful deep;
From where beneath the tropic line
The winged fishes leap,
To where frost rocks the Polar seas
To everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man,—
Methinks upon my view
He comes again—his varnish'd hat,
Striped shirt, and jacket blue;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
Keen eye, and plaited queue.

You turfen bench the veteran loved
Beneath the threshold tree,
For from that spot he could survey
The broad expanse of sea,—
That element, where he so long
Had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face,
When drifting in the gale,
He with his telescope could catch,
Far off a coming sail:
It was a music to his ear,
To list the sea-mews' wail!

Oft would he tell how, under Smith,
Upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French,
They join'd the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd
Behind their bags of sand.

And when he told, how, through the Sound,
With Nelson in his might,
They pass'd the Cronberg batteries,
To quell the Dane in fight,—
His voice with vigour fill'd again!
His veteran eye with light!

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak;
And, when he show'd his oaken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye fill'd—for, wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt;
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow,
Life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him stealt.

We miss'd him on our seaward walk;
The children went no more
To listen to his evening talk,
Beside the cottage door;—
Grim palsy held him to the bed,
Which health eschew'd before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day
Beheld him weaker grow;
Day after day, his labouring pulse
Became more faint and slow;
For, in the chambers of his heart,
Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken and he wane,
Till frail as frail could be:
But duly at the hour which brings
Homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prop him in his couch,
To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watch'd the moving boat,
And now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote,
With gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray the mighty sun
Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
Of pilgrim travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came,
A thing to be desired;
And, breathing peace to all around,
The man of war expired

Blackwood's Magazine.

THIRST.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

HUNGER's naething till thrust. Ance in the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I had near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp—lowp—lowpin' out o' ae pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysel' up for lost. Drought had sooked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil ower a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trummle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat and stammack. I spak—and the arid soun' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin' mouls. I thocht on the tongue of a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, whare lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation! —a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain! what a world of life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, intrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I sooked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if withered by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in a rage I fear I swore inwardly, (heev'n forgie me,) that I did na at the last change-house put into my pooch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma' —sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat. Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idewit that had

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planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboun six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflees'—and the dragons?—a' wattin' their bills and their proboscisces in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strieckin' theirsells up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first inseck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak amang the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thocht I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' Thrust! And felt that I was ane of the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leeve beyond the reign o' the element to a' Eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itsel' the haill universe—shone in upon and through my being—I gaz'd upon't wi' a' my senses—mercifu' heaven! what was't but a WELL in the wilderness,—water—water—water,—and as I drank I prayed!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Novelist.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

(By the author of Pelham, &c.)

WITHOUT interfering with the intensely interesting story of this work, we detach the only episode which it contains, merely introducing the hero as one of Paul Clifford's strange bedfellows in misery in the House of Correction:—

History of Augustus Tomlinson.

"Never mind who was my father, nor what was my native place! My first ancestor was Tommy Linn—(his heir became Tom Linn's son): you have heard the ballad made in his praise—

"Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born,
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn;
He had a cap made of a hare skin,—
An elder man is Tommy Linn" &c.*

"There was a sort of prophecy respecting my ancestor's descendant's darkly insinuated in the concluding stanza of this ballad—

"Tommy Linn and his wife, and his wife's mother,
They all fell into the fire together:
They that lay undermost got a hot skin;—
'We are not enough!' said Tommy Linn.' †

"You see the prophecy; it is applicable both to gentlemen rogues and to moderate Whigs; for both are *undermost* in the world, and both are perpetually bawling out '*We are not enough!*'

"I shall begin my own history by saying I went to a north country school, where I was noted for my aptness in learning, and my skill at 'prisoner's base:'—Upon my word I purposed no pun! I was intended for the Church: wishing, betimes, to instruct myself in its ceremonies, I persuaded my schoolmaster's maid-servant to assist me towards promoting a christening. My father did not like this premature love for the sacred rites. He took me home; and, wishing to give my clerical ardour a different turn, prepared me for *writing* sermons, by *reading* me a dozen a-day. I grew tired of this, strange as it may seem to you. 'Father,' said I one morning, 'it is no use talking, I will not go into the Church—that's positive. Give me your blessing, and a hundred pounds, and I'll go up to London, and get a *living* instead of a curacy.' My father stormed, but I got the better at last. I talked of becoming a private tutor; swore I had heard nothing was so easy,—the only things wanted were—pupils; and the only way to get them—was to go to London, and let my learning be known. My poor father!—well, he's gone, and I am glad of it now!—(the speaker's voice faltered)—I got the better, I say, and I came to town, where I had a relation a bookseller. Through his interest, I wrote a book of Travels in Æthiopia, for an earl's son, who wanted to become a lion; and a Treatise on the Greek Particle, dedicated to the prime minister, for a dean, who wanted to become a bishop—Greek being, next to

* See Ritson's *North-Country Chorister.*
† Ibid.

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nterest, the best road to the mitre. These two achievements were liberally paid; so I took a lodging in a first floor, and resolved to make a bold stroke for a wife. What do you think I did?—nay, never guess, it would be hopeless. First, I went to the best tailor, and had my clothes sewn on my back; secondly, I got the peerage and its genealogies by heart; thirdly I marched one night, with the coolest deliberation possible, into the house of a duchess, who was giving an immense rout! The newspapers had inspired me with this idea. I had read of the vast crowds which a lady 'at home' sought to win to her house. I had read of staircases impassable, and ladies carried out in a fit; and common sense told me how impossible it was that the fair receiver should be acquainted with the legality of every importation. I therefore resolved to try my chance, and—entered the body of Augustus Tomlinson, as a piece of stolen goods. Faith! the first night I was shy—I stuck to the staircase, and ogled an old maid of quality, whom I had heard announced as Lady Margaret Sinclair. Doubtless, she had never been ogled before; and she was evidently enraptured with my glances. The next night I read of a ball at the Countess of ——. My heart beat as if I were going to be whipped; but I plucked up courage, and repaired to her ladyship's. There I again beheld the divine Lady Margaret; and, observing that she turned yellow, by way of a blush, when she saw me, I profited by the port I had drunk as an encouragement to my *entré*, and lounging up in the most modish way possible, I reminded her ladyship of an introduction with which *I said* I had once been honoured at the Duke of Dashwell's, and requested her hand for the next cotillon. Oh Paul! fancy my triumph! the old damsel said with a sigh, 'she remembered me very well,' ha! ha! ha! and I carried her off to the cotillon like another Theseus bearing away a second Ariadne. Not to be prolix on this part of my life, I went night after night to balls and routs, for admission to which half the fine gentlemen in London would have given their ears. And I improved my time so well with Lady Margaret, who was her own mistress, and had five thousand pounds,—a devilish bad portion for some, but not to be laughed at by me,—that I began to think *when* the happy day should be fixed. Meanwhile, as Lady Margaret introduced me to some of her friends, and my lodgings were in a good situation, I had been honoured with some real invitations. The only two questions I ever was asked were (carelessly), 'Was I the only son?' and on my veritable answer 'Yes!' 'What' (this was more warmly put)—'what was my county?'—luckily my county was a wide one—Yorkshire; and any of its inhabitants whom the fair interrogators might have questioned about me could only have answered, 'I was not in their part of it.'

"Well, Paul, I grew so bold by success, that the devil one day put it into my head to go to a great dinner party at the Duke of Dashwell's. I went, dined, nothing happened: I came away, and the next morning I read in the papers—

"'Mysterious affair,—person lately going about—first houses—most fashionable parties—nobody knows—Duke of Dashwell's yesterday. Duke not like to make disturbance—as—Royalty present!'

"The journal dropped from my hands. At that moment, the girl of the house gave me a note from Lady Margaret,—alluded to the paragraph;—wondered who was 'The Stranger;'—hoped to see me that night at Lord A——'s, to whose party I said I had been asked;—speak then more fully on those matters I had touched on!'—in short, dear Paul, a tender epistle! All great men are fatalists: I am one now: fate made me a madman: in the very face of this ominous paragraph, I mustered up courage, and went that night to Lord A——'s."

(The imposture is detected.)

"Not a word could I utter, Paul—not a word. Had it been the high-road, instead of a ball-room, I could have talked loudly enough, but I was under a spell. 'Ehem!' I faltered at last:—'E—h—e—m! Some mis—take, I—I.' There I stopped. 'Sir,' said the earl, regarding me with a grave sternness, 'you had better withdraw!'

"'Bless me! what's all this?' cried Lady Margaret, dropping my palsied arm, and gazing on me as if she expected me to talk like a hero.

"'Oh,' said I, 'Eh—e—m, eh—e—m, I will exp—lain to-morrow, eh—e—m, e—h—e—m.' I made to the door; all the eyes in the room seemed turned into burning-glasses, and blistered the very skin on my face. I heard a gentle shriek as I left the apartment; Lady Margaret fainting, I suppose! There ended my courtship, and my adventures in 'the best society.' I fell melancholy at the ill success of my scheme. I fell melancholy on it, especially as my duns became menacing. So, I went to consult with my cousin the bookseller. He recom-

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mended me to compose for the journals, and obtained me an offer. I went to work very patiently for a short time, and contracted some agreeable friendships with gentlemen whom I met at an ordinary in St. James's. Still, my duns, though I paid them by driblets, were the plague of my life: I confessed as much to one of my new friends. 'Come to Bath with me,' quoth he, 'for a week, and you shall return as rich as a Jew.' I accepted the offer, and went to Bath in my friend's chariot. He took the name of Lord Dunshunner, an Irish peer who had never been out of Galway, and was not therefore likely to be known at Bath. He took also a house for a year, filled it with wines, books, and a sideboard of plate: as he talked vaguely of setting up (at the next parliament) for the town, he bought these goods of the townspeople, in order to encourage their trade; I managed secretly to transport them to London and sell them; and as we disposed of them fifty per cent. under cost price, our customers, the pawnbrokers, were not very inquisitive. We lived a jolly life at Bath for a couple of months, and departed one night leaving our housekeeper to answer all interrogatories. We had taken the precaution to wear disguises, stuffed ourselves out, and changed the hues of our hair: my noble friend was an adept in these transformations; and though the police did not sleep on the business, they never stumbled on us. I am especially glad we were not discovered, for I liked Bath excessively, and I intend to return there some of these days, and retire from the world—on an heiress!

"Well, Paul, shortly after this adventure, I made your acquaintance. I continued ostensibly my literary profession, but only as a mask for the labours I did not profess. A circumstance obliged me to leave London rather precipitately. Lord Dunshunner joined me in Edinburgh. D— it, instead of doing any thing *there*, we were done.

"We left Edinburgh with very long faces, and at Carlisle we found it necessary to separate. For my part, I went as a valet to a nobleman who had just lost his last servant at Carlisle by a fever: my friend gave me the best of characters! My new master was a very clever man. He astonished people at dinner by the impromptus he prepared at breakfast;—in a word, he was a wit. He soon saw, for he was learned himself, that I had received a classical education, and he employed me in the confidential capacity of finding quotations for him. I classed these alphabetically, and under three heads: 'Parliamentary, Literary, Dining out.' These were again subdivided into 'Fine,' 'Learned,' and 'Jocular;' so that my master knew at once where to refer at once for genius, wisdom, and wit. He was delighted with my management of his intellects. In compliment to him, I paid more attention to politics than I had done before, for he was a 'great Whig,' and uncommonly liberal in every thing—but money!—Hence, Paul, the origin of my political principles; and, I thank Heaven, there is not now a rogue in England who is a better, that is to say, more of a moderate Whig than your humble servant! I continued with him nearly a year. He discharged me for a fault worthy of my genius,—other servants may lose the watch or the coat of their master; I went at nobler game, and lost him—*his private character!*

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I was enamoured of a lady who would not have looked at me as Mr. Tomlinson; so I took my master's clothes, and occasionally his carriage, and made love to my nymph, as Lord ——. Her vanity made her indiscreet. The Tory papers got hold of it; and my master, in a change of ministers, was declared by George the Third to be 'too gay for a chancellor of the exchequer.' An old gentleman who had had fifteen children by a wife like a Gorgon, was chosen instead of my master; and although the new minister was a fool in his public capacity, the moral public were perfectly content with him, because of *his private virtues!*

"My master was furious, made the strictest inquiry, *found* me out, and *turned* me out too!

"My last situation had not been lucrative; I had neglected my perquisites, in my ardour for politics. My master, too, refused to give me a character: who would take me without one?

"I was asking myself this melancholy question one morning, when I suddenly encountered one of the fine friends I had picked up at my old haunt, the ordinary, in St. James's. His name was Pepper.

"We went to a tavern, and drank a bottle together. Wine made me communicative: it also opened my comrade's heart. He asked me to take a ride with him that night towards Hounslow. I did so, and found a purse."

"How fortunate! Where?"

"In a gentleman's pocket. I was so pleased with my luck, that I went the same road twice a-week, in order to see if I could pick up any *more* purses. Fate favoured me, and I lived for a long

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time the life of the blest. Oh, Paul, you know not—you know not what a glorious life is that of a highwayman; but you shall taste it one of these days. You shall, on my honour.

"I now lived with a club of honest fellows: we called ourselves 'The Exclusives,' for we were mighty reserved in our associates, and only those who did business on a grand scale were admitted into our set. For my part, with all my love for my profession, I liked ingenuity still better than force, and preferred what the vulgar called swindling, even to the high-road. On an expedition of this sort, I rode once into a country town, and saw a crowd assembled in one corner,—I joined it, and,—guess my feelings! beheld my poor friend, Viscount Dunshunner, just about to be hanged! I rode off as fast as I could,—I thought I saw Jack Ketch at my heels. My horse threw me at a hedge, and I broke my collar-bone. In the confinement that ensued, gloomy ideas floated before me. I did not like to be hanged; so I reasoned against my errors, and repented. I recovered slowly, returned to town, and repaired to my cousin the book seller. To say truth, I had played him a little trick: collected some debts of his by a mistake—very natural in the confusion incident on my distresses.—However, he was extremely unkind about it, and the mistake, natural as it was, had cost me his acquaintance.

"I went now to him with the penitential aspect of the prodigal son, and, 'faith, he would not have made a bad representation of the fatted calf about to be killed on my return; so corpulent looked he, and so dejected! 'Graceless reprobate!' he began; 'your poor father is dead!' I was exceedingly shocked; but—never fear, Paul, I am not about to be pathetic. My father had divided his fortune among all his children; my share was 500*l*. The possession of this sum made my penitence seem much more sincere in the eyes of my good cousin; and after a very pathetic scene, he took me once more into favour. I now consulted with him as to the best method of laying out my capital and recovering my character. We could not devise any scheme at the first conference; but the second time I saw him, my cousin said with a cheerful countenance, 'Cheer up, Augustus, I have got thee a situation. Mr. Asgrave, the banker, will take thee as a clerk. He is a most worthy man; and having a vast deal of learning, he will respect thee for thy acquirements.' The same day I was introduced to Mr. Asgrave, who was a little man, with a fine bald benevolent head; and after a long conversation which he was pleased to hold with me, I became one of his quill-drivers. I don't know how it was, but by little and little, I rose in my master's good graces: I propitiated him, I fancy, by disposing of my 500*l*. according to his advice. He laid it out for me, on what he said was famous security, on a landed estate. Mr. Asgrave was of social habits: he had a capital house and excellent wines. As he was not very particular in his company, nor ambitious of visiting the great, he often suffered me to make one of his table, and was pleased to hold long arguments with me about the ancients. I soon found out that my master was a great moral philosopher; and being myself in weak health, sated of the ordinary pursuits of the world, in which my experience had forestalled my years, and naturally of a contemplative temperament, I turned my attention to the moral studies which so fascinated my employer. I read through nine shelves full of metaphysicians, and knew exactly the points in which those illustrious thinkers quarrelled with each other to the great advance of the science. My master and I used to hold many a long discussion about the nature of good and evil; and as by help of his benevolent forehead and a clear dogged voice, he always seemed to our audience to be the wiser and better man of the two, he was very well pleased with our disputes. This gentleman had an only daughter, an awful shrew, with a face like a hatchet; but philosophers overcome personal defects: and thinking only of the good her wealth might enable me to do to my fellow-creatures, I secretly made love to her. You will say, that was playing my master but a scurvy trick in return for his kindness,—not at all, my master himself had convinced me, that there was no such virtue as gratitude. It was an error of vulgar moralists. I yielded to his arguments, and at length privately espoused his daughter. The day after this took place, he summoned me to his study. 'So, Augustus,' said he very mildly, 'you have married my daughter: nay, never look confused; I saw a long time ago that you were resolved to do so, and I was very glad of it.'

"I attempted to falter out something like thanks. 'Never interrupt me!' said he. I had two reasons for being glad: first, because my daughter was the plague of my life, and I wanted some one to take her off my hands; secondly, because I required your assistance on a particular point, and I

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could not venture to ask it of any one but my son-in-law. In fine, I wish to take you into partnership!!!'

"'Partnership!' cried I, falling on my knees. 'Noble—generous man!'

"'Stay a bit,' continued my father-in-law. 'What funds do you think requisite for the carrying on a bank? You look puzzled! Not a shilling! You will put in just as much as I do. You will put in rather more; for you once put in five hundred pounds, which has been spent long ago. *I* don't put in a shilling of my own. I live on my clients, and I very willingly offer you half of them!'

"Imagine, dear Paul, my astonishment, my dismay! I saw myself married to a hideous shrew—son-in-law to a penniless scoundrel, and cheated out of my whole fortune!

"As Mr. Asgrave was an indolent man, who passed his mornings in speculations on virtue, I was made the active partner. I spent the day at the counting-house; and when I came home for recreation, my wife scratched my eyes out."

"Of course I assumed, in all my changes, both Aliases and Disguises. And, to tell you the truth, my marriage so altered me, that what with a snuff-coloured coat, and a brown scratch wig, with a pen in my right ear, I looked the very picture of staid respectability. My face grew an inch longer every day.

"Well, we went on splendidly enough for about a year. Meanwhile I was wonderfully improved in philosophy.—At length, unhappily for my fame (for I contemplated a magnificent moral history of man, which, had she lived a year longer, I should have completed), my wife died in child-bed. My father-in-law and I were talking over the event, when a bit of paper, sealed awry, was given to my partner. He looked over it—finished the discussion, and then told me our bank had stopped payment.—'Now, Augustus,' said he, lighting his pipe with the bit of paper, 'you see the good of having nothing to lose!'

"We did not pay quite sixpence in the pound; but my partner was thought so unfortunate that the British public raised a subscription for him, and he retired on an annuity, greatly respected, and very much compassionated. As I had not been so well known as a moralist, and had not the prepossessing advantage of a bald benevolent head, nothing was done for *me*, and I was turned once more on the wide world, to moralize on the vicissitudes of fortune. My cousin the bookseller was no more, and his son cut me. I took a garret in Warwick-court, and with a few books, my only consolation, I endeavoured to nerve my mind to the future. It was at this time, Paul, that my studies really availed me. So soon as my mind had made the grand discovery which Mr. Asgrave had made before me, that one should live according to a system—for if you do wrong, it is then your system that errs, not you—I took the road, without any of those stings of conscience which had hitherto annoyed me in such adventures. I formed one of a capital knot of 'Free Agents,' and I soon rose to distinction among them. But about six weeks ago, not less than formerly preferring by-ways to highways, I attempted to possess myself of a carriage, and sell it at discount. I was acquitted on the felony; but sent hither by Justice Burnflat on the misdemeanor. Thus far, my young friend, hath as yet proceeded the life of Augustus Tomlinson."

Of the work itself we need say only little, since it must already be in the hands of hundreds of novel-readers. But it will not only delight the mere novel-reader; for its biting satire, and accurate knowledge of the inmost recesses of the human heart, entitle it to rank as a philosophical production.

A score or two of the little quips of world-knowledge, picked from volumes 1 and 2, will be found elsewhere in the present sheet; and we are sure the reader will admire their raciness and ready humour. How poor human nature is twitted and tormented with such stings: why! the *furia infernalis* piercing through an elderly gentleman's silk stockings in hot weather is nothing to the razor-edge of fine satire. Swift says it is bandied to and fro like a ball; but it must cut somewhere, even if we do not show the blood.

Notes of a Reader.

EMINENT LAWYERS—INNS OF COURT.

In 1578, Sir Edward Coke was reader of Lyon's Inn; in 1602, Selden became a member of Clifford's Inn; in 1629, Sir Matthew Hale was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn; in 1665, North (Lord Keeper Guilford) was admitted a student of the Middle Temple; Jefferies studied in the Inner Temple, with an income of *50l.*; Somers studied in the Temple, and in the early years of his practice netted *700l.* per annum, a very considerable sum at that period; Murray lived at No. *5*, King's Bench-

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walk. "When he first came to town," says Johnson, "he drank champagne with the wits." Pope had all the warmth of affection for Murray: one of his biographers tells us that "one day he was surprised by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who took the liberty of entering his room without the ceremonious introduction of a servant, in the singular act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, while Pope sat by in the character of a friendly preceptor." Blackstone entered the Middle Temple in 1741. Lord Thurlow was not proud of his ancestry, for he says, "there were two Thurlows in my country—Thurlow the secretary, and Thurlow the carrier: I am descended from the latter." He was of the Inner Temple, and was so poor as to commence his circuit without the means of discharging the necessary expenses of the first stage; and he once contrived to reach the assize town by taking a horse upon trial. He had a duel, in Kensington Gardens, with Mr. Andrew Stewart, who observes that "Thurlow advanced and stood up to him like an elephant."

Of the early part of Mr. Dunning's life few details have been preserved. The assistance afforded him by his father being necessarily very small, he was compelled, while a student, to live in the most economical manner. At this period of his life his intimate friends were Mr. Kenyon, afterwards Lord Kenyon, and the celebrated Horne Tooke, then, like himself, a student of the law. "It would appear," says the biographer of the latter, "that none of the parties were very rich at this period, for they lived with a degree of frugality that will be deemed rather singular, when contrasted with their future wealth and celebrity. I have been frequently assured by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together during the vacation, at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, for the sum of seven-pence halfpenny each. 'As to Dunning and myself,' added he, 'we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny a piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise.'"

Sir William Jones was admitted of the Temple in 1770. Dr. Thackeray, his master at Harrow, said, "so active was the mind of Jones, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches."

Erskine first went to sea, then changed to the army; and when with his regiment in Minorca, not only read prayers, but preached two sermons. On his return to England, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn.

Sir S. Romilly studied at Gray's Inn. *Abridged from Lives of Eminent British Lawyers, Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. vi.

LACONICS.

(Extracted and condensed from Paul Clifford.)

NOTHING so enrages persons on whom one depends, as any expressed determination of seeking independence.

SMOKING.

"SHE sought out another pipe, and, like all imaginative persons when the world goes wrong with them, consoled herself for the absence of realities by the creations of smoke."

"KNOCK HIM DOWN."

THERE is something peculiarly harsh and stunning in those three, hard—wirey—sturdy—stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your fist if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a peaceable man.

SLANG AND SCOTCH.

TARPEIA was crushed beneath the weight of ornaments! The language of the vulgar is a sort of Tarpeia! We could readily believe some gentler beings of the softer sex rather displeased with the tone of the dialogue we have given, did we not recollect how delighted they are with the provincial barbarities of the sister kingdom, whenever they meet them poured over the pages of some Scottish storyteller. As, unhappily for mankind, *broad* Scotch is not yet the universal language of Europe, we suppose our countrywomen will not be more unacquainted with the dialect of their own lower orders, than with that which breathes nasal melodies over the paradise of the North.

WHEN a man who can spell comes to be hanged, the anti-educationists accuse the spelling-book of his murder.

THE only person to whom one ever puts a question with a tolerable certainty of receiving a satisfactory answer is one's self.

CRITICISM is a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches, viz.—to tickle, to slash, and to plaster. To slash, is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and

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branch. To plaster a book is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language, you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice untroweled. But to tickle is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art.

It looks handsome now-a-days to be attended by a bailiff. It shows one *had* credit *once!*

Though hanging is a bad fate, starving is a worse; wherefore, fill your glass, and let us drink to the health of that great donkey, the people, and may we never want saddles to ride it!—To the great donkey, may your *(y) ears* be as long!

A man may reasonably boast of losing his senses, since it is only the minority who have them to lose.

Paul had formed many of his notions from books, and he had the same fine theories of your "moral rogue," that possess the minds of young patriots when they first leave college for the House of Commons, and think integrity a prettier thing than office.

ENGLISH LAW.

Paul was conducted in state to his retreat (a prison) in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old *"file,"* who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade: it being the especial beauty of the English law to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades between vice and misfortune: and its peculiar method of protecting the honest being, to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.

The *Tread-mill*—an admirably just invention, by which a strong man suffers no fatigue, and a weak one loses his health for life.

A turnkey does not care in the least how many men he locks up for an offence, but he does not at all like the trouble of looking after any one of his flock, to see that the offence is not *committed.*

It is with writers as with strolling-players, the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene, do for Highlanders in the next.

A PRISON CELL.

A sort of stone box, that generally accommodates three, and—for we have measured it, as we would have measured the cell of the prisoner of Chillon, just 8 feet by 6.

Young people are apt, erroneously, to believe that it is a bad thing to be exceedingly wicked. The House of Correction is so called, because it is a place where so ridiculous a notion is invariably corrected.

Paul, when in the House of Correction, is visited by Mrs. Lobkins: "they met Pyramus and Thisbe like, with a wall, or rather an iron gate between them."

"O Paul, thou hast brought thy pigs to a fine market."

"'Tis a proper market for pigs, for, of all others, it is the spot where a man learns to take care of his bacon."

Honour to king and country means getting rich and paying taxes. "The more taxes a man pays, the greater honour he is to both."

By prudence and exertion, even in prisons, where a man cannot turn himself, he may manage to turn a penny.

Here is a pun of the first water: Lord Mauleverer suggested to Lord Dareville, a distinguished gourmand, what a capital thing a dish all fins, (turbots' fins) might be made. "Capital," said he, with rapture, "dine on it with me to-morrow." Lord M. agreed, and the next day, after indulging in a pleasing reverie all the morning, as to the manner in which Dareville's cook would accomplish the grand idea, the nobles met. Would you believe it? when the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphitryon had put into the dish Cicero de *finibus.* "There is a work all fins!" said he.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

The veriest urchin that ever crept through the High-street, Edinburgh, is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishman. With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature. They pick your pockets without using their fingers for it; and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick.

DISCONTENT.

My distress almost made me a republican; but, true to my creed, I must confess that I would only have levelled upwards. I equally disaffected the inequality of riches: I looked moodily on every carriage that passed: I even

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frowned like a second Catiline, at the steam of a gentleman's kitchen!

Nothing is so respectable as a long face! and a subdued expression of countenance is the surest sign of commercial prosperity.

You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimes and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air, you know!

Showy theories are always more seductive to the young and clever than suasive examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes them better pleased by being convinced of a thing than by being enticed into it.

A DARK MORNING,—

As dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into air.

A PUN.

[Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo,] which being interpreted, means that I am very glad to get back safe to my *tea*.

There is only one difference between the clever man and the fool; the fool says what is false while the colours stare him in the face and give him the lie; but the clever man takes, as it were, a brush, and literally turns the black into white, and the white into black, before he makes the assertion, which is then true. The fool changes, and is a liar; the clever man makes the colours change, and is a genius.

Somehow or other, *young* people of the gentler sex are rarely ill-bred, even in their eccentricities; and there is often a great deal of grace in inexperience.

Opinions are like *trees*; if they can be made serviceable by standing, don't part with a stick; but when they are of that growth that sells well, or whenever they shut out *a fine prospect*, cut them down, and pack them off by all manner of means.

A fine lady can submit to more hardships than her woman; and every gentleman who travels, smiles at the privations which agonize his valet.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

About a mile from the city of Copenhagen, in a meadow near the public road, stands a small monumental obelisk, which was raised to the memory of Captain Albert Thura, by the Crown Prince. It appears by the inscription, that during the heat of the sanguinary battle of Copenhagen, a signal was made from one of the block ships, that all the officers on board were killed; the Crown Prince, who behaved with distinguished judgment and composure during the whole of that terrific and anxious day, and was giving his orders on shore, exclaimed, "Who will take the command?" The gallant Thura replied, "I will, my prince," and immediately leaped into a boat, and as he was mounting the deck of the block ship, a British shot numbered him amongst the dead, and consigned his spirit and his glory to immortality.

W. G. C.

PEMBROKESHIRE WOMEN.

There is a peculiarity in the dress of the Pembrokeshire women, who, even in the midst of summer, wear a heavy cloth gown, and instead of a cap, a large handkerchief wrapt over their heads and tied under the chin. In the other parts of Wales, the women as well as the men wear large beaver hats, with broad brims flapping over their shoulders.

H. B. A.

SONNET

Made on Isabella Markhame, when I first thoughte her fayre as she stood at the Princesse's windowe in goodlye attyre, and talked to divers in the courte yard.

From a manuscript of John Harrington, dated 1564.

Whence comes my love? O heart disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse,
From eyes that mock the diamond blaze,
Whence comes my love as freely own,
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushynge cheek speaks modest mynde,
The lyps befitting words most kynde,
The eye doth tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to saye 'tis Cupid's fire,
Yet all so fayre but speake my moane,
Sythe noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus my love, so kynde bespeake,
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushyng cheek,
Yet not a hearte to save my payne,
O Venus take thy gifts again,
Make not so fayre to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our own.

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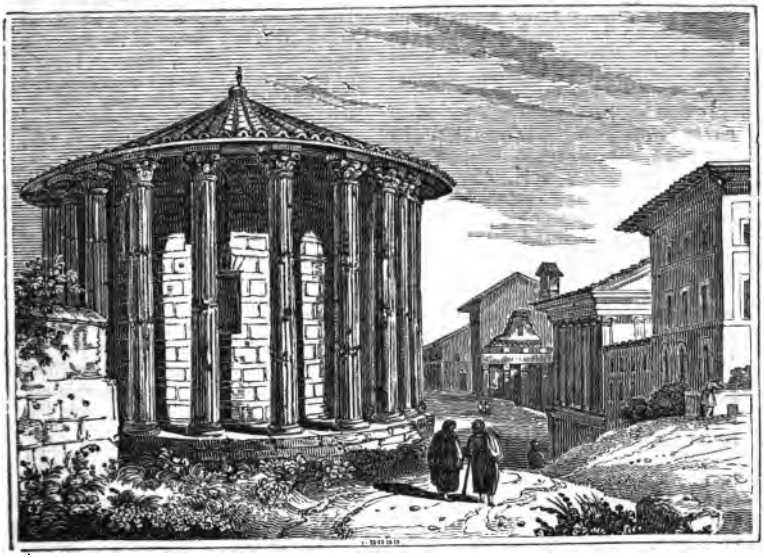
Rome.



Temple of Vesta. House of Rienzi. Temp. Fortuna Virilis.

The Engraving exhibits a few fragments of

> The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
> The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
> That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
> And set the nations free—

Yet these crumbling ruins are even mighty in decay—

> Amid the domes of modern hands,
> Amid the toys of idle state,
> How simply, how severely great!

The site of the above ruins is that part of ancient Rome, which was called the "*Pulchrum littus*," or "beautiful shore," of the Tiber; but which no longer enjoys or merits that epithet. In the foreground stands the "reputed" *Temple of Vesta*. We say "reputed" because there have been many and fierce battles among antiquaries about the different gods and goddesses to whom this beautiful temple might, could, or ought to have belonged. "But at present the contest seems to lie between Hercules and Vesta. The goddess has at least possession in her favour, and the defenders of her ancient rights maintain that hers it must be, because it was circular, and all the temples of Vesta were circular; and because it had windows, and the temples of Vesta alone had windows; and because it had an aperture at the top, and no other temple had an aperture at the top. (Now, you will please to observe, that the temple has no top at all.) The assailants, on the other hand, dispute the antiquity of the windows—deny the aperture at the top—bring Pliny to prove that the temple of Hercules was circular also, and that it stood somewhere hereabouts—and wonder how anybody can doubt that this is the temple of Hercules." Thus writes the very *naïve* and ingenious author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*. We have not room for disputation about the identity of this temple, but the summing-up is pretty conclusive: "it is, I think, pretty clearly established, that there never was more than one temple of Vesta at Rome, and that this is not that one. Still, I am of opinion, that since it has got the name of the temple of Vesta, it should keep it; especially as we have no means of giving it a better, and never can know what it

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is. Be it what it may," continues the same writer, "it is beautiful. It is entirely built of Parian marble, and its portico is composed of a circular colonnade of twenty fluted Corinthian columns; but the entablature has long since disappeared; and though the French removed the vile modern wall that filled up the intercolumniation, the flat, coarse tiled roof that still rests upon the graceful capitals, destroys much of their fine effect."

"Within the colonnade, the small circular cella, built also of marble, is now converted into a chapel, dedicated to 'La Madonna dell' Sole,' (the Virgin of the Sun,) a curious coincidence with its reputed ancient worship of the Virgin Goddess of Fire. This little temple is supposed, from its style, to belong to the age of Domitian."

On the opposite side of the Engraving stands the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*, now known as the church of Santa Maria Egyzziaca. The author already quoted does not, however, place more confidence in the reputed dedication of this temple than he felt inclined to place in the temple of Vesta.

Fortuna Virilis consists of seven fluted Ionic columns, which have formed the side of the temple, and which are elevated on a high *stylobate*, or basement of Tiburtine stones, half sunk in the wall that fills up the intercolumniations. The four columns of the portico, anciently the entrance of the temple, are now concealed by the end wall and entrance of the church. It is worthy of remark, that the volutes are angular in these columns, which is generally considered a modern innovation, and supposed to be the only instance of it in the ancient Ionic. The solidity and plainness of this structure have induced many to consider it a work of the Republic: in which they pay that age no great compliment, for Winkelmann calls it "*Il più peggio di tutti*," the worst of all ancient Roman buildings. If really republican, however, it is the most ancient temple remaining at Rome. All the rest are unquestionably of the empire, and are of marble, which was never in use till the age of Augustus. That it alone is of stone, may therefore, perhaps, give some countenance to the belief of its higher antiquity.*

The decayed building seen nearly in the distance is the *house of Cola, or Nicola Rienzi*, but somewhat obstinately denominated "the house of Pilate." It bears a Latin inscription, of greater length than interest. The story of Rienzi has been rendered familiar to the English reader in Miss Mitford's successful tragedy, embodying the principal incidents of the life of the ambitious Tribune. We gave its analysis at page 232 of vol. xii. of the *Mirror*, to which is appended a slight notice of the building, introduced in the annexed Engraving. We may, however, repeat, that the house is "exactly such as would please the taste of the Roman tribune, being composed of heterogeneous scraps of ancient marble, patched up with barbarous brick pilasters of his own age."

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century. Third Edit. Vol. i. p. 370.

MEMOIR OF A MONKEY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE facts contained in the following narrative are of so extraordinary a kind, that in order to place them on permanent record, they are offered to you for insertion; and I can assure you that, so far from any of the incidents related, being at all exaggerated, they even fall short of the reality. C. P.

On the 21st of February, 1830, died much lamented, *Jenny*, a favourite ring-tailed monkey, aged 37 years: she was brought to England from Oporto, by George Holland, Esq. son of Edmund Holland, Esq. of Great Bircham, Norfolk, in whose family she resided several years, and afterwards (and till her death) in the family of Mr. Pullyn, of Beccles, Suffolk, where she lived twenty-two years; her sagacity and engaging manners attracting the notice of every one. In 1814 she removed with them to Yarmouth, and then appeared first to suffer from change of climate; and indeed it will hardly be credited the extreme heat she could endure and apparently enjoy; for the last seven or eight years of her life, sitting or lying almost constantly at the back of the kitchen range, where it is probable a small saucepan would have boiled; she has often been observed to lie on the top of the fire itself when fresh coals have been put on, and to warm her hands and arms by clasping them round a teakettle of boiling water. Her hair, which in her youth, was very beautiful, and had a fine musky perfume, was entirely destroyed, and her skin so much scorched and hardened by the excessive heat, that in cold weather she would frequently lay hot cinders, which she took from the fire, on her head, and suffer them to roll slowly down her back. She was particularly fond of eggs, and would, if they were left on the fire, take them out of the

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water when boiling, and eat them very quickly, from a dread of being caught in the theft. A remarkable instance occurred from which it would appear that she must have sensibly felt, and also remembered a chiding, (for no harsher means were ever used to correct her;) she was one day very troublesome, and inclined to purloin some of those favourite delicacies when boiling on the fire, when she was threatened by the servant, with having her hands scalded if ever she committed the fault again; and she never afterwards attempted to touch one, though frequently left near her, nor was she ever known to beg for them in her customary way of clapping her hands, though she gladly received them when offered. In short, it is impossible to give an accurate description of the apparent knowledge she possessed without seeming to exaggerate. She endured great suffering for a week previous to her death, and her illness was as remarkable as her habits when in health: she was first attacked with a restless motion as if catching flies, and holding them very closely in her right hand, the fingers of which were so contracted that it was believed, from the agony she felt, that she had eaten them off; nor was it till after her death that the tips of the nails could just be discovered, and they appeared as if slipped into the palm of the hand. Until the last moment of her existence, she was to an affecting degree sensible of, and particularly grateful for, any kindness and attention shown her; in fact, her manner was such as almost to make one doubt that it was an inferior animal to oneself that was claiming attention; and she often looked despairingly and intently at her poor hand, and endeavoured much to use the other, which appeared to be so inconvenient to her that she was obliged to be fed.

She was buried in the garden adjoining the house where she died, and the following epitaph was written by a friend, on the occasion:—

Here a long cherished being shrouded lies,
Untaught by science, yet by instinct wise;
Object full twenty years of daily care,
Fed by those hands whose kindness made no spare;
Kindness repaid by manners fond and mild,
Cunning and gay, yet docile as a child.
Not woman, man, or child lies buried here,
'Tis *Jenny*, the poor monkey, claims a tear.

THE CORNISH PIE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In your pages is to be found food sufficient to satisfy the intellectual and physical appetites of book-worms of every age, sex, rank, and denomination. Now, should you consider the following composition worthy of admission, you would afford many of the said worms the means of gratifying, in the most exquisite manner, their gastronomic propensities, and confer an obligation on the poor, yet indefatigable grub, whose good fortune it has been to meet with this valuable production.

Falmouth. S. OLIVE.

While Strangers to our Countrie thee decrie,
I'll sing thy Praise, O Veale and Parslie Pye;
And if the Muse her kind assistance bringe,
The cause from whence this great disguste doth springe;
Thy properties, and manner how thou'rt made,
Forgive me, cooks, if I youre rightes invade.—
Of Veale, the necke I wo'd advise to take—
The Bones will alwayes richest gravie make;
Then cut eache joynte asunder:—if you add
A fowle or two, the plumpest to be had
And younge, 'twill much improve the luscious feaste;
I from experience write, *Probatum est.*
Sprinkle a little salte, but my advice
Is not to use a single graine of spyce.
Pick clean your Parslie, and be sure beware
Lest any other kynde of Herbes bee there;
They'll make the colore of the liquor greene,—
Tho' goode to taste yet not see to be seene;
Scalde it tho' younge, but more if olde, and druine
It till not the leaste moisture doth remayne;
Th' ingredients mix'd, enclose them in goode paste,
And in the oven lette the whole be placed;
Thence taken, in the cover cutte a hole,
Round, square, or ovale, but by no meanes small,
And through it poure goode store of clouted creame
Whylst reeking hotte, and quite replete with steame.
Thus till the creame is melted let it lye,
Then up to table serve the luscious pye.
But oh! what numbers shall the muse employe,
To paynte the features and expresse the joye
Of those who bigge with expectation wayte
No longer now, but eye the dayntye meate!
Quicke they falle to, plate after plate is fynish'd;
One empty'd soone, is soone agayne replenish'd;
A solemne silence raynes as stille as deathe,
Nor doe they but to swallowe drawe their breathe.
Nay if they want a glasse of generous wyne,
They nod their wants, or make some well knowne syne.
The servants who behind their masters wayte,
Lick their moist lippes and grudge eache bitte they eate:
Lickinge and grudginge, are alasse! in vaine,
For onlie half pick'd bones and broken cruste remayne.
Hard fate! like Tantalus to be soe neare
Dayntie they cannot even hope to share.
But be contente—there's meate enough; beside
Your master's table's always well supply'd.
Ye Citie Magistrates, no longer be
So fonde of Callipashe and Callipee:
Ev'n Venison haunches would neglected lye,
Were you so happye once to taste this pye:
A dish that does excel them all so farre
As Sol in splendor does the smallest starre.
Whence does the great aversion then arise
To this and manie other Cornishe Pyes?
The reason is (judge you if soothe or ille)
Folks never tasted itte and never will.
Had this same reason been at all tymes soothe
Their Nurses milke had been their only foode.
Then taste and trye, and never more abuse itte
For tasted once you'lle never more refuse itte.

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The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER, NO. 2.

A Vision of Sathanas.

"No, no man wist whence he did come,
No, no man knew where he had gone."
Old Play.

WHOEVER has wandered along the southern coast of the county of C——, must recollect the village of Torwithiel: the long straggling street, running on one side of a romantic valley, or gorge, parallel with the sea—its sides thickly covered with copsewood, save when a tall pine or the point of a rock jutted boldly out of the foliage relieving the uniformity—the humble church standing on the opposite side of the valley, near the brow of the bold towering rocks which crested it, as lonely a place as you would care to see on a summer's day, or pass near on a winter's night—the remains of a stronghold, scarce distinguishable from the surrounding cliffs, from whence the distant booming of the ocean alternated with the occasional murmuring of a streamlet, labouring through its rocky bed in the valley below—and then the abrupt and unlooked for view of ocean, on reaching the termination of the valley, with the romantic cove and snug little harbour lying just before you—all marked the spot as one deserving a niche in your recollection.

The observant traveller has no doubt remarked, near the southern end of this village, a two story tenement of wood and stone, with the high-peaked roof and projecting windows which characterize the architecture of the seventeenth century, rearing its head above the neighbouring hamlets. A huge horse-chestnut tree stood in front, almost overshadowing the whole building, which was flanked by a crazy erection, that served at once for barn, stable, and cow-house. A curious effigy, or sign, much the worse for wear, informed you that this was the "Ship-a-ground," wherein "good entertainment for man and horse" was promised by Habbakuk Sheepshanks. Our host, who stood "six feet in his stockings," had a sharp pale face, and a person not belying his name, was a descendant of Habbakuk Read-the-word Sheepshanks, an "unworthy peacher of the word," about the year of grace 1647, who, when the castle was besieged and destroyed by the parliamentary forces, unfortunately lost his life, whilst holding forth on an inverted barrel to a party of saintly dragoons, being struck with a cannon-ball so that, as his descendant says, "one half fell one way and one another." Mr. Habbakuk is gifted with an interminable fund of anecdote; and the place is chiefly recalled to my remembrance by the following little incident: I wish I could give it in his own words.

The borough of Torwithiel had not been in such an uproar since the stirring times of the civil war. Even the general election, which every few years convulsed its two dozen voters, was but milk-and-water in its effects, compared with the present panic. The *Resurrectionists* (driven from the more populous districts) had been, like the vulture, attracted by the harvest the small-pox was making for them, and carried off the bodies of the ex-mayor of Mushroomton, and others, and Mushroomton was only twenty miles distant. Nothing else was talked of from morning till night. Every one knows that a very little matter often makes a great stir in a very large community—the effect may therefore be imagined in one containing, by the last census, 391 souls; for save when the post brought the county paper once a week to the club at the Ship-a-ground (for even clubs had found their way here), its inhabitants had little to think or talk about but—themselves. The reader is apt to associate with the mention of mayors, and boroughs, and elections, a vision of gilt coaches, processions, mobs, or hustings. It is, however, a well-recorded fact, that previous to a late election, on the candidate sending for the mayor of Torwithiel, that worthy dignitary was found busily engaged on a ladder, in the undignified employment of plastering a house!—nay, I could tell more frightful things of the portreeves (mayors) of Wales.

One evening, in the early part of the month of October—we will not stand on dates—the parlour of the Ship was occupied by six of the principal individuals of the borough. In pursuance of a public meeting, they had adjourned, by a law "made and provided" in such cases, to dine at the Ship, and to appoint proper persons to watch the churchyard that same night. The parlour in question served for dining, smoking, dancing, election, and travellers' room, in default of a better; and the capacious seats on each side of the jaws of the fire-place, which would have put to shame three of our modern ones, shook again with the mirth which good cheer (particularly when it is at the expense of the parish) rarely fails to produce. It was beginning to get dusk, and the weather, which was cold and cloudy, threatened to turn

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out tempestuous, which the fitful gusts of wind, and occasional pattering of a few big drops of rain on the windows, seemed to confirm. The company had just finished their first glass of punch, had lighted their pipes, and were listening to an oft told tale of the civil wars from Mr. Habbakuk Sheepshanks, when they were aroused by the noise of a horse's hoofs on the pavement before the door. Leaving his ancestor in a perilous situation, out sallied the landlord, while the rest of the party crowded to the window, to have a view of that unusual sight—a stranger. A tall man, enveloped in an immense blue great coat, with an "ocean" of cape, was in the act of dismounting from a large, raw-boned, grey horse. After giving a look at the stable, in another minute he strided up the parlour, coat and all, and seating himself *sans ceremonie* between the parson and the coast-watcher, replied to a question from our host as to his dinner—"Exactly so." He still kept on his mountain of coat; and now he was stationary, you saw at once there was something very odd about his appearance. He might have been fifty, or thereabouts; and his large shaggy eyebrows, long sharp nose, dark complexion, and deep-set eyes, which glared with a strange wild appearance, had something about them which gave you no desire to look a second time; while his beard might have rivalled in its tints that of Bluebeard himself. All further scrutiny was precluded by the ample folds of his coat. It was evident the appearance of the stranger cast a sort of chill over the company. By way of breaking the ice, however, the mayor made a casual remark on his good fortune, in getting so comfortably sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. Now the mayor was a pompous, portly, little man—a sort of Falstaff in little—the rotundity of whose face and person would have been creditable even to a metropolitan corporation. He had once been a mining agent, and, the world said, had ruined by his schemes no less than three companies; and though his utterance, owing to an attack of paralysis, was difficult and indistinct, like most members of the aldermanic body, a deep sense of the importance of the *borough* was constantly visible. After seating himself at the table, the stranger rivetted his little wild eyes on his worship, and gave his former laconic answer—"Exactly so." The little man started and nudged his neighbour; the churchwarden pinched the toes of the coast-watcher; he in his turn pushed the parson. This was the second time those identical words had been pronounced close to—nay, in their ears; yet there the speaker sat, full three yards off. "Do you see his great coat?" whispered the mayor. "And, ye gods, how he eats!" said the parson. The stranger was certainly devouring the repast at a prodigious rate. After dispatching the better part of a cold round of beef, without speaking of about a loaf of bread, potatoes, and sundries, he at last paused. The parson, taking a huge pinch of snuff, ventured to break the silence. "Ahem! I should guess you have travelled some distance to-day, sir?"—"Umph!" replied the man in blue, "your guess is not far off the mark." They started as if they had received an electric shock: his answer again tolled deep in their ears. "Decidedly strange!" muttered the whole party in a breath. "Arrah! by my sowl and St. Patrick!" said the coast-watcher, "bud these are quare times to be thravelling about, sir—I'm thinking you're a stranger hereabouts?" The imperturbable stranger pulled out a long hookah and pouch of tobacco, and casting a glance by no means of a pleasant nature on the querist, said—"Exactly so: and what of that, are not *you* also a stranger?" This was the fact; but how did the traveller know it? Nobody cared to question him a third time. He soon proved he could smoke on as large a scale as he could eat. There he sat; puff—puff—puff; never did man raise such a smoke before: indeed, it gave a character of vastness and indistinctness to his tall blue figure, which amplified it to an unpleasant degree.

A short time before, the watch appointed for the churchyard came to receive their instructions; but the thoughts of the committee were rivetted on the motions of the stranger. One night *could* make no difference, therefore the matter was postponed till "to-morrow."

Our friend of the Emerald Isle was emboldened to ask the guest if he was going to the Land's End? At this instant the clock struck ten;—the stranger started up, pulling his great coat close around him, and giving the fire a stir that sent ten thousand sparks up the chimney, replied—"Precisely, I am going over the Land's End!" In another minute they heard his heavy foot ascending the stairs to his bed-room. No sooner was his door closed, than the pent up curiosity of the party found vent together: every circumstance was dwelt upon with the most minute accuracy. "There is something not right about him," said the parson in a whisper, "I

felt a strong smell of sulphur when he sat near me." "And I," added the doctor, "thought his little glaring eyes, peering out through the smoke, looked for all the world like the de——." "Hush!" cried our landlord, "he is coming down again!" But the noise was caused by his movements in the room above.

The night was very stormy. The old sign creaked and groaned, amid the howling and whistling of the wind, as if it would fall from its hinges, and ever and anon there came a gust that threatened to shake the old tenement to its foundations; and at every fitful pause in the storm, noises in the room above indicated that he was not yet gone to rest. They drew their seats closer round the wood-fire, which had burnt low unperceived.

"On my say-so, I don't like to say an ill word of my customers, but an I spoke my mind," said Habbakuk, dropping his voice into a whisper, "I guess all is not right *above*. I asked him three times to pull off his big coat,—but, Molly, wench, the fire is going out: will you charge your glasses again, gentlemen?" "By the powers!" exclaimed the coast-watcher, "he must be a smuggler!"—and the stranger's apparent knowledge of him, and private information of an intended *run*, seemed to favour the conjecture. It was during the agitating period of *radicalism*. "I have it," cried the parson, "this fellow must be a leader of the radicals, and his speech about going *over* the Land's End may mean flying the country." On referring to the last number of the county paper, they found a considerable reward had been offered for the apprehension of a person resembling the strange guest in figure. The night was slipping fast away—he might get away early; and his strange demeanour, equivocal answers, and suspicious appearance, with a reward glittering in their eyes, determined them on taking the bold step of placing him under arrest, should he fail to give a satisfactory account of himself.

The stranger had been still for some time; it was therefore judged advisable to practise a *coup-de-main*, and, seven in number, they issued on tiptoe to storm the enemy's camp. They had reached the top of the staircase, and the parson, leaving the exciseman in his rear, made a couple of steps towards the door of the bed-room, when a heavy step was heard. At this indication of the enemy, (like many a better man) his courage failed him; a disagreeable recollection of the smell of sulphur obtruded itself on the mind;—besides, the parson bethought himself that he was next the enemy, and, wheeling suddenly round, he almost overturned the exciseman, letting fall the candlestick in his haste, which left the whole party enveloped in darkness, save the uncertain light afforded by the moon, which waded through thick masses of fleecy clouds. The noise of the stranger's feet grew nearer and more rapid. This fresh disaster, and the movements of their leader, served to accelerate the panic of the heroes in the rear. But it was too late—the enemy was upon them in a twinkling. The parson was trampled under foot, roaring out as fast as his fear would permit—"Avaunt, Sathanas! I conjure thee! *Conjuriamo tibi*, &c." and the overthrow of the exciseman toppled down those on the stairs, who were rolled over in their confusion by the stranger in his descent, like so many ninepins. Before they recovered themselves, the noise of a horse's hoofs, in rapid retreat, told them it was in vain to think of pursuit, had they been so inclined.

"The first news we heard in the morning," said he of the Ship, concluding his narration, "was, that the churchyard had been harried during the night, and the bodies of one of our aldermen and a child, only two days under ground, carried off. The object of the chap in the blue coat in coming to the Ship-a-ground, was nathless to spy how the land lay; and he would, I'll be bail, have decamped sooner had our watch been appointed. My stars! it has been a sore subject in the borough ever since, howsomever; and though the rascal cheated me of his reckoning, yet the gentlemen paid me that, like, to keep dark on the matter. They say he was a *ventriloquizzard*."

VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Of the principal Geographical Discoveries of Modern European Nations.

(Concluded from page 166.)

1553—*White Sea.* This sea, which had not been visited since the time of Alfred, was now supposed to be discovered by Chancellor, the English navigator.

Nova Zembla, discovered by Willoughby, an English seaman.

1575—*Solomon's Isles*, discovered by

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Mendana, a Spaniard, sent by the Governor of Peru.

1576.—*Frobisher's Strait*, discovered by the English navigator whose name it bears.

Greenland, further explored by Frobisher, who also penetrated further between this country and Labrador.

1577—*New Albion*, discovered by Drake, who was the second to attempt a voyage round the world, which he performed in three years.

1580—*Siberia*, discovered by Yermak Timophéiévitch, Chief of Cossacks.

1587—*Davis's Strait*, discovered by the English navigator whose name it bears, in his voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage.

1594—*Falkland Islands*, discovered by the English navigator Hawkins.

1595.—*Marquesas*, discovered by Mendana, a Spaniard, on his voyage from Peru, to found a colony in the Solomon Isles.

Solitary Island, discovered by Mendana on the abovenamed voyage.

1606—*Archipelago del Espirito Santo*, discovered by Guiros, a Portuguese, sent from Peru. These islands are the Cyclades of Bougainville, and the New Hebrides of Cook.

Otaheite, supposed to be discovered by Guiros, who named it Sagittaria.

1607-1610—*Hudson's Bay*, discovered by the celebrated English navigator Hudson, on his third voyage. Venturing to pass the winter in this Bay on his fourth voyage, he was, with four others, thrown by his sailors into a boat, and left to perish.

1607—*Chesapeak Bay*, discovered by John Smith.

1615—*Straits of Le Maire*, discovered, with the island of Staten on the east, by Le Maire, a merchant of Amsterdam, and Schouten, a merchant of Horn.

1616—*Cape Horn*, doubled by Le Maire and Schouten, Dutch navigators, who called it after the town of which Schouten was a native. These enterprising men performed a voyage round the world in about two years.

1616—*Van Dieman's Land*, discovered by the Dutch.

1616—*Baffin's Bay*, discovered by William Baffin, an Englishman. The nature and extent of this discovery were much doubted, till the expeditions of Ross and Parry proved that Baffin was substantially accurate in his statement.

1636—*Frozen Ocean*. In this year the Russians discovered that this ocean washed and bounded the north of Asia. The first Russian ship sailed down the Lena into this sea.

1642—*New Zealand*, with the southern part of Van Dieman's Land, discovered by Tasman, a Dutch navigator.

1654—*Bourbon*, Isle of, occupied by the French.

1673—*Lousiana*, discovered by the French. This country received its name from La Salle, a Frenchman, who explored the Mississippi, in 1682.

1686—*Easter Island*, discovered by Roggewein, a Dutch navigator.

1690—*Kamschatka*, the principal settlement of the Russians on the coast of Asia, discovered by a Cossack chief, Morosko. The country was taken possession of by the Russians in 1697.

1692—*Japan*. Carefully visited by Kemfer, a German.

1699—*New Britain*. This island, and the straits which separate it from New Guinea, discovered by Dampier. This enterprising seaman made a voyage round the world at the period of this discovery.

1711—*Kurile Isles*, occupied by the Russians. The people of these islands, which are twenty-one in number, still pay tribute to Russia. They are principally volcanic.

1728—*Behring's Strait*, explored and designated by a Danish navigator in the service of Russia, whose name it bears. Behring thus established that the continents of Asia and America are not united, but are distant from each other about thirty-nine miles.

1728—*Kamschatka*, ascertained by Behring to be a peninsula.

1741—*Aleutian Isles*, on the coast of North America, discovered by Behring. A more accurate survey of these islands was made under the Russian Government, by Captains Billing and Sarytchef, from 1781 to 1798.

1765—*Duke of York's Island*, discovered by Byron.

Isles of Danger, discovered by Byron.

1767—*Otaheite*, discovered by Wallis.

1768—*Cook's Strait*, discovered by Captain Cook on his first voyage round the World, which occupied from 1768 to 1771.

1770—*New South Wales*, discovered by Captain Cook.

1772—*Island of Desolation*, the first land south of India, discovered by Kerguelen, and called by his name. Subsequently called the Island of Desolation by Captain Cook.

1774—*New Caledonia*, discovered by Cook in his second voyage, 1772—1775.

1778—*Icy Cape*, discovered by Captain Cook.

1778—*Sandwich Islands*, discovered by Cook in his third voyage, which com-

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menced in 1776. He lost his life in 1779.

1797—*Bass's Straits.* Mr. Bass, surgeon of H.M.S. Reliance, penetrated as far as Western Port, in a small open boat, from Port Jackson, and was of opinion that a Strait existed between New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. In 1799, Lieutenant Flinders circumnavigated Van Dieman's Land, and named the Strait after Mr. Bass.

1804, 5, 6—*Missouri* explored to its sources by Captains Lewis and Clarke, and the origin and source of the *Columbia* ascertained.

1819—*Barrow's Straits,* discovered by Lieutenant Parry, who penetrated as far as Melville Island, in lat. 74° 26° N. and long. 113° 47° W. The Strait was entered on the 3rd of August. The lowest state of the thermometer was 55° below Zero of Fahrenheit.

1819—*New South Shetland,* discovered by Mr. Smith, of the brig William, bound to Valparaiso.

1819-1822—*North America,* The northern limits of, determined by Captain Franklin, from the mouth of the Coppermine River to Cape Turnagain.

1821—*Asia,* The northern limits of, determined by Baron Wrangel.

1825-6—*North America,* Franklin's second expedition, in which the coast between the mouths of the Coppermine and M'Kenzie's rivers, and the coast from the mouth of the latter to 149½ W. long. were discovered.

1827—*North America.* In August of this year, Captain Beechey, in H. M. S. Blossom, discovered the coast from Icy Cape to Point Barrow, leaving about 140 miles of coast unexplored between this Point and Point Beechey. Point Barrow is in 156½° W. long.—*Companion to the Almanack for* 1830.

Notes of a Reader.

TOUR TO THE LAKES.

Reader, gentle, simple, and sight-loving,—only think of the crushing concerts of the London season in May—the Opera House open morning, noon, and night,—and about fifty exhibitions in this great town—and you will soon "run the giddy round," and long to practise stile-vaulting in the green fields and pure atmosphere of the country. But we need not enlarge upon the fashionable horrors of London to give the reader a gusto for "the Lakes." Yet we must mention a pretty little *Guide* just published by Mr. Leigh, in terms of high commendation. Our friend, Dr. Robinson, of Clifton, is entitled to all praise for his important octavo volume on the scenery of the Lakes, which the tourist may read in his closet on his return home. We likewise cherish the best feelings towards Mr. Wordsworth's unassuming little book, which is all poetry and nature, and may be read a score of times. But Mr. Leigh's *Guide* partakes more of the business of tourists, and is more of a fingerpost book, if we may be allowed so commonplace an epithet for a literary production. It is divided into little journeys or excursions, plans of tours, &c., and moreover has a Table of the heights of the Mountains and Lakes, and a Glossary of Provincialisms. It has a Map nearly as large as the whole sheet of *The Mirror,* and, we had almost said, as full of names. There are besides, page maps of Windermere, Grassmere, Rydal, and Langdale, Derwentwater, and Borrowdale, and Ullswater. The descriptive letter-press is briefly, but very neatly written. Some of the sketches are from distinguished pens, as a view of Windermere, by Mr. Young—Grassmere, by Gray—Derwentwater, by Pennant—Skiddaw, by Mrs. Radcliffe—the Vale of Lorton, by Gilpin—Ullswater, by Gray, &c.

CUMBERLAND, NEW SOUTH WALES

New South Wales has been divided into ten provinces, of which the most important is Cumberland. This province, which was the first settled, and contains the capital of New South Wales, extends about fifty miles along the shore, from the mouth of the Hawkesbury River to the commencement of the Illawarra Forest. Its greatest breadth may be estimated at about forty miles. Although fertility be not the general characteristic of Cumberland, certain portions of it, as the banks of the Hawkesbury River, and the Cow Pasture Plains, are of extraordinary richness, and the general appearance of the country, rising into gentle hills, and studded with elegant villas, is luxuriant and picturesque. It is not in general so picturesque and romantic as is imagined at home, though the scenery is sometimes very fine. The traveller has to go many miles through woods, even in the located districts, without seeing any traces of human habitations; and when he approaches a settled place, he most frequently discovers a house with a few straggling small buildings, in the midst of fifty or a hundred acres of cleared or partially

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cleared land, surrounded by interminable forests. Occasionally dwellings of more imposing exterior, with farms, out-houses, &c. as in England, are met with, in fine situations, commanding views beyond the surrounding woodland; but very few of these are found twenty miles from Sydney. Where the soil is pretty good, it is lightly timbered, occasionally resembling a gentleman's park; but the traveller soon loses this idea on finding no mansion at the end of the scene. In fact he plods on all day from park to park, as it were, and lies down at night, with his horse tethered beside him, near some pool of water. He there strikes a light, and kindles a fire to boil his tea-kettle and fry his bacon. If he be rich enough he will of course have a sumpter horse and a tent; but if not, the hard ground and a blanket are his bed covering. If it should rain, he strips off a sheet of bark from the nearest tree, and lies down under it, sheltered and secure. Even should he get wet, he scarcely ever takes cold, or experiences any other than a momentary inconvenience, which he forgets as soon as he puts himself in motion in the morning.—*Westminster Review.*

THE PRAGUE MINSTRELS.

We never recollect to have passed an hour more delightfully than in hearing the performances of these ingenious *artistes*, at the large *salon* of the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. The Bohemian Band are eight in number—two bassoons, three clarionets, and three horn and trumpet players. They wear their national costume, the most picturesque portion of which is a broad-brimmed black velvet hat, decorated with various coloured ribands, and they take their station on a raised stage with a flat and side scenes. The performances are occasionally varied: we heard nine pieces, among which were Weber's immortalizing Overture to *Der Freischütz*, managed with great skill; a Bohemian Concertino, with a Solo for the eight-keyed trumpet, a spirit-stirring piece; and some characteristic Bohemian Waltzes. These and a grand March formed the First Part of the Concert. The Second commenced with a *melange* from Boildieu's *La Dame Blanche*, the beauty of which opera induced the King of Prussia to present a service of plate to the composer. Next came a Gallopade, and the William Tell Quadrilles—the Austrian Rifle March—and God save the King. Nothing could be more gratifying than the whole performance; the fitness of the airs for wind instruments—their rich harmonious swell, and plaintive melancholy—burst, and fell like enchantment on the ear. Probably this was aided by the sombre proportions of the architecture of the *salon*, unappropriate, to be sure, but in general impression harmonizing with the wild and supernatural of music. A dell in Bohemia would have completed the charm; but we hope to show that our lionizing friends need not travel so far to enjoy the romance of melody, and the philosophy of divine sound.

Beneath the same roof, upstairs, are exhibiting an astonishing Picture of *The Deluge* and a cabinet assortment of other paintings, by Mr. Rawson Walker, among which are the series of Illustrations painted after Montgomery's *World before the Flood*. In a *salon* on the ground-floor are Mr. Lough's Sculptures. These splendid works of art are, however, too important to be passed over in a few lines, and we must accordingly defer their notice till another publication.

PUBLIC DISTRESS.

The distress which has lately been experienced in the northern part of Germany, one of the best governed and most prosperous districts of Europe, surpasses, if we have been correctly informed, any thing which has of late years been known among us. In Norway and Sweden the peasantry are constantly compelled to mix bark with their bread, and even this expedient has not always preserved whole families and neighbourhoods from perishing together of famine. An experiment has lately been tried in the kingdom of the Netherlands, which has been cited to prove the possibility of establishing agricultural colonies on the waste-lands of England; but which proves to our minds nothing so clearly as this, that the rate of subsistence to which the labouring classes are reduced in the Netherlands is miserably low, and very far inferior to that of the English paupers. No distress which the people here have endured for centuries, approaches to that which has been felt by the French in our own time. The beginning of the year 1817, was a time of great distress in this island. But the state of the lowest classes here was luxury compared with that of the people of France. We find in Magendie's *Journal de Physiologie Experimentale*, a paper on a point of physiology connected with the

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distress of that season. It appears that the inhabitants of six departments, Aix, Jura, Doubs, Haute Saone, Vosges, and Saone et Loire, were reduced first to oatmeal and potatoes, and at last to nettles, bean-stalks, and other kinds of herbage fit only for cattle; that when the next harvest enabled them to eat barley-bread, many of them died from intemperate indulgence in what they thought an exquisite repast; and that a dropsy of a peculiar description was produced by the hard fare of the year. Dead bodies were found on the roads and in the fields. A single surgeon dissected six of these, and found the stomach shrunk, and filled with the unwholesome aliments which hunger had driven men to share with beasts. Such extremity of distress as this is never heard of in England, or even in Ireland.

In the old world we must confess ourselves unable to find any satisfactory record of any great nation, past or present, in which the working classes have been in a more comfortable situation than in England during the last thirty years. When this island was thinly peopled, it was barbarous. There was little capital; and that little was insecure. It is now the richest and the most highly civilized spot in the world; but the population is dense.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS.

BEFORE us is the First Part of an Atlas designed to accompany and illustrate the Historical and Geographical portions of the *Family Library*, the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and the *Family Classical Library*, and accordingly of uniform size with those popular works. The present Part contains three Maps with the names of the principal places, and the less important places are registered in a Table on the opposite page, with the latitude and longitude affixed. There are also plates of Comparative Views of the principal Mountains and Rivers in the World. The whole are exquisitely engraved on steel, by Mr. Thomas Starling, and from the unique character of the execution of the portion before us, we are disposed to think the *Cabinet Atlas* will, in every respect, be worthy of place with the "Libraries" to which it aspires as an illustrative accompaniment.

ENORT SMITH'S POEMS.

WE always hail modest merit with heartfelt satisfaction—be it in folio or forty-eight mo—one or one hundred volumes. To this class of productions belongs a collection of poetical pieces, humbly entitled *A Tradesman's Lays*, by Enort Smith, a name familiar to the readers of the early volumes of the *Monthly Magazine*. The majority of the pieces are Sonnets, and though we have not room for quotation, this brief notice may be the means of directing the fosterers of aspiring genius to the author's exertions, which possess the rare merit of being modestly put forth for public patronage; and probably with more sincerity than is met with every day.

These few observations will also apply to another thin volume of Poems, with the name of W. J. Atkinson in the title-page. They were written, says the Preface, before the author had completed his *teens*, and bespeak the kind consideration of the reader.

BILLIARDS.

A TREATISE on the "noble Game of Billiards," in which the strokes are laid down with geometrical accuracy must be acceptable even to proficient players. Such a book has been produced in France, and lately translated and published in London, by Mr. Thurston, the eminent billiard-table manufacturer. Captain Mingaud, the author of the original work, has there, in a series of diagrams and directions, proved the practicability of certain strokes which an inexperienced player would pronounce "impossible;" and the majority of these strokes will be altogether new to English players, since to the French belong the introduction and perfection of billiards. Nay, Mr. Thurston's translation is even more practical than might be imagined, for each novel stroke is not only explained verbatim, but elucidated by an engraved diagram, with the course of the ball, and the track or means of performing that course, accurately marked out. Much excellent practice will doubtless result from the publication of this treatise; and the possessors of private tables may advantageously pass many hours in arriving at the skill and science which are here so amply developed. At public tables there may be fewer opportunities for practice; but knowledge of such points as are illustrated in this treatise would materially improve the general play, and consequently attach to the game even more importance than it now possesses.

Mr. Thurston's translation, we should mention, is in a handsome form, and must, sooner or later, find its way into the rooms of amateur players.

By the way, Mr. Mingaud tells us

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that "the first billiard-table known in France was of a triangular form. It was introduced at the Château de Blois, during the residence of Henry III." (of France.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMARKABLE SPECTRAL ILLUSION,

In which both the Eye and the Ear were influenced.

In a letter to Dr. Brewster.

[We are induced to copy the following remarkable case of Spectral Illusion from the high authority with which it has already been presented to the scientific world, as well as for the general interest it possesses for every reflective mind. Drs. Hibbert and Brewster appear to coincide in their opinions of the additional light which the narrative throws upon the ever-to-be controverted theory of Apparitions; and the point and fairness of their reasoning will be intelligible to every reader:]—

Those who have read Dr. Hibbert's admirable work on the *Philosophy of Apparitions*, and have appreciated the ingenious views which he has taken of this remarkable class of mental phenomena, will peruse with double interest the very singular case of spectral illusion which forms the subject of this paper.

It was communicated to me by the gentleman whose lady was under its influence, and who was himself present during the whole progress of the illusion which affected the eye. Were I permitted to mention his name, his station in society, and as a man of science, would authenticate the minutest particulars in the following narrative, and satisfy the most scrupulous reader that the case has been philosophically as well as faithfully described. The gentleman and lady, indeed, were previously well aware of the existence and nature of this class of facts, and, so far from regarding the present case as at all supernatural, or even out of the ordinary course of things, they watched it from its commencement as a case of spectral illusion, and have therefore impressed upon the narrative a character which does not belong to any previous case where the patient and the narrator were the same person.

"On the 26th of December, 1829, about half-past four in the afternoon, Mrs. —— was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, my voice calling her by name, '—— ——, come here, come to me!' She imagined that I was calling at the door to have it opened, went to it, and was surprised on opening it to find no one. She returned towards the fire, and again heard the same voice calling, very distinctly and loud, '—— Come, come here.' She then opened two other doors of the same room, but seeing no one, she returned to the fire-place. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling, '—— ——, come to me, come, come away,' this time in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, 'Where are you? I don't know where you are,'—still imagining that I was somewhere in search of her; but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On my return to the house about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why I had called to her so often, and where I was; and was of course surprised to hear I had not been near the house at the time.

"On the 30th of the same month, at about four o'clock P.M., Mrs. —— came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted a few minutes before, and on entering the room, saw me, as she supposed, standing with my back to the fire. She addressed me, asking how it was I had returned so soon. (I had left the house for a walk half an hour before.) She said I looked fixedly at her, with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. She supposed I was busied in thought, and sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and close within a couple of feet at most of the figure she still saw standing before her. As, however, the eyes still continued to be fixed upon her, after a few minutes she said, 'Why don't you speak —— ?' The figure upon this moved off towards the window, at the further end of the room, the eyes still gazing on her, and passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. The idea then arose for the first time into her mind, that it was no reality, but a spectral illusion (being a person of sense, and habituated to account rationally for most things, the notion of anything supernatural was out of the question.) She recollected, however, your having mentioned that there was a sort of *experimentum crucis* applicable to these cases, by which a genuine ghost may be distinguished from one conjured up by merely natural causes: namely, the pressing the eye

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in order to produce the effect of *seeing double*, when, according to your assertion, a true Tartarian ghost would be duplicated as well as every thing else; while the morbid idea being, I suppose, an impression on the retina would, or ought to remain single. I am sorry, however, to say that the opportunity for verifying your theory was unfavourable. Before Mrs. —— was able distinctly to double her vision, my figure had retreated to the window, and disappeared there. The lady followed, shook the curtains, and tried the window, being still loth to believe it was not a reality, so distinct and forcible was the impression. Finding, however, that there was no natural means of egress, she became convinced of having seen a spectral apparition, such as are recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and consequently felt no alarm or agitation. The appearance lasted four or five minutes. It was bright day-light, and Mrs. —— is confident that the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality; and when standing close to her, it concealed, of course, the real objects behind it. Upon being told of this my *visible* appearance in the spirit, having been only *audible* a few days before, I was, as you may imagine, more alarmed for the health of the lady than for my own approaching death, or any other fatality the vision might be supposed to forebode. Still both the stories were so very much *en regle* as ghost stories, the three calls of the plaintive voice, each one louder than the preceding, the fixed eyes and mournful expression of the phantom, its noiseless step and spirit-like vanishing, were all so characteristic of the *Wraith*, that I might have been unable to shake off some disagreeable fancies, such as a mind once deeply saturated with the poison of nursery tales cannot altogether banish, had it not been for a third apparition, at whose visit I myself assisted a few days afterwards, and which I think is the key-stone of the case, rendering it as complete as could be wished.

"On the 4th of this month (January, 1830), five days after the last apparition, at about ten o'clock at night, I was sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs.——, and in the act of stirring the fire, when she exclaimed, 'Why there's the cat in the room.' I asked 'Where?' She replied, 'There, close to you.' 'Where?' I repeated. 'Why, on the rug to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle.' I had the poker in my hand, and I pushed it in the direction mentioned. 'Take care,' she cried out, 'take care, you are hitting her with the poker.' I again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, 'Why, sitting up there close to your feet on the rug—she is looking at me: it is Kitty—come here, Kitty.' There are two cats in the house, one of which went by this name: they were rarely, if ever, in the drawing-room. At this time Mrs. —— had certainly no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. I asked her to touch it. She got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she was pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, 'It has gone under that chair.' I told her it was an illusion. She would not believe it. I lifted up the chair; there was nothing there, nor did Mrs. —— see any thing more of it. I searched the room all over, and found nothing. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have betrayed great uneasiness had a cat been in the room. He was perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, however, I rang the bell, and sent for the two cats. They were both found in the housekeeper's room. The most superstitious person could now doubt no longer as to the real character of all these illusory appearances; and the case is so complete, that I hope there will be no renewal of them, symptomatic as they of course are of a disordered state of the body. I am sorry to say Mrs. —— as well as myself forgot to try in time the *experimentum crucis* on the cat.

"Mrs. —— has naturally a morbidly sensitive imagination, so strongly affecting her corporeal impressions, that the story of any person having suffered severe pain by accident or otherwise, will occasionally produce acute twinges of pain in the corresponding parts of her person. An account, for instance, of the amputation of an arm, will produce an instantaneous and severe sense of pain in her own arm, and so of other relations. She is subject to talk in her sleep with great fluency, to repeat poetry very much at length, particularly when unwell, and even to *cap verses* for half an hour together, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding, till her memory is exhausted.

"She has, during the last six weeks, been considerably reduced and weakened by a tiresome cough, which has also added to her weakness, by preventing the taking of a daily tonic, to which she had been for some time accustomed. She had also confined herself from this cause to the house for some weeks, which is not usual with her, being ac-

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customed to take a great deal of air and exercise. Her general health has not been strong for some time past, and a long experience has proved, beyond a doubt, that her ill health is attributable to a disordered state of the digestive organs. These details are necessary for a complete understanding of this case, which strikes me as being one of remarkable interest, from combining the characters of an ordinary ghost story with those of an indubitable illusion; as well as from the circumstance occurring to a person of strong mind, devoid of any superstitious fancies, and to be implicitly relied on for the truth of all the minutest details of the appearances. Indeed, I do not recollect any well authenticated and recent instance of *auricular* delusion like the first of those I have related; though, of course, the warning voices and sounds which have frightened so many weak persons into their graves, must have been of this nature. Mrs. —— tells me, that about ten years ago a similar circumstance happened to her, when residing at Florence, and in perfect health. While undressing after a ball, she heard a voice call her repeatedly by name, and was at that time unable to account for the fact.*

"*January* 10, 1830."

SWAN RIVER.

THE following brief letter has just appeared in *The Times Journal:* it is important in many points, and bears the stamp of authenticity on all:—

Perth, Western Australia, Jan. 10.

I presume you have long since received my first letter, in which, of course, I could do little more than notify our safe arrival. I can now venture to afford you some information. The land in many parts of the colony is not so rich as we expected to find it: still, however, it is plentiful in various directions, and the climate is beyond all praise. Of the wonderful progress of English seeds (particularly *vegetables*) you can form no idea: we are already overgrown with peas and a variety of other vegetables peculiar to warmer latitudes, the seeds of which we took from the Cape. I have obtained a grant of land about twenty miles from hence, of 5,000 acres, and I shall begin to erect a wooden house next week. I have no doubt whatever this colony will prosper most rapidly. There are certainly not a few grumblers amongst us; but observe of what description they are generally composed—you shall have a specimen from two fellow-passengers. They are half-pay officers, and they landed with a firm conviction that they should be able to return home in six or seven years with from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* Can you wonder at such persons being bitterly disappointed? One grand point here is, that we have no convict association, nor housebreakers. We are at least a month's sail nearer to England and the eastern markets, which latter will, no doubt, eventually take off all our surplus produce. The face of the country is really most beautiful and picturesque, and would require the pencil of a Claude to do it justice; still there is a greater proportion of wood than I expected to see. However, there are large open valleys, containing about ten or fifteen trees to the acre, and of very great extent. Game is very plentiful, but of course it will recede before the march of civilization. No person can establish himself and family decently as a settler with less than 1,000*l.* clear money on landing; and with this (which would not produce more than 40*l.* a-year in the British funds, and consequently would not be sufficient for any person to support a family even in Devonshire or Wales) he may, after a year or two, live comfortably and prosperously. Persons with wild and romantic ideas as to the capabilities of this or any other colony, had better remain in England.

* Since sending this remarkable account to press, the Editor transmitted a printed copy of it to Dr. Hibbert, who unites with him in his opinion of its importance, as one of the most interesting pathological instances of the kind which has yet been published; and which, from the truly philosophical spirit in which it is narrated, he considers as deserving to be ranked with the celebrated case of Nicolai. He conceives that the association of spectral illusions with that intense state of sympathetic feeling by which an account, for example, of the amputation of an arm will produce an instantaneous and severe sense of pain in the lady's own arm, as a striking feature in the case, and as calculated to throw additional light upon the theory of spectral illusions: no observations to the same effect having, to his knowledge, been before published.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

BEAUTIES OF SHELLEY.

WE have strung together a few gems from the "*Beauties,*" lately published: a portion of the Memoir must stand over

LINES.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.

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When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seamen's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O, Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose thou the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

SONG.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity
Thou wilt come for pleasure,
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life; O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit;
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy thrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

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What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou loveliest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

DECAY.

A Fragment from Queen Mab.

Behold, the Fairy cried,
Palmyra's ruined palaces;—
Behold, where grandeur frowned—
Behold, where pleasure smiled—
What now remains?—the memory
Of senselessness and shame—
What is immortal there?
Nothing—it stands to tell
A melancholy tale, to give
An awful warning soon
Oblivion will steal silently
The remnant of its fame.
Monarchs and conquerors there
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—
The earthquakes of the human race—
Like them, forgotten when the ruin
That marks their shock is past.

Beside the eternal Nile,
The Pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue his changeless way;
Those Pyramids shall fall—
Yea, not a stone shall stand to tell
The spot whereon they stood;
Their very site shall be forgotten,
As is their builder's name.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,
There is a moral desart now:
The mean and miserable huts,
The yet more wretched palaces,
Contrasted with those ancient fanes,
Now crumbling to oblivion;
The long and lonely colonnades,
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,
Seem like a well-known tune,
Which, in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
Remembered now in sadness.
Once peace and freedom blest
The cultivated plain:
But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not, until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity.

There's scarce one atom of yon earth
But once was living man;
Not the minutest drop of rain,
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
But flowed in human veins:
And from the burning plains
Where Lybian monsters yell,
From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's sunless clime,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the day,
Thou canst not find one spot
Whereon no city stood.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FRENCH REPARTEE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

UNDER this title your correspondent, *M. L. B.*, in No. 424, has revived an anecdote *a hundred years old*, only to falsify and deprive it of its point; for the expression *conci-conci* means nothing.*

The genuine version, as related by Voltaire himself, is as follows:—One of his early dramatic productions, *Adelaide du Guesclin* had, on its first representation, been impatiently listened to till its concluding scene, in which *Vendôme* thus addresses *Coucy*, not *Concy*. "Es tu content, Coucy?" when some wags amongst the wearied audience, taking up the cue, replied "*couci-couci*," derived, I believe, from the Italian, "*cosi-cosi*," and meaning *so-so*. This sally completed the damnation of the piece, or rather its entrancement; for, when the author had attained more celebrity, it was resuscitated and still lives in his published works, as well as upon the stage, where I myself witnessed its performance some thirty years ago, not at a minor theatre, but at the one ycleped *par excellence*, *Le Theatre Français*, being at once the Covent Garden and Drury Lane of Paris; *L'Odeon*, lately denominated *second Theatre Français*, being too immeasurably inferior to be considered as its rival. H. W.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET-LAUREATE.

THE first regular Poet-Laureate of England we read of, was in the reign of Edward IV. His name was John Kaye,

* We must absolve our fair correspondent. The misprint was ours, and we intended to correct it in the subsequent No.

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and although he has left us none of his poetical compositions, he has given to posterity a translation of the *Siege of Rhodes*, from the Latin; this he dedicates to the king, and styles himself, "hys humble Poete-Laureate."

J. R. S.

ORIGIN OF THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

The Abacus, among mathematicians, was a little table strewed over with dust, on which they drew their schemes and figures. Pythagoras, who is supposed to have been a pupil of Thales, is said to have invented the multiplication table, or the *Abacus* Pythagoricus.

P. T. W.

REMARKABLE ECHO.

Elmhurst, in Stafford, is remarkable for an echo, which returns a hem, or clap of the hands, ten or twelve times distinctly, but so rapid that it admits of nothing articulate. H. B. A.

A SMOKING DIVINE.

In William Lilly's (the astrologer,) *History of his Life and Times*, we find the following extraordinary account of a Buckinghamshire parson, who abandoned himself to smoking tobacco.—"In this year (1633) was living, William Breedon, parson or vicar of Thornton in Bucks, a profound divine, but absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age, strictly adhering to Ptolemy, which he well understood; he had a hand in composing Sir Christopher Heydon's Defence of Judicial Astrology, being at that time his chaplain; he was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had *no* tobacco (and I suppose too much drink) he would cut the *bell ropes* and *smoke* them!"

J. R. S.

TRANSLATION OF THE XXX ODE OF HORACE.

Ad Venerem.

O Cnidus, Paphia's empress come,
O leave for once thy cyprian home,
For thee its bounteous odours burn,
To Glycera's dec'rous temple turn.
Warm by thy side let Cupid bloom,
With loosen'd zone the Graces come,
And wood nymphs from their green retreat,
And youth without thee little sweet,
And Mercury with winged feet.

E. H.

PUNCTILIOUS ECONOMY.

Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons, in the reigns of James II. and William III., is said, among his other qualifications, to have been an economist. Of this we have a whimsical anecdote. While dining one day by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonatory of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated, and whilst he was conducted down one, and up the other stairs, his honour had *removed the bottle and glasses*.

G. L. S.

ORIGIN OF HOCUS POCUS.

Colonel Vallancey, in his *Collectanea*, in noticing the communication in former days between Ireland and the East, speaking of *Hocus Pocus*, derives it from the Irish *Coic* an omen, a mystery, and *bais*, the palm of the hand; whence is formed *Coiche-bais*, Legerdemain; and *Chokobas* in Persian. Archbishop Tillotson also tells us "that in all probability those common juggling words of *Hocus Pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of *hoc est Corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome." in their doctrine of Transubstantiation.

J. R. S.

CONTRABAND INTELLECT.

A Scotch nobleman, chatting with an English lady, she asked how it happened that the Scots in general made a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh," said he, "nothing is so easily accounted for. For the honour of the nation, persons are stationed at every egress, to see that none leave the country but men of abilities." "Then," answered she, "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

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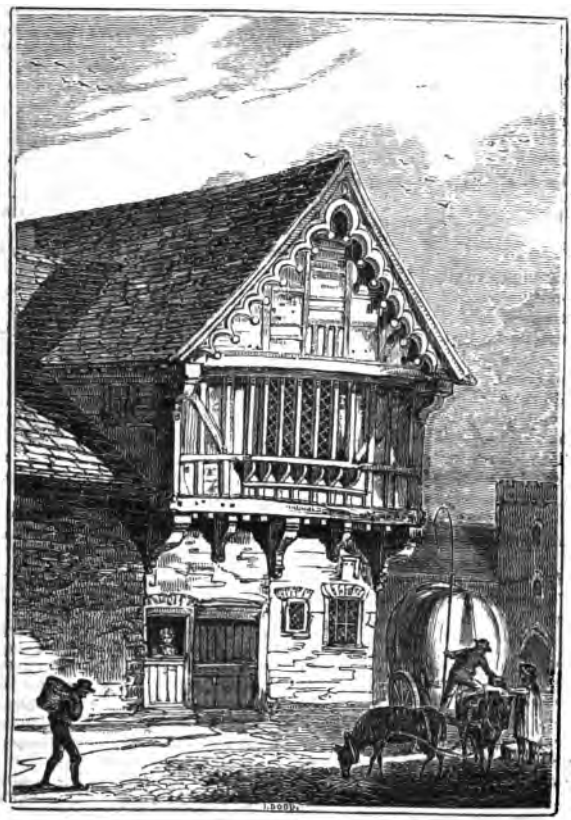
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 431.] SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1830. [Price 2d.

"Richard III. Inn," at Leicester.



The headlong history of Richard III. is, to most readers, familiar as household words—so that any picturesque illustration of his time will be acceptable to all. Such was our persuasion in selecting a neat engraving of "the last bedstead on which Richard slept," for the fifth volume of the *Mirror*, where any "old subscriber" must recollect a few of the last events of Richard's career are temporarily noticed.

The relic now before us is the gable end of a building anciently called the "Old Blue Boar," or "Richard the Third's Inn," part of which is still standing opposite the Free School, in the town of Leicester. *Here Richard slept one or more nights*, in consequence of the Castle being then unfit for his reception. He assembled a considerable army at Leicester, and then marched in quest of Richmond, who had arrived at Bosworth, about ten miles west of the first-mentioned town. The country was at that time unenclosed; but the site of the subsequent battle remains open to this day, and it is flanked by a wood on the west, with the village of Stoke Golding to the southward, and the town of Bosworth to the north-east. On this undulated plain the rival forces drew up in battle array, on the 23rd of August, 1485. The sequel need not be re-quoted.

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To return to the Inn. The upper portion is in the usual style of the domestic architecture of the period. The lower part has undergone many changes, as openings for windows and doors; but the most attractive is the upper part. The inclined lines of the pediment were beautifully enriched with a cinquefoil ornament, the horizontal line with an embattled moulding, and a neatly-carved oak bracket at each angle of the roof; the lower projection is carried on five principal corbels, with smaller ones in the intervals. The overhanging window admitted light into the apartment occupied by Richard, who might have exclaimed—

Here will I lie to-night,
But where to-morrow?

In our account of the bedstead on which the wily monarch slept, it is not stated that about half a century since, the relic was purchased by a furniture broker at Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious. It continues in as good condition, apparently, as when used by King Richard, being formed of oak, and bearing a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babington, of Rothley, near Leicester, the bedstead, on the death of the broker, was removed to Babington's house, where it is still preserved.

In conclusion, we may observe, that Horace Walpole has taken some pains to rescue the character of Richard from many of the charges propagated against his memory by the Tudors and their party, with whom, to please the Court of Elizabeth, Shakspeare seems to have allied himself.

Shakspeare, and other writers of the time, make Richard a monster in person, as well as mind: Walpole maintains, on various authorities, that he was neither deformed nor hideous, but handsome, like the rest of his family. It should, however, be recollected, that Shakspeare has to answer but for a portion of the play of Richard III.; the rest belongs to Cibber. No opportunity has been spared to blacken the *character* of the crookbacked tyrant on the stage. Cooke, the best representative in this century, was accustomed to say his "Richard" was no more like him of history than "Dick the butcher;" but were he to alter the performance, he should only cheat himself of applause, which is not a frequent sin among actors.

We thank our correspondent, S. Matthews, for the original of the Cut and part of the description.

RYE VALE.

THREE SONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

Through twilight trees, whose twining arches seem
The sylvan temple of eternal song—
Where softly sighs the moss-embedded stream,
As through the ancient hills it rolls along;
We journeyed on, amidst *a sea of wood*,
Broke into mighty fissures, deep and dark;
And from the towering rock whereon we stood,
Could scarce the cushat's wheeling flight remark.
Bright was the morn, and hearts responsive beat
With glorious Nature's love, and caught the flame
Of fervent feeling in that wild retreat,
Discoursing of the Poet's deathless fame,
Which well may be endaring as the sky,
Inspired by scenes so fair, nurtur'd by hopes so high.

II.

Emerging slowly from that mountain'd dell,
We tread thy paradise, romantic Rye!
A silent Eden for the hermit's cell,
A spot to charm the misanthropic eye!
For crystal brooks flow o'er thy craggy way;
And flaunt thy fields in flowers of many a hue,
And clustering cots, and gardens richly gay,
Topp'd by thy solemn ruin, meet the view:—
Where pale-leaved ash and lonely ivy twine
O'er fretted walls, where erst the crossie hung;
And noisome nettles hide the prelate's shrine,
Where mass was said, and holy vesper sung;
And mitred monk and morion'd baron lie:
Ambition! muse thy fill—there vent thy bitterest sigh!

III.

Deserted fane! where holy Espec sleeps
Amidst the pomp his princely bounty gave,
Though o'er thy ruin Taste, regretful weeps,
I would with joy, such bootless sorrow save:
Since Time, in pity for thy "ruthlesse wrongs,"
Hath clad thy Gothic walls in beauteous guise;
And thou art meet to deck the minstrel's song
In glowing fancies of Arcadian dyes:
When morning breaks upon thy mantled aisles;
When noonday on each shatter'd column gleams—
When evening robes thee in its richest smiles—
Then art thou fraught with dear poetic dreams;
Then leaves the soul her prison-house of clay,
And plumes her joyous wings, and flies her viewless way!

* * H.

LINES ON THE RUINED AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII.

(For the Mirror.)

"—— Where are the men of might, the great in soul?
Gone!—glimmering thro' the gloom o' things that were." BYRON.

The crowd are gone,—not one remains
Of all that mighty throng,
Who gaz'd upon the victim's pains,
And heard the victor's song.
No sight, nor sound for ear nor eye,
Is left, but ghosts are gliding,

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Of ages past and gone.
The broken seats, the dusty floor,
The scene, with ruin trampled o'er,
All echo "They are gone."
Yes! gone the mighty and the proud,
The lovely and the brave!
Time, Time, before thee all have bow'd,
Nor 'scap'd thy whelming wave!
Pompeii's vacant streets declare
How great, how sure, thy victories are
Its cheerless scenes among:
The pathway trac'd—where are the feet,
That mov'd along that canny street?
To the grave's silence gone!
For low is laid the arm of might,
In combat nerv'd and strong;
And hush'd as is the hour of night,
The shouting of the throng.
The stately Toga's graceful fold,
Round many a noble form was roll'd,
Now prostrate in the dust,
And sparkling eyes are clos'd for ever,
To open on life's pageant, never,
Till Time shall yield his trust.
The giant works of elder days,
The lofty forms that were—
Are vanish'd now, and we but gaze
On what the ruins are.
The humblest shed, the loftiest tower
Confess alike the sovereign power—
Of Time—the mighty one!

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

(For the Mirror.)

A manner Lattin corrupt was her speech.
Man of Lawe's Tale, v 520.—*Chaucer.*

I like the language, that soft bastard Latin
That melts like kisses from a female mouth.
Beppo—*Byron.*

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud,
The mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher.
Caliph Vathek, p. 50.—*Beckford.*

And Juan too blasphemed an octave higher.
Don Juan, canto i.

——— we could not stall together
For the whole world.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Scene I.—*Shakspeare.*

Earth could not hold us both, nor shall one heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me.
Roderick, the last of the Goths.—*Southey.*

——— bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. iv. Scene 12.—*Shakspeare.*

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief.
Othello, Act i. Scene 3.—*Shakspeare.*

——— leve fit quod bene fertur onus.
Ovid Eleg. ii. v. 10.

Felix a domino tractaberis annule nostra!
Invideo donis jam miser ipse meis.
O utinam fieri subito mea munera possim.
Ovid Eleg. lib. ii.

O that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Scene 1.—*Shakspeare.*

——— O why did God
Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind.

Paradise Lost, book x. v. 888.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers?
Cymbeline, Act iii. Scene 5.—*Shakspeare.*

As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.
Don Juan, canto ii. p. 148.

——— like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bed of violets
Stealing and giving odour.
Twelfth Night, Act i. Scene 1.—*Shakspeare.*

——— Ha, banishment,
Be merciful, say death.
Romeo and Juliet.—*Shakspeare.*

——— then kill me
But do not banish me.
All for Love, Act iv. Scene 2.—*Dryden.*

Desdemona in the Fifth Act of *Othello* expresses the contrary:

Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

ARMIGER.

The Cosmopolite.

DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO GIANTS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following characteristic conversation was recently overheard by a gentleman in Regent-street, early in the morning. Being ill in bed, he did not see the parties, so as to be able to describe their appearance. He informs us it was preceded by the noise of a heavy carriage, which made a dead halt under his windows, and which went rapidly on again after the conference ended.

Gas.—Hallo! Mr. Steam, where are you posting away in this new sort of vehicle, puffing and blowing at such a rate, that you can't stop to civilly say "good morning" to an old acquaintance; I thought you were usually at Tower Stairs about this time.

Steam.—I have much more important business on my hands just now than to waste my time in gossiping with a fellow who does nothing but stand about on the pavement all night.

Gas.—Much obliged to you for the compliment, though I would have you remember it is possible that those who make the least noise may yet do the most work. Philosophers rank me greatly your superior in power and capacity.

Steam.—*You* my superior! blockhead. Look to your sooty origin and disagreeable smell; born in a coal-pit, and carrying the tale of your extraction wherever you go. Your power, such

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as it is, is often mischievously employed. 'Tis you who have so endangered the coal mine, that a naked candle cannot be used there, and but for Sir H. Davy's Safety-lamp, the poor miners must have either worked in the dark, or at the peril of their lives.

Gas.—Not quite so fast, Mr. Steam, with your abuse. If my origin is obscure, there is, as Dr. Rock says, the more merit in rising into eminence. When your daily work is done, *you* sink into your native well, while my character once raised is ever sustained, for I am, as Sir H. Davy says, a perfect being, a permanently elastic fluid, not the mixed animal you are, who, but for the heat with which these despised coals supply you, would have no power at all, or scarcely existence. In charging me with a disagreeable odour, you, who have so often exhibited yourself at the Mechanics' Lectures ought to know that, when pure, I have none, it being in my case, what logicians call an accident, not a property; to reproach me, therefore, on this account, is as unreasonable as to find fault with a labourer because he has not always his Sunday clothes on.

Steam.—Not idle display, Mr. Gas, but utility is the test of value. How can you have the assurance to compare yourself with me, who am the grand factotum of modern labour, and rapidly superseding, in my various character, all power beside. I perform almost every description of work for man, in the steadiest and cheapest manner, so that he prefers me to wind, water, and even animals. What indeed is there which I cannot, and am not doing for him? I weave his garment, grind his corn, cook his victuals, wash his clothes, row and tow his vessels, and, as you see, have begun to draw his carriages. I am a blacksmith, sawyer, pumper, distiller, refiner, &c.; and by the testimony of the shampooing Mahomed of Brighton, the best doctor for half the ailments man is subject to. Besides, I never tire, want no rest, and work equally well in all climates.* Now, Mr. Perfection, what do you do, in the useful way, comparable to all this. You light up the streets and shops, yes, and at a great expense, and not without the assistance of flame. Then such is your ungovernable spirit and dirty habits, that you risk by explosion, or tarnish by smoke, the persons and property of those who admit you into their houses. In my opinion, you are only fit to stand at the corners of the street as a link boy, to light gentlemen across the road.

Gas.—You appear, Mr. Steam, ready to burst with vexation, at the bare idea of my superiority; but that reproachful tongue happily acts as a safety valve. You are a drudge, I grant, and this boasting but reminds me of the organ-blower who, because he worked the bellows, claimed the merit of the music. A fig for your steadiness, when Mr. Watt was obliged to make so many contrivances (as governor, throttle-valve, damper, and fly-wheel,) to secure your working with any regularity, and not flying off at the first opportunity. Don't tell me of your convenient applications for the quantity of coals you consume, while the room you take up is such an obstacle to your employment on board ship, for long voyages, that Mr. Perkins, the engineer, expects that I might perform all the work you do, at half the expense and inconvenience.

Steam.—And at ten-fold the risk! Do you expect that any man in his senses would put to sea with such a scape-grace workman as you are, who would presently turn mutinous and be ready to break through all restraint? Mr. Perkins, Sir, is better employed in contriving a cannon, in which my powers are to be employed for discharging balls one hundred per minute.

Gas.—You do but compliment my extraordinary power, Mr. Steam, (so much more expansive than yourself,) when you allude to my violence. The fact is, I am impatient of confinement, of working in the menial way you do, and therefore seek my liberty. I delight to serve man in a nobler manner: in my illuminating splendour, I make up for the absence of the sun, turn his darkness into day, and aid in detecting and preventing crime. Neither am I, as you allege, dependent on flame for utility, nor is man afraid to trust himself with me on a much more critical element than water. Carrying him aloft in the balloon, I add wings to his grovelling body, transport him with ease and celerity to distant spots, and aid his sublimest discoveries.

Steam.—Expeditions more remarkable for foolhardiness than utility; that is to say, you tempt men, at a considerable expense, to break their necks in an uncommon way. My boats defy wind and wave, but your machine is at the mercy of whatever gale may blow.

Gas.—Though man cannot, and probably never will be able to guide the balloon so as to be of extensive use in

* See *Arnott's Physics*, p. 371.

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travelling, he may yet avail himself of the wind's direction, as river craft do of the tide, in pursuing his course. Besides having taken extensive surveys, he has ascertained many important natural facts in regard to the constitution of the atmosphere: that its density and warmth diminish with elevation in the ratio of various attractions; that air, collected from the highest regions, no way differs in constitution from that inspired in the closest quarters of a crowded city; that——

The temperate Mr. Gas would doubtless have gone on philosophizing, but Mr. Steam, hot with impatience, and probably jealous of the pleasurable life his rival led, hastily interrupted him by saying he could stay no longer. He therefore jumped up into his tug carriage, being engaged with Mr. Gurney, in the Regent's Park, while Gas quietly took himself off to the Eagle Tea Gardens, being also wanted by Mr. Green, to inflate his balloon for an ascent that evening.

Lloyd's Place. J. HOLMES.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

MAY-DAY.

THE pagan origin of the customs observed on May-day is distinctly marked. At the two extremities of this island they form a singular contrast. The stormy sky, and inhospitable soil of the Celt, so frequently refused him the means of subsistence, that when he contemplated the return of the yeaning time and the harvest, it was to him a season of doubt and anxiety. On the Beltam-day, the highlander, faithful to the rites of his ancestors, still offers the consecrated cake to the fox, the hooded crow, and the eagle, the destroyers of his flocks and herds, and to the beings whom he reveres as their protectors. And the devoted person who draws the black lot is compelled to leap three times through the flames as a memorial of the ancient sacrifices. The youth of the year did not present the same apprehensions to the inhabitant of the genial shores of Italy. He did not supplicate the deities for blessings which he had no reason to fear they would withhold, and he rejoiced in the anticipation of them. However when the classical festivities of the Floralia were introduced into this climate, it would have been desirable either to advance their place in the calendar, or to expel the King of the Fogs, who, according to the fairy tale of Madame d'Aunois, has held his court in England ever since he was jilted by his mistress. Milton, with the *Ben venga Maggio* of the Tuscan poet yet ringing in his ear, may have been inspired to 'Hail' the bounteous, flowery May;

> ——— who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

But we fear that even before the alteration of the style so beautifully lamented in *The Tears of Old Mayday*, she was but a sickly hollow-cheeked damsel. Stubbs, in his declamation against *Maie*, tells us that "every parishe towne and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, even all indifferently; and, either going all together or devidyng themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, and some to another, where they spende all the night in pastymes." Yet we must not allow his invective as unexceptionable evidence of the mildness of the weather, which could allow of such cool and airy revels. He has evidently overcharged his picture, notwithstanding his boast of the "credible reports" he had received from "men of greate gravitie, credite, and reputation." Another writer of the same age more considerately qualifies his account of the May games with "if the skie clear up." An "if" of which we all feel the necessity.

The supposed cosmetic virtues of May dew, when gathered before sunrise, are pretty generally remembered in the country. It was probably an allegory by which some village Zadig attempted to induce the maidens to attend to the wholesome observances of early rising and exercise.

The Puritans fought a stubborn battle with the May poles, those "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness," whose fall is deplored by the author of *Pasquil's Palinodia*, in verses of extraordinary harmony considering the time when they were composed:—

> "Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,
> For then true love and amity were found,
> When every village did a May pole raise,
> And Whitsun ales and May games did abound;
> And all the lusty yonkers in a rout,
> With merry lasses daunced the rod about;
> Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,
> And poor men fared the better for their feasts.
> Alas, poor May poles! what should be the cause
> That you were almost banisht from the earth?
> Who never were rebellious to the lawes,
> Your greatest crime was honest, harmlesse mirth."

The May poles never held up their heads again. The last upon record was

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that in May-fair, which was "begged" by Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for his great telescope. The morrice dancers, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian rallied after the Restoration, although somewhat shorn of their former glories:

"For, oh, the hobby-horse was forgot."

The merry troop was wandering up and down the country about twenty years ago; but these are sad degenerate times, and it is greatly to be feared that now they are only to be seen in Mr. Tollett's parlour window. Mr. Ellis has quoted some extracts from Mr. Douce's elaborate dissertation upon the May games, but we must inform that gentleman, that, correct as Minsheu generally is, his authority for once is questionable. The Tarrasca was the dragon, and not the chevalet or hobby-horse.

On Whitsunday Mr. Brand has quoted the following verses from Barnaby Googe, which require some explanation:—

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven flie,
And one that framed is of wood, still hangeth in the skie;
Then seest how they with idols plaie, and teach the people to;
None other wise than little gyrles with puppets use to do."

It was the custom during this festival to suspend a silver dove from the roof of the church, and to let it slowly down during some part of the service, as an emblem of the descent of the Holy Ghost. In the churches in France, under the early races, the host was sometimes kept in a shrine made in the shape of a dove, and suspended over the altar. *"Quarterly" Review of Brand's Popular Antiquities, edited by Mr. Ellis.*

The Sketch-Book.

MY MISFORTUNES AT COLLEGE.

NEVER shall I forget thee, thou nurse of the mathematics — Elysium of my fairest hopes and most agreeable dreams —paradise of my earliest love—where the fop neglects his personal attractions, and looks as pensive as the beauties of Sir Peter Lely—where the literary aspirant resigns himself to

"Such visions as arise without a sleep,"

and sits, *contractus legens*, as Horace phrases it, in the chair which his poetry will perhaps perpetuate to fame—where the scribbler, who prefers insertion in a Magazine to the heavy and more perishable task of collecting his lucubrations into a volume, "published at the author's expense," writes an elaborate dissertation for the pages of Sylvanus Urban, and transmits it to the editor "post paid"—never shall I forget thee, immortal Granta!—never. Thy unrivalled sons enthroned on their majestic seats like a group of cherubim perched on the statue of an alderman—thy matters of moonshine, and the moonshine which kissed me as I retired to sleep beneath thy wall, all contributed their spells that neither time nor sorrow shall sweep away from the temple of my memory. It was at the age of nineteen—at that interesting period, when the brains of every one are more or less peopled with phantasies, that a secret aspiration for that immortality

"For which men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their midnight taper."

kindled its loftiest fervor in my bosom. I had run over Horace, versified Virgil, laughed with Juvenal, expanded the orations of Cicero, and lost my temper among the absurd technicalities of Cæsar! I had also written poetry—a Parnassian garland, which I unbound at the request of half-a-dozen boarding-school nymphs, my sister included, who transferred it to the prettiest tinted paper that ever embalmed the effusions of a sonnetteer. Having thus captivated the hearts and understandings of my friends at home, I resolved to pursue the course which ambition pointed out to me.

It was a morning of romance when the mail conveyed me from my native vales—from the beautiful and diversified scenery of W——. The slow, gliding river which weaved aërial music amid the woodlands, murmured gently in my ear, as the spire of the village church ceased to gleam above the haunts of my departed boyhood. My thoughts at this moment assumed a shade of melancholy reflection, and a cloud of woe enthralled the exuberance of my fancy. But as the coach proceeded on its way, my mental associations became more accordant with the scenes that extended around me. Nature had unfolded her broad and ample page which was ten times more fascinating than all the novels that the New Burlington press has produced within the last ten years! The hills appeared like fairy palaces encompassing a sunny Eden, the river reflected the pageantry of many a gorgeous cloud suspended in the crystal sea of heaven, the woods recalled my recollection to the sylvan deities of old, and the baronial mansions interspersed among the trees, awaked my thoughts

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to the immutable glory of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But my dreams of bliss were unfortunately interrupted by one of those realities which mortality has the etiquette to endure. As the coach increased its rapidity through a quiet and sequestered vale that Rousseau would have adored, it sustained a severe shock from the stump of an old oak, and precipitated me into a ditch not, half so welcome as its equivalent in beer would have been. This unpoetical incident, this miscellany of mud and misfortune stifled me with chagrin, which I discharged with the most unequivocal liberality at the coachman; but

"A storm it rose, and like a storm it passed."

when mighty Granta, that repository of black professors and bankrupt wits, greeted my view from the distant hills.

The ardour evinced in my probationary studies, composed of bad Latin and theoretical absurdity, astonished Professor Millman, threw Dr. Philpots on a rack, and finally enrolled me as a candidate for the chancellor's medal. Among my associates in this energetic undertaking, Sam M——— maintained an elevated position. This gem of a collegian had a love-affair on the anvil while engaged in the composition of his poem; and I hope the reader will exonerate me from any personality of remark, when I avow that lutes, lips, eyes, and roses, were mingled therein as indiscriminately as bleeding hearts, Cupid's quivers, and true-lovers' knots, on the delicate leaf of a valentine. Caroline Campbell, the rainbow of his visions, was the perpetual theme of our conversation, in which her young Abelard lost no opportunity in expressing his homage to her superior beauty. But my own dulcinea, a fancy milliner by the way, appeared to me in the possession of more loveliness than nature had assigned to the idol of my companion's heart. One day we quibbled most jesuitically on the charms of our mistresses; and, as he had passed that portion of the bottle which has something more than an exhilarating influence, he laid me on the hearth like a crestfallen Hector, ere my lips had paid a tributary anathema to his beautiful Heloise. This infliction of his wrath proved fatal to my interest, for, while I groaned beneath a combination of medicine and despondency, he submitted his hexameters to the "senate of arbitration," and obtained the academical reward, which, if my own conceptions of poetry are commensurate with common sense, was unworthy of any talents but those that were concentrated in me.

But my "bird of beauty" — the young Aurora of my dreams—the star of my meditation — Fanny Maybloom, the fancy milliner, claims some attention in this autobiographical sketch. I have braved the cold air of midnight to visit this celestial nymph, invoked her spirit in my moments of loneliness, traced the symmetrical caligraphy of her letters without a smile, and neglected my slumbers to peruse her inspiring poetry. If dark blue eyes, sunny ringlets, rose-tinted cheeks, and pearly teeth, that like a cloud

"Turn forth their silver lining on the *sight*,"

constitute the criterion of beauty, I will throw Fanny Maybloom into the balance against all the Cythereas that Thomas Moore has created from Rosa to Alethe. But my adopted divinity had a father, watchful as the Thracian dragon whom Jason laid in a dreamless sleep, and this old eaves-dropper was my eternal plague. Still, we had conceived an antidote for him, in the execution of which I intended to liberate Fanny from his parental discipline. The lovely girl received my ingenuous proposition with a poetical sigh, and illustrated her feelings by a quotation from the *Bride of Abydos*. Well, the night of my triumph arrived! I stole softly to her habitation with a small ladder, undismayed by the dreary appearance of the old spectral house. The rain beat heavily against the shutters, accompanied with the sepulchral requiem of the wind, which seemed calculated to awake all the ghosts "past and present," from their quiet dormitories. But I had no sympathy with the dead; my thoughts were united in Fanny alone! I placed my ladder in a secure position, attained the window without stumbling, and, how my recollections overwhelm me! entered the room. Scarcely had I breathed the name of my Medora, ere I found myself in an unwelcome embrace, and, at the same time, a brutal voice vociferated "Lights! Jerry, I've *caught* the *collidge* sprig." But why prolong the event? I was ordered to procure bail, and sustain the ignominy of a trial.

The period designed to commemorate my indiscretion elicited a sentence to which expatriation would have been preferred. "*We*," said the foreman of the jury, "return a true bill against Edward Shafton, Esquire, of Shafton Hall, in the county of Dorsetshire, *for a daring burglary accomplished in the house of Jeremy Maybloom, Gent.*, on

the night of the twenty-first of September, 182—.

Shades of Coke and Blackstone! what a mire of disgrace have you plunged me into! R. AUGUSTINE.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

THIS is the title of the last published portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Half of a volume only has appeared; but, to judge from its intensely interesting character, the remainder will be looked for with much anxiety. We quote about half-a-dozen pages from the most attractive portion:—

"*Muscular Strength of Insects.*

"In great muscular power, insects, as Baron Haller remarks, appear to excel in proportion to their diminutiveness. Of this we have a remarkable example in the common flea, which can draw seventy or eighty times its own weight.* The muscular strength of this agile creature enables it not only to resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers in our endeavours to crush it, but to take leaps to the distance of two hundred times its own length; which will appear more surprising when we consider that a man, to equal the agility of a flea, should be able to leap between three and four hundred yards. The flea, however, is excelled in leaping by the cuckoo-spit frog-hopper (*Tettigonia spumaria*, Olivier), which will sometimes leap two or three yards—that is, more than 250 times its own length;† as if, (to continue the comparison) a man of ordinary stature should vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile. The minute observation by which such unexpected facts are discovered, has in all ages been a fertile source of ridicule for the wits, from the time when Aristophanes in his Clouds introduced Socrates measuring the leap of a flea,‡ up to Peter Pindar's lampoon on Sir Joseph Banks and the emperor-butterfly. To all such flippant wit we have merely to retort the question of the Abbé de la Pluche, 'if the Deity thought insects worthy of his divine skill in forming them, ought we to consider them beneath our notice?'§

"Mouffet, in his Théatre of Insects,‖ mentions that an English mechanic, named Mark, to show his skill, constructed a chain of gold as long as his finger, which, together with a lock and key, were dragged along by a flea; and he had heard of another flea, which could draw a golden chariot, to which it was harnessed. Bingley tells us that Mr. Boverich, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited, some years ago, a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. The same mechanic afterwards constructed a minute landau, which opened and shut by springs, with the figures of six horses harnessed to it, and of a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding on one of the fore horses, which were all easily dragged along by a single flea.¶ Goldsmith remarks upon these displays of pulician strength, that the feats of Sampson would not, to a community of fleas, appear to be at all miraculous.** Latreille tells us a no less marvellous story of another flea, which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and did not manifest any alarm when this was charged with gunpowder, and fired off.†† Professor Bradley, of Cambridge, also mentions a remarkable instance of insect strength in a stag-beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*) which he saw carrying a wand a foot and a half long, and half an inch thick, and even flying with it to the distance of several yards.‡‡

"It has been remarked, with reference to these facts of comparative size and strength, that a cock-chafer is six times stronger than a horse; and Linnæus observes, that if an elephant were as strong in proportion as a stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up rocks and level mountains. The muscular power of fish, however, seems to bear a near comparison with that of insects. 'I have seen,' says Sir Gilbert Blane, 'the sword of a sword-fish sticking in a plank which it had penetrated from side to side; and when it is considered that the animal was then moving through a medium even a thousand times more dense than that through which a bird cleaves its course at different heights of the atmosphere, and that this was performed in the same direction with the ship, what a

* Haller, Physiol. vol. ix. p. 2.
† De Geer, Mem., vol. iii. p. 178.
‡ Aristophanes, Νεφελαι, α, 6.
§ Spectacle de la Nature, i. 3.
‖ Page 275.
¶ Animal Biography, iii. 468.
** Animated Nature, iv. 178.
†† Nouv. Dict. d'Hist. Nat. xxviii. 249.
‡‡ Bradley, Phil. Account, p. 184.

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conception do we form of this display of muscular strength.'* It should, however, be observed, that the muscular power of the sword-fish is principally shown in the rate of swimming, by which the animal overtakes the ships, and thus acquires the momentum which determines the force of the blow. We may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we look at the prodigious number of their muscles—the fleshy belts or ribbons by whose means all animal motions are preferred. The number of these instruments of motion in the human body is reckoned about 529; but in the caterpillar of the goat-moth, Lyonnet counted more than seven times as many: in the head, 228; in the body, 1647; and around the intestines, 2186; which, after deducting 20, common to the head and gullet, gives a total of 4061.†

"'Any lady,' says Kirby and Spence, 'fond of going to be tempted with an exhibition of fine lace, would experience an unexpected gratification could she be brought to examine the muscles of a caterpillar under the microscope: with wonder and delight she would survey the innumerable muscular threads that in various directions envelope the gullet, stomach, and lower intestines of one of those little animals—some running longitudinally, others transversely, others crossing each other obliquely, so as to form a pattern of rhomboids or squares; others, again, surrounding the intestine like so many rings, and almost all exhibiting the appearance of being woven, and resembling fine lace—one pattern ornamenting one organ; another a second; and another a third.'‡

"We put the caterpillar of the goat-moth, to which we have before alluded, under a bell-glass, which weighed nearly half a pound, and of course more than ten times the weight of the insect, yet it raised it up with the utmost ease. We then placed over the glass the largest book which we had at hand—'Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening,' consisting of about 1500 pages of strong paper, and weighing four pounds; but this did not succeed in preventing the escape of the animal, which raised the glass, though loaded with the book, nearly a hundred times its own weight, and made good its exit.§ The multiplicity of its muscles above enumerated, 236 of which are situated in the legs alone, will enable us to understand how this extraordinary feat was performed. Even this power of muscle, however, would doubtless have been unavailing in raising the loaded glass, except in connexion with two favourable circumstances under which the experiment was performed, and which are necessary to be borne in mind to render the operation perfectly credible: first, that the wedge-like form of the caterpillar's head, in connexion with the peculiar shape of the glass, enabled it to lift it; and second, that, one side of the glass resting on the table, the insect only bore half the weight of the glass and book.

A peculiar toughness of external covering sometimes supplies the place of this muscular power in caterpillars. A singular instance occurs in the history of a common downy two-winged fly, with grey shoulders and a brown abdomen (*Eristalis tenax*, Fabr.) The grub, which is rat-tailed, lives in muddy pools, with the water of which it has sometimes been taken up by paper-makers, and, though subjected to the immense pressure of their machinery, it has survived in a miraculous manner. Such is the account originally given by Linnæus.‖ A recent compiler, mistaking Kirby and Spence's very apt comparison of this grub to a London porter nick-named Leather-coat-Jack, from his being able to suffer carriages to drive over him without receiving any injury, forthwith fancies the porter to be 'another insect called leather-coat-jack,' which 'will bear heavy carriage-wheels to pass over it with impunity.' Since the grub in question is rather soft, it must be the tough texture of the skin which preserves it, as in the similar instance of the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth *(Sphinx Ligustri)*, which Bonnet squeezed under water till it was as flat and empty as the finger of a glove, yet within an hour it became plump and lively as if nothing had happened.¶

"The instances, however, which we have just recorded are peculiar rather than general, for caterpillars are for the most part very easily bruised and otherwise injured."

The "Insect Transformations" will form an excellent companion to the "Insect Architecture" volume, noticed by us in the last volume of the *Mirror*, in terms of high commendation, which we have much pleasure in extending to the part before us. The cuts are numerous, and, for the most part, well executed. Of the value of the *notes* acknowledging the sources and authorities, we

* Sir Gilbert Blane, Select Diss. p. 281.
† Lyonnet, Traité Anat. de la Chenille, pp. 188, 584.
‡ Intr. iv. 186. § J. R.
‖ Fauna Succica, 1799.
¶ Bonnet, Œuvres, vol. ii. p. 124.

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can give our readers but a faint idea. In single pages there are from four to seven and eight such references, so that phenomena are not related, or attempted to be established, without precise authority. Such a volume as the present is, therefore, of exhaustless interest to the philosophical inquirer, as well as to the general reader; since all these references connect as by chains or springs, and lead by innumerable tracks to some of the most fascinating studies of nature.

LIVES OF EMINENT BRITISH LAWYERS.

By Henry Roscoe, Esq.

THIS is the sixth, and by no means the least attractive volume, of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. It contains the Lives of Coke, Selden, Hale, Guilford, Jefferies, Somers, Mansfield, Wilmot, Blackstone, Ashburton, Thurlow, Jones, Erskine, and Romilly. The characters of these illustrious men are vividly drawn, and the biographical details are relieved by anecdotical illustrations. In short, the whole volume is a fund of entertainment blended with well-digested materials of graver import, and substantiated by acknowledgments in foot-notes. A pleasanter book for the professional or general reader can hardly be imagined; for the wit and eloquence which result from the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* often render the life of a lawyer of more popular interest than is generally imagined, since he is not always pent up in chamber-life, or his genius and humour cramped by the technicalities of his profession. Perhaps few records of human character abound with so many useful examples of perseverance and well-directed industry as the above lives.

We subjoin an extract from the historical anecdotes:—

Lord Keeper Guilford.

"He was," says his biographer, "very good at waylaying the craft of counsel; for he, as they say, had been in the oven himself, and knew where to look for the pasty." Upon one difficult occasion his conduct on the bench was entitled to the highest commendation. "At Taunton Dean," says Roger North, "he was forced to try an old man for a wizard; and for the curiosity of observing the state of a male witch or wizard, I attended in the court, and sat near where the poor man stood. The evidence against him was—the having bewitched a girl of about thirteen years old; for she had strange and unaccountable fits; and used to cry out upon him and spit out of her mouth straight pins; and whenever the man was brought near her, she fell in her fits, and spit forth straight pins. His lordship wondered at the straight pins, which could not be so well couched in the mouth as crooked ones; for such only used to be spit out by people bewitched. He examined the witnesses very tenderly and carefully, and so as none could collect what his opinion was; for he was fearful of the jurymen's precipitancy, if he gave them any offence. When the poor man was told he must answer for himself, he entered upon a defence as orderly and well expressed as I ever heard spoke by any man, counsel or other; and if the attorney-general had been his advocate, I am sure he could not have done it more sensibly. The sum of it was malice, threatening, and circumstances of imposture in the girl; to which matter he called his witnesses, and they were heard. After this was done, the judge was not satisfied to direct the jury before the imposture was fully declared; but studied and beat the bush awhile, asking sometimes one and then another question, as he thought proper. At length he turned to the justice of peace that committed the man and took the first examinations. 'And, Sir,' said he, 'pray will you ingenuously declare your thoughts, if you have any, touching these straight pins which the girl spit; for you saw her in her fit?'—'Then, my lord,' said he, 'I did not know that I might concern myself in this evidence, having taken the examination and committed the man. But since your lordship demands it, I must needs say, I think the girl, doubling herself in a fit, as being convulsed, bent her head down close to her stomacher, and with her mouth took pins out of the edge of that, and then righting herself a little, spit them into some bystander's hands.' This cast an universal satisfaction upon the minds of the whole audience, and the man was acquitted. As the judge went down stairs out of the court, an hideous old woman cried, 'God bless your lordship!'—'What's the matter, good woman?' said the judge.—'My lord,' said she, 'forty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch, and they could not, and now they would have hanged my poor son!'"

ABOUT the middle of the last century, the garden of Grocer's Hall served as a public promenade for the citizens.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

HEAT AND THIRST—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

THE Torch was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay; it was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen-peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvas, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in the water." "Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo—it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of gresy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast—

> "Two red nightcap, one long knife,
> All him get for Quackoo,
> For gun next day him sell him wife—
> You tink dat good song Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so,—sensible honimal! What is dat? shark? Jackoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!"—The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of the sea-breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinaso*, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he

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thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men,"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like with out stretched wings, *upon the head.*

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water-jar lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction; *but the pipkin was dry, and the small water-cask in the bow was staved and empty.*

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes!—It was a full-grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were like the talons of a bird; while the falling-in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep-set coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only mutter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic: he gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son: it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi!" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side. He was dead.

Blackwood's Magazine.

VEGETATIVE VERSES.

BY A FELLOW OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SABINE, father of the fêtes,
Chief of Chiswick, rural seer,
Deep in daisies and in dates,
Prince of bulbs and breakfasts hear!
Hark the note of sad distress—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Ruin seizes every root;
Buried berries daily rot,
You and I may go and shoot—
For the drooping shrubs will not.
We are in a pretty mess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Once we sat with *otium cum*
Dignitate in our view;
Now we are not worth a plum—
Turnham-Green is turning blue.
Science is a game at chess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Horticulture hath its bumps:
Currants are a current joke;
Spades are now no longer trumps:
Crocuses have made us croak,
Mustard's gone, and so is cress—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Stocks are selling off too cheap;
We and heartsease soon must part;
O'er a lettuce let us weep;
Artichokes have choked the heart.

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Chiswick's quite a wilderness—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

See misfortune's chilling airs
Sweep our bark from off the beach;
Sorrows ever come in pears;
Peaches will our plans impeach;
Cats'-heads kitten less and less—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Gravel walks with marble slabs,
Tombstones, we shall shortly show;
Since, though in an age of cabs,
Cabbages are not the go,
Botany has ceased to bless—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Oaks have proved a hoax at last;
Young men see the elder die
Leaves, not sloe-leaves, perish fast;
We for cypress press a sigh;
Posies pose us to excess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Meddlars, though on trees we've none,
Now about our funds inquire;
Sun-flow'rs die without a son;
Hyacinths will grow no higher.
These are facts we can't suppress—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Useless 'tis to see afar
How the other gardens do;
How the winds at Windsor are,
How they mind their peas at Kew.
How *we* managed few can guess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Oh! the rainy, rural rout,
When, half-starved amidst the shower
Dandy lions walked about
Seeking what they might devour.
Painted ladies, blue belles press
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Thyme is fled, and o'er the scene
Cots and chimneys will be found;
Beans are things that once have been;
Groundsell gone, we'll sell the ground.
What is Robins's address?—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

All is alter'd—not a bough
(Save the gardener's) marks the spot;
O'er the cowslips slips a cow—
Winds may blow there, flowers will not.
Fashion, Honour, and Success,
Once were meant by F. H. S.!

But another tale they tell
Since we fell so deep in debt—
All our celery to sell,
All our lettuces to let.
Folly, Hubbub, Sorrow—yes,
These are meant by F. H. S.!

Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

PRAYER FOR HIS MAJESTY.

The following prayer is ordered by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be read in all churches throughout the kingdom, for the recovery of his Majesty:—

"Almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, incline Thine ear, we beseech Thee, to the cry of Thy people, and accept our supplications and prayers which we make unto Thee on behalf of Thy servant, our Sovereign Lord the King.

"Vouchsafe of Thy goodness, O Lord, to assuage his pain, to relieve his infirmity, and to strengthen his soul by the consolations of Thy grace, that so resigning himself with all meekness and patience to Thy Holy Will, and trusting entirely to Thy mercy, he may be raised by Thy power from the bed of sickness, and long continue to govern Thy people, committed to his charge, in peace and righteousness: and finally grant, O Heavenly Father, that when it shall be Thy good pleasure to call him from this world unto Thee, he may receive a crown of glory in Thy everlasting kingdom; through the merits and mediation of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

DELIGHTS OF SCIENCE.

We promised the reader a transfer of one or two fascinating pictures of animated nature, from the last-published portion of Dr. Arnott's *Elements of Physics*. Here are two, which will be read with increased interest in the present joyous season:—

Heat.

"* * * among animals the effects of heat are very remarkable. The dread silence of winter, for instance, is succeeded in spring by one general cry of joy. Aloft in the air the lark is everywhere carolling; and in the woods and shrubberies, a thousand little throats are similarly pouring forth their songs of gladness—during the day, the thrush and blackbird near our dwellings are heard above the rest, and with the evening comes the sweet nightingale;—for all of which it is the season of love and exquisite enjoyment. And it is equally so for animal nature generally; in favoured England, for instance, in April and May the whole face of the country resounds with lowings, and bleatings, and barkings of joy. And even man, the master of the whole, and whose mind embraces all times and places, is far from being insensible to this change of season. His far-seeing reason, of course, draws delight from the anticipation of autumn, with its fruits; and his benevolence rejoices in the happiness observed among all inferior creatures; but independently of these considerations, on his own frame the returning warmth exerts a direct influence. In early life, when the natural sensibilities are yet fresh and unaltered by the habits of artificial society, spring to man is always a season of delight. The eyes brighten, the whole countenance is animated, and the heart feels as if new life were come, and has longings for fresh objects of endearment. Of those who have passed their early years in the country, or, among the charms of na-

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ture, as contrasted with the arts of cities, there are few who, in their morning walks in spring, have not experienced without very definite cause, a kind of tumultuous joy, of which the natural expression would have been—How good the God of Nature is to us! Spring is a time when sleeping sensibility is roused to feel that there lies in nature more than the grosser sense perceives. The heart is then thrilled with sudden ecstacy, and wakes to aspirations of sweet acknowledgment."

Picture of Creation.

"The human race is naturally inhabitant of a warm climate, and the paradise described as Adam's first abode, may be said still to exist over vast regions about the equator. There the sun's influence is strong and uniform, producing a rich and warm garden, in which human beings, however ignorant of the world which they had come to inhabit, would have their necessities supplied almost by wishing. The ripe fruit is there always hanging from the branches; of clothing there is required only what moral feelings may dictate, or what may be supposed to add grace to the form; and as shelter from the weather, a few broad leaves spread on connected reeds, will complete an Indian hut. The human family, in multiplying and spreading in all directions from such a centre, would find, to the east and west, only the lengthened paradise, with slightly varying features of beauty; but to the north and south, the changes of season, which make the bee of high latitudes lay up its winter store of honey, and send migrating birds from country to country in search of warmth and food, would also rouse man's energies to protect himself. His faculties of foresight and contrivance would come into play, awakening industry; and as their fruits, he would soon possess the knowledge and the arts which secure a happy existence in all climates, from the equator almost to the pole. It is chiefly because man has learned to produce at will, and to control, the wonder-working principle of heat, that in the rude winter, which seems the death of nature, he, and other tropical animals and plants which he protects, do not in reality perish—even as a canary-bird escaped from its cage, or an infant exposed among the snow-hills. By producing heat from his fire, he obtains a novel and most pleasurable sort of existence; and in the night, while the dark and freezing winds are howling over his roof, he basks in the presence of his mimic sun, surrounded by his friends and all the delights of society; while in his store-rooms, or in those of merchants at his command, he has the treasured delicacies of every season and clime. He soon becomes aware, too, that the dreary winter, instead of being a curse, is really in many respects a blessing, by arousing from the apathy to which the eternal serenity of a tropical sky so much disposes. In climates where labour and ingenuity must precede enjoyment, every faculty of mind and body is invigorated; and hence the sterner climates form the perfect man. It is in them that the arts and sciences have reached their present advancement, and that the brightest examples have appeared of intellectual and moral excellence."

HOMŒOPATHIE.

A New System of Medicine.

To build up an universal system of medicine upon a single proposition; to make it plain to the patient by what means and in what manner his cure may be effected; to change the vague and obscure terms of art into a catalogue of distinct and intelligible symptoms; and, last not least, to convert the odious operation of *taking physic* into the simple and not inelegant diversion of swallowing a few tiny pellets of tinctured sugar—to the utter extinction of all draughts, pills, and boluses, and extreme disgrace and discomfort of apothecaries—these are the dashing innovations on the therapeutic art essayed by Dr. Hahnemann: and this is the character of that doctrine of *Homöopathie*, which, for the last twenty years, has caused no little sensation among our Teutonic neighbours, though its very name has as yet scarcely penetrated into our insular regions.

In the Bohemian town of Senftenberg, that cruel disorder, the bloody flux, was raging with great violence and most fatal effects. The ordinary arts of medicine were tried in vain to arrest its progress. In sheer despair, the homöopathic prescriptions were adopted, and with immediate and uniform success.—A jager, or huntsman, belonging to the Baron of Senftenberg, lay at the point of extreme unction with fever and inflammation of the throat. As a last resort, a few of the homöopathic pellets were administered; the dying man was out of bed next morning, and on the second day, when, according to all established principles, he should have been quietly stretched in his coffin, he was handling his gun in the forests. A decided sceptic witnessed this case, and

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became from that moment as decided a believer in homöopathie.—A Bohemian gentleman was afflicted with one of the worst forms of lepra, aggravated by the most complicated ailments of the stomach. His physicians declared him incurable; and we know the same disorder to have been pronounced incurable, and to have remained uncured, in England also. In a few months, however, the homöopathic medicines and diet removed every symptom of complaint the lepra disappeared, and the patient arrived at the real apex of human felicity—the unconsciousness of possessing a stomach. One of the many sons of a well-known London baronet came abroad *moribundus*. His constitution seemed exhausted by the effects of a brain fever. He had tried many physicians, many waters, and many medicines, to no purpose. He owed his recovery to homöopathie, and expresses the greatest gratitude to our informant, who advised him to make the experiment.—The director of the theatre at Prague had four children sick of the croup. One died; two were cured *secundem artem*, after a long interval of suspense and anxiety; the fourth, when taken ill, was allowed to be treated homöopathically, and recovered in a day.* The same director had the grace to allow the successful homöopath to prescribe for his wife, and returned thanks, from the stage of the theatre, to Dr. Loewe, for restoring her to health.—A merchant of Leipsic had an ancient and inveterate disorder of the stomach; perpetual nausea, habitual constipation, and an inclination to vomit after the least attempt to eat, were among the mildest of his symptoms. After the first homöopathic dose, prescribed by Dr. Hartlaub, the disease began to yield; the system was pursued with gradually-increasing success, and now the man of commerce is as fairly on his legs again as "any he" in Saxony. His case, if we may venture to describe it minutely, would be found quite as striking as one reported by Dr. Granville, to whom we refer our readers. When the Field-marshal Prince Schwarzenburg, not a person for a medical compatriot to trifle with, applied for advice to Dr. Mahrenzeller, then practising at Prague, this physician referred him to one hundred cures, performed in that capital, as the best testimonial to the merits of the system. Mahrenzeller is now at Vienna, and continues to prescribe infinitesimal doses with the happiest results. In cases of rheum, fever, and inflammation of every kind, his success is said to be marvellous. It might be thought trifling to swell the list of our personal observations with cures of headach, sore throat, toothach, earach, bruises, and other minor accidents and ailments, although these are not really trifles; if, as a recent writer has asserted, every ache and pain, however slight, contributes something to the abbreviation of human life. And all these cures were effected by a few sugar pellets, tinctured with liquid, which contained perhaps the decillionth of a grain of medicine!

Should homöopathie be, as, in spite of all this, it well may be, altogether false, it would still be desirable to impress with a notion of its truth those who are given to the mischievous practice of self-dosing. Here, it seems, would be no fear of adding to the victims of domestic pharmacy. The portability of the medicines is another advantage. Adieu to the endless train of phials, pots, pill-boxes, and powders! The very name of medicine-chest must cease to be. There lies before us, as we write, a small morocco case, about the size of a pocket Bible, within the compact dimensions of which are contained eighty-four little bottles of homöopathic pellets—enough to physic the crew of a first-rate on a voyage round the globe.—*Edinburgh Review.*

* The hom. prescription for this frightful disorder is, 1. *Aconitum*, to work from six to twelve hours, and, 2. *Spongia*, to work for three or four days.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SAILORS' LETTERS.

In one of the *Tales of a Tar*, just published, we find the following dialogue illustrative of laconic letter-writing:—

"You know," said Tailor, "it's only when people *mean* what they say, that they've little to say." "Exactly so—you say no more than true," said Miller. Now, the whole time I was abroad, I never writes to the old woman in any other way than this, and more the old girl never wanted: "Dear Bet," says I, "I'm well and hearty, and continues to *lot* as long as *you* continues an honest woman—yours, Tom." "Now, there truth stares her full in the face. But if I spins her a long roguish yarn 'bout lubberly love, and the likes of that there tiresome trash, or sends her a longer sarmin 'bout followin' the sogers and the like, why, then, there's a thin look o' truth on one side or

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t'other." Bet nat'rally says, "If Tom likes Bet, where's the kashun to tell at this time o' day," — and if Bet likes Tom, why talk of followin' the sogers?

FATE OF GENIUS.

PLAUTUS turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a goal; Pado Borghese had fourteen different trades, yet starved amidst them all; Tasso was often distressed for a shilling; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes, and several of our English authors of genius, died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an almshouse, and Vaugelas sold his body to the surgeons to support life. G. K.

HORSE-SHOES.

AT Okeham there has long been a custom, that the first time any peer of the realm comes within the precinct of a certain Lordship, he forfeits a shoe from the horse he rides on, to the Lord of the Castle or Manor, unless he chooses to commute for it. Several horse-shoes, gilt, and of curious workmanship, are in consequence nailed on the castle hall-door, some of them being stamped with the names of the donors. This custom appears to have been derived from its former owners, the Ferrers, whose arms were three horse-shoes.

FIRST COURT PHYSICIAN.

GADDESDON is celebrated for being the birthplace of John de Gaddesdon, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and is said to have been the first Englishman who was a court physician.

H. B. A.

PINS.

BEFORE pins were manufactured in England, £60,000. annually is said to have been paid for them to foreigners in the early years of Queen Elizabeth; but long before the decease of that princess, they were manufactured in this country in great quantities.

AMBITIOUS QUESTION.

WHITELOCK, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, accidentally meeting with Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in November, 1652, was requested by him to "walk aside that they might have some private discourse together." In the colloquy that ensued, Cromwell put this short but pithy question:— "What if a man should take upon him to be king?"

ADDISON

WRITES vehemently against cowardice seeking strength "in the bottle," yet he often withdrew from the bickerings of his countess, to the coffee-house or the tavern. As vulgar people say, he "used" the White Horse Inn, at the bottom of Holland House Lane, and Button's coffee-house, on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden.

APPARITION.

CREDULOUS old Aubrey tells us "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit, and every thing, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Thynne, saw the like of herself before she died. *This account I had from a person of honour.*"

1780.

SOME years after *the Riots*, the keys of Newgate, which had been taken away in triumph by the mob, were found within the basin (now filled up) which formerly occupied the centre of St. James's-square.

SIR EDMUNDBURY GODFREY was found murdered upon the south side of Primrose Hill, about two fields from the White House, now called *Chalk Farm*, and here the jury sat on the body.

LIVING by wits implies equivocal character. Burnet, after describing a bad fellow, who had gone by many false names, by which he had cheated many persons, says he had made a shift to live by his *wits*, or rather by his *cheats*.

LAWYER'S WIGS.

A LATE attorney-general receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up. "Yes, there are several," replie the dlawyer; "*that*," pointing to a scratch, "is my common business wig; *that* my chancery wig; *that* my house of lords wig; and *that* my court wig."—"And pray, Sir, where is your *honest man's wig?*" "O," replied the lawyer, "that's *not professional.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 432.] SATURDAY JUNE 12, 1830. [PRICE 2*d*.

Sloperton Cottage,

THE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

IT would probably occupy four or six columns of the *Mirror* to describe the very interesting locality of this delightful and simply-elegant *cottage-ornée*. We may, however, briefly state, that it faces the beautiful woods of Bowood, the picturesque and ancient demesne of Spye Park, and is just on the verge of Bowden Park, belonging to Mrs. Dickinson, and commanding the most extensive view in the county of Wilts. Thus far of *Sloperton* we have gleaned from the History of the Parish of Bremhill, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who, after describing the site of Bowden Park, observes—"and let me add, in an age when genius finds its estimation, in the immediate neighbourhood is the cottage of our living Catullus—THOMAS MOORE."

Sloperton is, in our mind's eye, the very seat of calm contemplation and poetic ease; and it is hardly possible to imagine any happiness more complete than an amiable poet enjoying the fruits of his well-earned fame in such a scene of rural repose as that immediately before us; while, to look out from such a nook of quiet upon

Life's fair landscape, marked with light and shade—

is probably not the least poetical of his literary labours.

The vicinity of Sloperton likewise teems with antiquarian attractions. The tract now known as Bowood is spoken of in Domesday Book as a wood three miles in length, and "descends almost to the verge of the spot where the Abbey of Stanley was situated, founded in this parish (Bremhill) by the Empress Matilda, and her son, Henry the Second; having been transferred from Lockwell, in the forest, about four miles distant. This forest was among the possessions of Henry the first, and was granted to his daughter Matilda after the premature death of his only son. Almost immediately under the hills which terminate its sweep to the north, arose the pinnacles and smoke of the Royal Abbey. The hill, over which, through part of the forest, the road winds from Bath to London, is called Derry Hill: the name, I have no doubt, is derived from the first royal possessor—'De Roy Hill.'"*

* Bowles's History of Bremhill.

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Bremhill Parsonage, the residence of another living poet, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, is not far distant from Sloperton; for the reverend owner says—"The garden is on a slope, commanding views of the surrounding country, with the town of Calne in front, the woods of Bowood on the right, and the mansion and woods of Walter Heneage, Esq. towards the south." Again—"Before we part, look round once more. Yonder is the termination of Wiltshire Downs; there winds alone Wandsdike.* The distant town of Devizes crests the further hill beyond that eminence, the scene of the great battle in the days of Charles the First—Roundway Hill."

As Mr. Moore's Cottage is a perfect gem for any lady's album, we recommend to their fair patronage a picturesque view of *Sloperton*, which first appeared in the print-shops a few months since.†

POETS LAUREATE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following trivial sketch respecting Poets Laureate, may not prove an uninteresting supplement to the pleasant anecdote given by your correspondent, *J. R. S.* in your No. 367.

The custom of *crowning* poets, although it has been frequently varied, will be found to be almost as ancient as poetry itself; and is said to have existed as late as the reign of Theodosius, when being considered a remnant of Paganism, it was abolished.

Poetry revived in all its pristine splendour about the time of Petrarch, who was publicly *laureated* with great pomp, in the Capitol at Rome, on Easter day, 1341. And the introduction of such custom is attributed by the Abbé Resnel to the establishment of Bachelor and Doctor in the Universities, which took place in the same century.

The following *formula*, which was then, and has continued to be used in the Universities, to confer the degree of Bachelor and Doctor, serves to confirm the conjecture of Resnel.

"We, Count and Senator, (Count d'Anguillara, who bestowed the laurel on Petrarch) for us and our college, declare FRANCIS PETRARCH, great poet and historian, and for a special mark of his quality of poet, we have placed with our hands on his head, *a crown of laurel*, granting to him, by the tenor of these presents, and by the authority of King Robert, of the senate and the people of Rome, in the poetic as well as in the historic art, and generally in whatever relates to the said arts, as well in this holy city as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, disputing, and interpreting, all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose poems, which, God assisting, shall endure from age to age."

In Italy these honours were not of long duration, although Tasso added splendour to the laurel by his acceptance of it. They were lavished without distinction, on the fool, as well as the man of genius. Many received the crown who were unworthy of the distinction, and whose names were a disgrace to those already inaugurated. In fact, it oftener wreathed the temples of a buffoon than a man of talent. It was even bestowed on QUERNO, of whom we meet with the following description in the *Dunciad*:—

"Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw *Querno* sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the anti-christ of wit."
Canto II.

This man was made Poet Laureate rather out of a freak than from any real merit which he possessed. Leo X. bestowed on him the title of *arch-poet*, although the term *arch-buffoon* would have been by far the more appropriate. His poetry was inspired by the wine cup; and it should be stated, that at his investure, a new kind of laureated honour was invented for him, in which the foliage of the vine was slily intermixed with the bays of Apollo: thereby hinting at the dexterity he was accustomed to display, in the use of the Pontiff's goblets.

In Germany, the custom of laureating poets, flourished in the reign of Maximilian the First, who established a poetical college at Vienna, in 1504, at which he bestowed the laurel; but it was no great period of time before it fell into disrepute; owing to the sacred wreath being so often placed on brows on which it faded.

In France there are *Regal Poets*, but no *Poets Laureate*: for I can find none that have ever been solemnly crowned.

The Spaniards, who have always prided themselves on their punctilios and distinctions, and who have in some instances carried them to the very apex of foolery, seem to have had a slight acquaintance with that of *laurcate*; but

* Wandsdike is an immense ditch and vallum, which has been traced with no considerable interruption, from the Severn at Bristol, to Inkpen, in Berkshire. At page 393, the reader will find an interesting relic of Abury, a mine of antiquarian treasures in Wilts.

† Published by M'Cormick, Paternoster-row.

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there is very little information respecting it to be gleaned from their authors.

With regard to England, the chief narrator respecting this custom, is Selden, who gives the anecdote inserted by your correspondent, *J. R. S.* In the *Acts of Rymer*, there is a charter of King Henry VII. bearing the title *pro Poeta Laureato*. Selden states that there is some trace of this distinction to be found in our nation; but it does not appear that our poets ever had the crown of laurel bestowed upon them with that pomp and solemnity which always attended such ceremonial in other countries. Z. Γ.

SINGULAR CHARITY AT ROCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SEEING an account in two late Nos. of *The Mirror*, respecting the Charity at Rochester, I send you some farther particulars. Richard Watts, the founder, appears to have been a man of some note, for in Hasted's *History of Kent*, we have an account of his entertaining Queen Elizabeth on her return from a progress she had made round the coasts of Sussex and Kent, in 1573, at his house at Bully-hill. It is said that when Mr. Watts, at her departure, apologized for the smallness and inconvenience of his house, being ill suited for the reception of so great a princess, the queen in return, made use of the Latin word *Satis* only: signifying by it that she was very well contented with it; after which the house retained the name of *Satis*. He also represented the City of Rochester, in parliament, in the fifth of her reign; he died September 10, 1579, and was buried in the south aisle of the Cathedral, and a monument was erected to his memory in 1736, by the mayor and citizens, in testimony of their gratitude and his merit. By his will, proved September 25, 1579, he ordered that after the marriage or death of his wife, his principal house, called *Satis*, on Bully-hill, and appurtenances, should be sold, and after some legacies paid thereout, the residue should be placed out at interest by the mayor and citizens of Rochester, for the support of an alms-house, then erected, and standing near the market-cross; that there should be added thereto, six rooms for the comfort and abiding of the poor within the city; and that there should be made therein convenient places for six good mattresses or flock beds, and other good and sufficient furniture for poor travellers or wayfaring men to lodge in, being no common *rogues* or *proctors*; and other conveniences mentioned by your late correspondents. He gave to the mayor and citizens all his other lands and estates, for ever; the annual rents at that time amounted to £36. 16s. 8d. to the poor. His widow, having married about six years afterwards, and doubt arising about the above will, it was agreed that she should keep *Satis*, in consideration of which she should pay one hundred marks towards repairing the alms-house, and also all the monies bequeathed by her husband, clear the land willed of all claims, and convey other lands of the yearly rent of £20.; and the mayor and citizens agreed to set the poor to work, and to provide for travellers as directed. In the above state the charity continued until the year 1672, when the parishes of St. Margaret's and Stroud, exhibited a complaint in Chancery, that they had no share in this charity, left to the poor of the City of Rochester, although part of their parishes was within the precincts of the same; that the estate in London was leased by Mr. Watts for ninety-nine years, at £8. per annum, which lease expired in 1658; that by improvements, it then yielded £200. per annum, and the estates in Chatham brought in yearly £50. above the original value, which was twenty marks; in consequence of which a decree was made, that St. Margaret's parish should receive £30. per annum, till the lease of ninety-nine years of the estate at Chatham should expire; that afterwards they should receive six parts out of thirty, which should from time to time be made by any improvements, over and above the said £30. And that the parish of Stroud should receive £20. on the same condition; and when the said lease expired, four parts out of thirty of the improved rents, together with the £20. per annum, and the remaining twenty parts were decreed to the mayor and citizens of Rochester, for the relief of travellers and other charitable uses. The estates of this charity are now so much improved (says Hasted) that they amount to near £500. per annum. The house appointed for the reception of travellers, was substantially repaired at no inconsiderable expense by the citizens, in 1771. This charity would have been lost to the public (says Lambarde in his *Perambulation of Kent*, 1596.) — "by being unskillfully conceatted, had thorow the manifolde imperfections thereof come to naught, had not Maister Thomas Pagitte, (an apprentice at the lawe of the Middle

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Temple) labowred to reforme and rectifie it; by whose meanes the place is now assured of sixtie pounde lands by yeere, and is drawen to order for that purpose." J. R. S.

ARMONICO, THE CANINE CONNOISSEUR OF ROME.

All Rome could certify the existence of this canine connoisseur, called by the rabblement, "Ciaraballa," and in good society, "il cane armonico," the musical dog.

About two years ago the taste of this dog for music, was remarked by one of the band of the First Regiment of the Line. Every day at the hour of parade, the dog pierced through the crowd, eager after this military and musical banquet. This was at first scarcely noticed by the musician; but his surprise increased when, performing the part of a flute player at the Theatre Valle, on the day of his *debut*, he saw the four-footed amateur of the parade enter the pit, station himself at a small door which led into the orchestra, and remain very attentive during the representation.

Next day the leader of the orchestra, Signor Pellicia, informed by the musician, that he had again perceived the dog, called this new kind of amateur to him; he answered this flattering invitation readily, and laid down at the feet of his protector; from that time he never failed to be in the morning at the parade, and in the evening at the theatre: it was from this circumstance that he received the surname of "il cane armonico." We should wrong him in believing that caresses and attentions were the origin of these habits, for the imputation would be at variance with the following traits:—On a Friday, when the places of amusement were shut, Armonico, without even presenting himself at the Theatre Valle, went to the Piazza di Espagna, and was content to listen to the strolling musicians, who traversed the city during the day and part of the night. On these occasions Armonico did not occupy a less honourable place than at the Valle. These strolling bands who perform serenades, called the "suoni di strade," are surrounded by spectators of all classes. Armonico cut a conspicuous figure, his head bent, his ears pricked up, preceded by the musicians, and followed by the crowd, who respected the place occupied by their Ciaraballa, and avoided disturbing him by caresses. At the season when Oratorios are performed in the Chapel of La Chiesa nuova, Armonico went there, and easily obtained permission to enjoy the sacred music, for which he had a remarkable predilection. On scores of occasions his musical taste has been remarked and proved; sighs, pricking of ears, low barking for joy, &c. having escaped from him; but we must add, that at the reproduction of ancient operas, Armonico has been found yawning.

The report having gone abroad that hydrophobia was spreading in the city, sentence of death was passed on all wandering animals. A cry of terror was raised on every side in favour of Armonico; but the kindness of the municipality went hand in hand with public anxiety. Public orders were given to spare the dog, and a billet was attached to his collar, on which was inscribed, "Armonico, called Ciaraballa."

One day, however, eleven o'clock had struck at Monte Cittorio, and the drum-major had let fall his cane, when every body was alarmed by the absence of Ciaraballa from the military exercises. In the evening he was not at his usual post in the theatre. It was feared he had lost the ticket which protected him; and inquiries were on the eve of being made in the suburbs and environs of Rome; when after three days absence, he appeared one morning at parade: the people sent forth a shout of joy, which was re-echoed in every quarter of Rome; the ranks opened, and Armonico retook his accustomed place amid the joy of the soldiery, and the benevolent smiles of General Bracci and his staff. In the evening, Armonico reappeared at the Theatre Valle, under a shower of *nougats* (a sort of cakes made of flour and honey.) The city was not illuminated, but the "suoni ambulanti" were organized, to which he was invited, and at which he resumed his old station. He enjoyed an eight days' triumph, and at his death, which happened a short time after this event, the sonnets, the pieces in verse, and the learned dissertations which were showered on his tomb, could scarcely console the musical world of Rome for the death of its "Armonico."

Select Biography.

COUNT CAPO D'ISTRIAS.

(For the Mirror.)

In Dr. Granville's account of his *Journey to St. Petersburgh*, is given a very lively description of Count Capo d'Istrias, which celebrated character the doctor fell in with at Brussels, on

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his journey in company with the Count and Countess Woronzo, to the Imperial city.

"Proceeding without delay," says the doctor, "through the Netherlands, our travellers at Ostend, and again at Brussels, fell in with Capo d'Istrias; as that person is at present filling a post, which if he uses rightly, the opportunities it will afford him, may be looked upon as one of the most important in the European drama of the day; the following notices of him, vague and unsatisfactory as they are, will be read with interest and curiosity:—

"Count Capo d'Istrias was born at Corfu, where he was filling a public situation of trust under government in the year 1802, at the time of my visiting that island, and was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. Corfu and the rest of the Ionian Islands were then under the protection of Russia; but enjoyed a form of government of their own, as has been the case since their occupation by Great Britain. The representative of the Russian monarch, at that time residing in Corfu, was Count Mocenigo, a nobleman who, by his impartial conduct, had gained the esteem of persons of all parties. He lived in a style of splendour well becoming his high station, and it was at his hospitable table that I recollect seeing, for the first time, Count Capo d'Istrias. One could observe even at that early period of that gentleman's public career, that he possessed within him all the necessary elements for ensuring his future elevation. General Romieux, the representative of the French Consular Government to the Septinsular Republic, near to whom I sat on that day, said to me, pointing to the Count, 'Cet homme ira bien loin dans la carrière de la diplomatie. Il ne lui faut que des circonstances favorables.' The General's prophecy has long been verified, but its final and most triumphant accomplishment is even now taking place, by the Count's elevation to the chief station in the Greek Government. From the year 1813, when Capo d'Istrias was Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Swiss Cantons, and, for his firm and upright conduct, was honoured with the right of Citizenship by one of the Cantons, to the beginning of 1827, his career has been, with little interruption, a constant succession of highly honourable distinctions. He assisted at all the most important deliberations, in some of those Congresses of Sovereigns which peculiarly mark the diplomatic history of Europe, during the last fifteen years; and on the part of Russia affixed his name to the memorable treaty of peace, concluded in Paris on the 20th of November, 1818. In the full enjoyment of the confidence and good opinion of his sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, Count Capo d'Istrias followed his imperial master to St. Petersburgh, after the signature of that treaty, where he assumed, in conjunction with Count Nesselrode, the functions of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

"The more opportunities I have of conversing with Count Capo d'Istrias, the more convinced I feel of the justice of public opinion in regard to his merits. On one occasion he discoursed at full length on the state of Greece, and the form of Government best adapted for that country. On a subject that had been so long, and so often discussed, I should have thought it impossible for any one to offer anything new. The Count, however, proved by his opinions, corroborated by facts, and an appeal to long experience, that much which is novel, striking, and important, remained yet to be told on so interesting a subject. His notions respecting finances and loans, in particular, made a great impression on my mind. I had never heard those questions treated in so original a manner; nor was I the less struck by the prudence and caution which seemed to mark the sentiments of this statesman. The facility with which, while speaking, he referred to certain facts, led me to remark to him, that his memory appeared surprising. He assured me that the compliment must not generally be applied, and that he never had any memory for precise words and numbers, but only for ideas. In support of this assertion, he related an anecdote respecting his admission as Doctor of Philosophy, in the University of Padua. On that occasion he had endeavoured to commit to memory his thesis, which had previously been approved of by the professors, with a view to his defending it according to custom. But on mounting the rostrum, not a word could he recollect of his composition. He knew well enough what it was all about, recollected the arrangement of the different paragraphs by the help of the ideas which each contained, but the words, the provoking words, escaped his mind's grasp. He hummed, and made the triple bow to his audience twice over, and stood mute; when at last, tired of this mummery, he took the thesis out of his pocket, and began reading it aloud, very coolly, to the great amusement

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of the whole assembly. I take it, that this is, in fact, the best kind of memory for men of business: it helps them to retain things and ideas, rather than mere words and the arrangement of phrases.

"We saw a good deal of this distinguished individual during our stay at Brussels. His personal appearance is striking. The squareness and great elevation of his forehead, the extraordinary size of his ears, considerably detached from the back part of his head, and the remarkable paleness of his complexion, give him a very peculiar character. He has a quick and brilliant eye, and a mildness in the expression of his countenance which is very pleasing.

"This nobleman, who for the interest of Greece, had resigned the best portion of his moderate fortune, and was now journeying towards the seat of his government, — declined every assistance proffered to him—travelled by the Diligence, and with a view of being wholly unfettered by foreign influence, had formally resigned all his pensions and other pecuniary emoluments. It is to be hoped that the Greek nation will prove worthy of such personal sacrifices, by the support they will give to the government of their distinguished countryman."

Useful Domestic Hints.

SUMMER BEVERAGES, &c.

(From the Family Manual and Servants' Guide.)

Italian Lemonade.

This is an elegant beverage for routs, evening parties, &c., and in richness almost equals liqueur. To make about a gallon of it, two dozen lemons should be pared and pressed, and the juice poured on the peels, and allowed to remain on them twelve hours; two pounds of loaf sugar, a quart of white wine, and three quarts of boiling water, should then be added, and subsequently a quart of boiling milk. The whole should then be clarified through a jelly-bag.

Orangeade

May be made by steeping the rinds of six China and two Seville oranges in a quart of boiling water, for about six hours. Three pints of water and a pound of sugar should then be made into a syrup, and added to the above, with the juice of twelve China, and of two Seville oranges. The whole, being well stirred, should be passed through a jelly-bag. Should sweetness be wanted, orange-flower water and capillaire may be added; and, according to taste, two lemons.

Syrup of Currants.

In France a pleasant beverage is made from this syrup, mixed with water. Take twenty pounds of ripe currants; prick them, and put them into a vessel on the fire, and let them get just so hot that the greater part shall burst, or the pulps become discoloured. Pour them out gradually into a sieve, and add one pint of cherry juice, prepared in the same way to that of the currants. Place the liquor in a cool cellar, and thirty-six hours afterwards strain the jelly through clean cloths; then add about one pound of lump sugar, and bottle off the syrup till wanted

Raspberry Vinegar.

Mash two quarts of raspberries, let them stand in a pan to get sour; strain the juice through a sieve, and to every pint put a pound of loaf sugar, and a pint of Beaufoy's Crystal Vinegar (or the usual white wine vinegar); let it boil ten minutes, skim, and when cold, bottle.

Orgeat.

Blanch two pounds of sweet, and a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds; rub them to a paste in a mortar with water; strain through a tammy, and add four pounds of lump sugar to the liquid. Boil together, with a quarter of a pint of orange-flower water, ten minutes, and skim. When cold, bottle.

Iceing Wines.

In the country, ice, for this and other purposes, is kept in a building termed an ice-house. In large town houses ice is likewise preserved in wells; in others, it is obtained from the fishmongers or confectioners; but, where the country residence is not far distant, ice is sometimes sent from thence to the town mansion, in which case the following receipt may be useful:

Fill a barrel of any size with ice, and place it in one so much larger, that a space of from two to three inches be left all round. Fill this space with charcoal, thickly heaped and pressed; cover the mouth of the barrel with six inches of the same substance, and, placing a layer of straw over the whole, bury the treasure in the cellar. Next winter you have only to renew the charcoal at the mouth of the barrel; the rest of the apparatus will last for many years.

Of the various apparatus for producing artificial cold for freezing wine, we believe one invented by Richard Walker, Esq. of Oxford, to be entitled to all the patronage it has received. Under this gentleman's directions, three distinct

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kinds of apparatus have been manufactured: one for *freezing water* in the hottest weather; another, for *iceing wine*; and the third for *freezing cream*. Other apparatus have been manufactured by Mr. Paterson, late of Bridge-street, Blackfriars: they are commonly known as "*Paterson's Ice Pails*." Mr. Walker's apparatus for wine is very simple. He merely proposes to add the following portion of freezing powder to each pint of water, in which the decanter of wine is to be placed up to the neck within a cup or can surrounded with water in a tin covered pail. The freezing powder is made as follows: To each pint of water, take three ounces of powdered nitre, and three ounces of powdered sal ammoniac, and Glauber salts in powder, four ounces and a half; the whole to be dissolved in the water. Care should be taken that the surface of the wine is rather below the surface of the freezing mixture. The apparatus for freezing cream is not quite so plain, but much more so than is generally imagined: both are on purely scientific principles, yet so simplified that half an hour's pains will enable any reasonable person thoroughly to understand them.

The iceing of wines is too simple to need any instruction from us. By iceing Champagne wines before they are used, the tendency to effervesce is in some degree repressed, or only allowed to operate to such an extent as may be compatible with the more perfect flavour that we desire to find in them; but when they are kept cool, this precaution is unnecessary. Sillery Champagne is usually drunk iced.

Thus, Champagne gains strength by the cold; but it is disputed whether any but common wines should be iced, and said, that even they would be better if merely cooled with water, which, the same authority thinks, "always gives sufficient coolness to wine, even at the hottest temperature of the dog-days. But it is not only that we should avoid iceing wines that are choice; every different kind requires a different degree of cold and warmth. Thus Claret, coming immediately out of the cellar, has not that soft and delicious flavour which gives it its peculiar value. The bottle should be placed, before drinking, where it may obtain warmth. In winter, wine-drinkers always place it before the fire; but Burgundy should be drunk fresh from the cellar."

Mixing a Salad.

This is a point of proficiency which it is easy to attain with care. The main point is, to incorporate the several articles required for the sauce, and to serve up at table as fresh as possible.

The herbs should be "morning gathered," and they will be much refreshed by lying an hour or two in spring water. Careful picking, and washing, and drying in a cloth, in the kitchen, are also very important, and the due proportion of each herb requires attention.

The sauce may be thus prepared:—Boil two eggs for ten or twelve minutes, and then put them in cold water for a few minutes, so that the yolks may become quite cold and hard. Rub them through a coarse sieve with a wooden spoon, and mix them with a table-spoonful of water, or cream, and then add two table-spoonsful of fine flask oil, or melted butter; mix, and add, by degrees, a tea-spoonful of salt, and the same quantity of mustard; mix till smooth, when incorporate with the other ingredients about three table-spoonsful of vinegar; then pour this sauce down the side of the salad-bowl, but do not stir up the salad till wanted to be eaten; garnish the top of the salad with the white of the eggs cut in slices.

The herbs and ingredients for a salad, and its mixture or sauce, are very various. John Evelyn, an early writer on English gardens, mentions seventy-two herbs, "proper and fit to make sallet with;" and the great Lord Bacon wrote on those matters like a true philosopher. Indian cress has lately been introduced for salads in France; and in salads generally we are perhaps excelled by the French. They use a greater variety of herbs than we do, and substitute flavoured vinegars, in the making of which the Italian warehousemen of Paris pride themselves very highly. English salads contain fewer ingredients, and are more simple: cayenne, a spoonful of soy, or essence of anchovies, makes a savoury addition to a salad. On this point it would not be serviceable to lay down any rule, since so much depends upon the peculiar taste of those for whom the salad is prepared.

Lobster Salad

Consists of the finest parts of the lobster cut into pieces, and intermixed with salad, the spawn of the lobster being used to colour the sauce of the salad: it has an elegant appearance, and is a nice supper dish. Lobster salads are also made in moulds, when ornaments of the whites of eggs, boiled hard, some black truffles, gherkins, or beet-root, are placed in the mould, with jelly, lobster, &c.; and the whole is set

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in ice, and when frozen, turned out of the mould, and served with salad sauce. This is a pretty dish, but should never be attempted but by a skilful hand.

A good receipt for salad sauce is to take the yolks of four eggs, boiled hard, and put them into a mortar with a spoonful of mustard; pound this very fine; add to it salt and pepper, two spoonsful of vinegar, and three of oil, or a spoonful of tarragon vinegar. A little meat jelly may be used at choice, but cream is very unwholesome. Chopped herbs, as chervil, tarragon, &c. should be added according to taste.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT PALACES.

(For the Mirror.)

We find Athelstan fixing his dwelling on that delectable spot of earth, Addle Hill, which corruptly and unworthily retains his name. Canute had a better taste, and began the fashion of living at Westminster, though even then the British sovereigns were almost as frequently at "our Tower of London," as their charters express it, as at any other residence. From the time of John to that of Henry VIII. they occasionally sojourned within the dark castellations of Bridewell, by the mud and melancholy of Fleet Ditch; and though one would scarcely have thought it a fitting lodging for an emperor, yet the latter monarch put the famous Charles V. there when he made him a visit. Then we are told that Edward I. had a house in Lime-street; and his great grandson, the Black Prince of Wales, owned a tenement in New Fish-street, that is to say, about opposite the Monument; whilst Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VII. set up their staff at Baynard's Castle, in Upper Thames-street; and he of crooked memory, sometime had a habitation at Crosby House, in Bishopsgate Within. That quiet looking area, by Whitehall, which, as Stow says, "is called Scotland to this day," marks the ancient residence of the tributary sovereigns of Caledonia, when they came hither to the English Parliament; and the Eastern Palace of the heir to the British throne is yet commemorated in the half forgotten name of "Petty Wales," on the south-west side of Tower Hill. What king would now think of an abode in Pope's Head Alley, or riding to dine in Turnwheel-lane, as we are informed Richard II. did, when his brother lay at the "Erber," in 1397, where, by the by, Henry VI. was virtually deposed. Then we may look at Tower Royal, and think of the times when a *monarch's* smallclothes cost him "half a crown," for here King Stephen shut himself up with his Flemish forces when Matilda agitated the realm and claimed the diadem. Tempora are indeed "mutantur," and so are tailors' bills, for now instead of holding them "sixpence all too dear," when the original charge is only "half a crown," we are glad enough to obtain them for some *twenty* half crowns, without the consolation even of calling the schneider "loon—"

"Oh for the days of good King Stephen."

CHARLES BRANDON,

Who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister to Henry VIII. of England, at a tournament which he held at his wedding, placed the subjoined lines on his horse's trappings, which were half Cloth of Gold and half Frieze, in allusion to his own good fortune:

"Cloth of Gold do not despise,
Tho' thou art matcht with cloth of Frieze,
Cloth of Frieze be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."*

LAMPS AND LANTERNS.

(For the Mirror.)

The use of lighted lamps in churches and places of devotion, is very ancient. In the city of Fez is a mosque, wherein are nine hundred brazen lamps burning every night. Polydore Virgil ascribes the invention of lamps to the Egyptians; and Herodotus describes a feast of lamps held annually in Egypt.

Epictetus's lantern is said to have been sold for three thousand drachmas; that of Diogenes was held in great veneration among the ancients; and that of Judas is still preserved in the treasury of St. Denys, as a very curious piece of antiquity. Horn lanterns were first introduced into England by King Alfred, about the year 887, in order to preserve his candle time-measurers from the wind.

Mr. Brewer, in his Introductory Volume to the *Beauties of England and Wales*, says, "The architectural character of that fine open and ornamented portion of a church tower, which has been for many ages denominated a lantern, is briefly explained in the *Beauties of Cambridgeshire*, article *Ely Cathe-*

* Brandon is a fine Portrait Character in Mr. Wilmshurst's magnificent Painted Window of *the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, noticed by us a few weeks since.

dral. It may not be undesirable to observe, in this page, that lanterns of open stone work, erected on lofty church towers, of a more recent date than the Anglo-Norman era, are supposed by some writers to have been intended to hold lights, in aid of the traveller. In Mr. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, are the following remarks concerning this part of the steeple of Boston Church, Lincolnshire. "The lantern, I have no doubt, was intended to be lighted at night, for a sea mark. The church of All Saints, at York, has a lantern very much resembling this of Boston; tradition tells us that anciently a large lamp hung in it, which was lighted in the night time, as a mark for travellers to aim at, in their passage over the immense Forest of Galtres, to this city. There is still the hook of the pulley on which the lamp hung in the steeple." *(Drake's York.)* And Stow tells us, that the steeple of Bow Church, in Cheapside, finished about 1516, had five lanterns; to wit, one at each corner, and one on the top, in the middle upon the arches. "It seemeth that the lanthorns on the top of this steeple were meant to have been glazed, and lights in them to have been placed nightly, in the winter; whereby travellers to the city might have the better sight thereof, and not miss their way."

P. T. W.

JANE SHORE'S stature was meane; her hayre of a darke yellow; her face round and full, her eye gray; delycate harmonye being betwyxt each part's proportyon and each proportyon's colour; her bodye fat, whyte and smoothe; her countenance cheerful and like to her condytyon.

GAME LAWS.

GAME LAWS may be said to have their origin in William the Conqueror; for he not only seized on all the forests, but pretended an absolute right to them, and instituted arbitrary laws concerning them, unknown before in this kingdom. He confined all hunting or fowling in any of the forests to himself, or such as he should permit or appoint. He punished, with the loss of his eyes, any that were convicted of killing the wild boar, the stag, or roebuck.

In the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. it was less criminal to murder a man than to kill a beast of the chase. Prelates indulged themselves in the pleasures of the chase. The See of Norwich was at one time possessed of thirteen parks.

HALBERT H.

Stone Font in Abury Church.

IN vol. xii. of the *Mirror* we gave a view of the Grand Druidical Temple, at Abury, with a few opinions on its date and founders. The *village* of Abury stands within the circumference of the ditch enclosing the monument or temple, and is in part built with the stones which composed it. The only edifice claiming the attention of the topographer is the church, which is described by Mr. Britton, in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xv. as "a stone building, consisting of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, with a square tower at the west end. Part of the structure is of high antiquity, and unique in its architecture; but the period of its erection is uncertain."

"The *font* in this church is an ancient, curious example of church ornament: it is of a circular form, and is elevated on a basement of stone. Round its upper compartment it is enriched with a scroll nearly resembling that which is frequently used in Grecian architecture; and beneath it is a range of intersecting, circular arches, resting upon twenty-two pillars, the bases of which are fixed upon a fillet surrounding the font."

LONG TRAINS.

DR. FULLER, speaking of the quarrels for precedency between the Duchess of Somerset and the Dowager Queen Katherine Parr, observes, that "the train of the queen and the long gown of the Duchess, raised a dust which put out the eyes of both their husbands!"

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES. No. I.

SCENE—*The Family Mansion.*

MR. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

MISS LONG.

Not go to Town this Spring Papa!
Mamma! not go to Town!
I never knew you so unkind,
You chill me with that frown:
My sweet Mamma indulge your pet,
Entreat Papa to go—
Ah! now I see you're weeping too,
We shall succeed, I know.

MRS. LONG.

Alas, my child, I've done my best
And argued all day long,
But men are always obstinate,
Especially when wrong:
'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,
Not for myself alas,
But when I married *had I known*
. . No matter—let *that* pass!

MR. LONG.

My dear, you know that I abhor
These silly discontents;
You're quite absurd; why don't you make
The people pay their rents?
I can't afford to take a house—
— Nay don't put on that sneer;
For once be happy where you are,
We'll go to Town next year.

MISS LONG.

Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma!
You know I'm thirty-two,
(I call myself but twenty-six,
So this is *entre nous*:)
Next year I shall be thirty-three,
I've not a day to lose,
Oh let us go to Town at once,
I'm lost if you refuse.

MRS. LONG.

Your conduct, Sir, is most absurd,
We went last year in June,
But Fanny had not a fair chance,
You took us home so soon:
Sir Charles was evidently struck,
I'm sure he would have *popp'd*,
But then he saw no more of us,
And so the matter dropt.

MR. LONG.

For sixteen springs to Town she went,
When Town began to fill,
And sixteen summers she return'd,
A flirting spinster still!
And now the times are very bad,
And tenants in arrear,
Dear love! I really can't afford
To go to Town this year.

MRS. LONG.

Dear love, indeed, I ask you, Sir,
Has any one man got
One single sixpence he can spare?
I answer, he has not.
Yet in *Haut ton* arrivals, still
I see each neighbour's name;
If *other* paupers go to town,
Why can't *we* do the same?

MISS LONG.

Does not the Opera contain
Its customary squeeze?
Have not the groves of Kensington
Gay groups beneath the trees?
At Almack's happy radiant eyes
Outshine the chandeliers:
And when I think of dear Hyde Park,
—I can't restrain my tears.

MRS. LONG.

Of course, my dear! you stay with us?

MR. LONG.

Why no, my love! not so,
My duties Parliamentary
Force *me*, alas! to go.

MRS. LONG.

You can't afford a house in Town

MR. LONG.

No, sweetest! there's the rub:
But I shall sleep at Batt's you know,
And dine, love! at the Club.

MRS. LONG.

The Club! I hate that odious word,
The bane of wedded life;
Oh! well the roving husband fares,
But chops may serve the wife!
And then the thing's a vile excuse,
Which we *must* take perforce;
"Where *have* you been this afternoon?"
"Oh!—at—the Club,"—of course!

MISS LONG.

I hate them all! but I abhor
The Athenæum most;
They ask the *Ladies* Wednesday-nights
—'Tis all a braggart boast:
To show the gilt and *or molu*
Each eager member strives,
And seems to say, "Snug quarters these—
What can *we* want with wives?"

MRS. LONG.

Come, dearest Fanny! dry your eyes,
A *leetle* rouge put on;
I'll order you a sweet chapeau
From MARADAN CARSON.
The Races and the Archeries
Will very soon be here;
Cheer up, my love! you shan't be vex'd,
We'll go to Town next year.

New Monthly Magazine.

SPECIMEN OF GERMAN GENIUS.

The Churchyard.

THEY went out. The heavens were unclouded. All the streets of the city of God, lighted with suns, stretched upwards from the narrow crossways of the town to that broad amphitheatre of night in which we breathe the blue æther and drink the night wind. Every social festival ought to be closed and consecrated by a visit to that wide, cool temple, on whose vaulted roof the star-mosaic forms the mighty and sacred image of the Most Holy.

They sauntered along, refreshed and elevated by the swift-winged, spring like breezes, which sweep the snow from the mountains. All nature gave the promise of a mild winter;—such a winter as leads the poor gently over the darkest quarter of the year without fuel;—such a winter as the wealthy regret, because it furnishes no snow for their gay sledge-parties.

The two men fell into a discourse suited to the sublime aspect of the night. Lenette said nothing. "How near and how small," exclaimed Firmian, "do these pitiful oyster-beds, the villages, lie together! yet when we travel from one

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to the other, the way appears to us as long as to a mite which creeps from one name to another on a map; perhaps to higher spirits our globe is but as a ball for children, which their tutor turns about and explains."

"There may, however," said Stiefel, "be still smaller worlds than ours; and, indeed, ours must be of some importance, since Christ died for it."

This remark flowed like warm life-blood into Lenette's heart. Firmian only replied, "For the earth and for them that dwell upon it, more than one Redeemer has died; and I am persuaded that Christ takes many a pious man by the hand, and says—'Thou too hast suffered under Pilate!' Nay, many a seeming Pilate is, in truth, a Messias."

Lenette secretly feared that her husband was an atheist, or, at least, a philosopher. He led them both through winding ways to the churchyard; but, all at once, his eyes were moistened, as if he had passed through a heavy dew. He sought to give vent to his melancholy in philosophical musings, and in this vein he said—"Men and clocks stop, if they are wound up too forcibly. It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those midsummer nights, which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening."

He opened the small, creaking, rattling wicket-gate, inscribed with the pious verse and the memento of the brief span of life. They reached the more considerable graves which lay around the church—the dyke around this fortress. Here stood many an upright stone above the still, motionless body beneath; farther off, lay only the trap-doors which had closed over prostrate men. He brought a naked skull into their company, and raised up this last case of a many-housed spirit in both his hands, and looked in at the empty casements of the ruined palace, and said—"At midnight, one ought to ascend the pulpit, there, within, and lay this scalped mask of conscious identity on the desk, instead of the bible and hour-glass, and preach from it to the other heads which are as yet cased in their skins. If they have a mind, they may cut off mine when I am dead, and hang it in the church, to the capital of a pillar, like the angels' heads round a font; so that foolish mortals may look, some from above and some from beneath, and see how we float between Heaven and the grave. In our heads, my friends, the worm is still at work, but out of this he has taken his flight, winged, and transformed; for look! here are the two holes, and the kernel crumbled to dust!"

Lenette was frightened at this irreverend jesting in the neighbourhood and domain of ghosts: it was, in reality, only a disguised exaltation of spirit. Suddenly she whispered—"See, something is looking at us over the roof of the charnel-house, and raising itself up!" It was only a cloud, which the evening wind had driven upwards, and which had rested on the roof in the form of a bier; and out of it a hand stretched forth, and close above it a star stood in its brightness over the likeness of a body lying on the bier—just at the heart;—like a white flower stuck in the breast of a bride.—*Jean Paul.—Translated in the New Monthly Magazine.*

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

(See also page 363.)

"It was nearly a month after the last occurrence that Mrs.——was preparing for bed, at about eleven at night, after a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, and sitting before the dressing-glass, occupied in arranging her hair. She describes her state of mind at the time as listless and drowsy, but fully awake; indeed her fingers were in active motion amongst the papillotes, when she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relative (at the time in Scotland) over her left shoulder; his eyes meeting her's in the glass. The figure was enveloped in *grave-clothes*, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head and under the chin. Though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was decidedly a *shroud*, as Mrs.—— remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment.

"Mrs.——describes herself as sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this melancholy apparition,

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which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be; the light of the candles on the dressing-table appearing to shine fully upon it. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder. It was not, however, visible; and had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

"Coupled with the previous illusions I related to you, this last apparition becomes more interesting than it would be alone. In the first place, its melancholy, and indeed horrible character, distinguishes it from the others, but brings it still nearer to the ordinary stories of supernatural visitation. At the same time, the possible continuance of such spectral appearances is highly disagreeable, however firm the lady's nerves, and however sound her philosophy.

"2. The mind in this case seems not to have had the remotest influence in raising or dissipating the illusion.

"Mrs. —— is convinced there was no train of thought previously passing through her mind likely to have the slightest association with the idea of the relative whose form she suddenly saw with all the distinctness of reality.

"3. The former illusions might be supposed ideas of sensation, sounds, or pictures, reproduced with extraordinary vividness in the same shape and character in which they had been perceived by and stored up in the mind. But in this last case there is a new combination of ideas, which never entered the mind in connection.

"The union of the well-known features with the shroud must have been a pure effort of, or creation of, the mind. There seems, therefore, no reason why, under the same disposition of the nervous system, any monstrous creations of the faculty we call imagination, might not be produced to the eyes and other senses, indeed, with all the qualities that constitute reality, except their endurance, though this should hardly be excepted, since there can be no reason why the appearances may not endure, by a continuance of the conditions, for days or months. I need hardly say that the relative whose ghost was seen after so dismal a fashion, was at the time in perfect health. Had it been otherwise, and that the apparition coincided with illness or death, as has no doubt frequently happened in other instances, our philosophy would have had to stand a severe trial."—*Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science.*

The Naturalist.

PEARLS.

Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.

PEARLS are not, as poets have feigned,

"rain from the sky
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea,"

but they are the morbid secretions of an oyster. Several species of *bivalved* shellfish produce them, but the greater number, the finest and the largest, are procured from the Meleagrina margaritifera *Lamarck*, a native of the sea, and of various coasts. A considerable number are likewise taken from the Unio margaritifera, which inhabits the rivers of Europe; and it is singular, as remarked by Humboldt,* that though several species of this genus abound in the rivers of South America, no pearls are ever found in them.

The pearls are situated either in the body of the oyster, or they lie loose between it and the shell, or, lastly, they are fixed to the latter by a kind of neck; and it is said they do not appear until the animal has reached its fourth year. They have a beautiful lustre, which must be familiar to all, but there is nothing peculiar in their chemical composition, consisting merely of carbonate of lime.

The Romans were extravagantly fond of these ornaments, which claimed the first rank after the diamond; and they gave almost incredible prices for them. Julius Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of M. Brutus, with a pearl worth £48,417. 10*s.*; and Cleopatra, at a feast with Antony, of which Pliny has given a long and interesting account, swallowed one dissolved in vinegar of the value of £80,729. 3*s.* 4*d.* They wore them in great profusion, not only in the ears, and on the fingers, head, and neck, but strung over the whole body; and the men as well as the ladies were thus adorned. The naturalist in deprecating this effeminacy, becomes eloquent, and in his censures there is something, perhaps, not inapplicable to ourselves:—"What have the waves to do with our garments? That element does not rightly receive us unless we are naked. Grant that there is so great a communion betwixt the sea and the belly, what has the sea to do with the back? It is not enough that our food is procured through perils, if perils are not also encountered for our raiment. Thus in all that pertains to the body,

* Personal Narrative, vol ii. p. 282.

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things acquired at the risk of human life are most pleasing."

The principal fisheries of this people were in the Red Sea, the Gulf of Persia, and the Indian Ocean, the pearls from the former places being the most highly valued as superior in size and lustre; and it is matter of history that Cæsar was induced to invade Britain from some exaggerated accounts he had heard of the pearls of our coasts, or rather of our rivers; but if these were his object he was disappointed, for they were found to be of a bad colour and inferior size, nor have they improved in their reputation.

Ceylon continues to be, as it was in the time of the Romans, the most productive of these ornaments. The ancient fisheries in the Red Sea, however, are now either exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl trade on the southern part of the Red Sea, and Suakem on the north; and under the Ptolemies, or even long after, in the time of the caliphs, these were islands whose merchants were princes: but their bustle and glory have long since departed, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen. Nor are the rivers of Britain now fished, nor were they at any time of much value in this respect. Good pearls have indeed been occasionally found in our river mussel, but too seldom to be worth the search. A notion prevails that Sir Richard Wynn, of Gwydir, Chamberlain to Catherine, Queen of Charles II., presented her majesty with one taken in the Conway, which is to this day honoured with a place in the regal crown. In the last century several of great size were gotten in the rivers of the county of Tyrone and Donegal, in Ireland. One that weighed 36 carats was valued at £40., but being foul lost much of its worth. Other single pearls were sold for £4. 10*s*., and even for £10. The last was sold a second time to Lady Glenlealy, who put it into a necklace, and refused £80. for it from the Duchess of Ormond. In his tour in Scotland, in 1769, Mr. Pennant, from whom the above particulars are borrowed, also mentions a considerable pearl fishery in the vicinity of Perth, from which £10,000. worth was sent to London, from 1761 to 1799; but, by the indiscriminate destruction of the mussels, the fishery was soon exhausted.

After the discovery of America the traffic in pearls passed, in a great measure, from the east to the shores of the western world. The first Spaniards who landed in Terra Firma found the savages decked with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and among the civilized people of Mexico and Peru they saw pearls of a beautiful form as eagerly sought after as in Europe. The hint was taken; the stations of the oysters were sought out; and cities rose into splendour and affluence in their vicinity, all supported by the profits on these sea-born gems. The first city which owed its rise to this cause was New Cadiz, in the little island of Cubagna; and the writers of that period discourse eloquently of the riches of the first planters, and the luxury they displayed; but now not a vestige of the city remains, and downs of shifting sand cover the desolate island. The same fate soon overtook the other cities; for from various causes, and particularly from the never ceasing and indiscriminate destruction of the Meleagrinæ, the banks became exhausted, and towards the end of the sixteenth century this traffic in pearls had dwindled into insignificance. Of its value, when first established, the following extract will afford some notion: — "The *quint*, which the king's officers drew from the produce of pearls, amounted to 15,000 ducats; which, according to the value of the metals in those times, and the extensiveness of the contraband trade, might be considered as a very considerable sum. It appears that till 1530, the value of the pearls sent to Europe amounted yearly, on an average, to more than 800,000 piastres. In order to judge of the importance of this branch of commerce to Seville, Toledo, Antwerp, and Genoa, we should recollect, that at the same period the whole of the mines of America did not furnish two millions of piastres, and that the fleet of Ovando seemed to be of immense wealth, because it contained nearly 2,600 marks of silver. Pearls were so much the more sought after, as the luxury of Asia had been introduced into Europe by two ways diametrically opposite; that of Constantinople, where the Paleologi wore garments covered with strings of pearls; and that of Grenada, the residence of the Moorish kings, who displayed at their court all the luxury of the East. The pearls of the East Indies were preferred to those of the West; but the number of the latter which circulated in commerce was no less considerable in the times which immediately followed the discovery of America. In Italy, as well as in Spain, the islet of Cubagna became

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the object of numberless mercantile speculations."—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. ii. p. 279, 280.

At present Spanish America furnishes no other pearls for trade than those of the Gulf of Panama, and the mouth of the Rio de la Hacha. The bulk of them, as formerly mentioned, are procured from the Indian Ocean, particularly from the Bay of Condeatchy, in Ceylon, the Taprobane of the Romans. It will naturally be inquired how it has happened that in all other stations the oysters have disappeared, while here they continue in undiminished numbers, though fished for centuries. The answer is that the fishery has been conducted in a different manner, and with an eye to the future. The banks, which extend several miles along the coast, are divided into three or four portions, and fished in succession; a repose of three or four years being thus given to the animals to grow and propagate. Further, the beds are carefully surveyed, and the state of the oysters ascertained, previously to their being let or farmed; and the merchant is permitted to fish them for only six or eight weeks; but from the number of holidays observed by the divers of different sects and nations, the fishing days do not in reality much exceed thirty.

The fishing season commences in February, and ends about the beginning of April. During its continuance, there is no spectacle which Ceylon affords more striking to a European than the Bay of Condeatchy. "This desert and barren spot is at that time," says an eye-witness, "converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost any thing I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people, of different colours, countries, casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd: the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious, expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene." *(Percival.)* The inference is just, and yet when we remember in what manner and by whose means these vain ornaments are and have been procured, the impressions which such a gay scene conveys come not unalloyed. Poor negroes, sold to slavery, were compelled to dive for them, and we cannot read of the cruel treatment they received from the American Spaniards, without feelings of indignation and horror. Nor is it *methodistical*, but it is wholesome, to view the desolation which overtook their cities, and the departure of the "pomp of their strength," as the just punishment of their wickedness. The divers, it is believed, now employed are not slaves, nor, are they maltreated; but still they drive a laborious trade, and one not void of danger; for the ground shark prowls among the banks, and is ever on the watch to devour them.

The importance of the pearl mussel need not be further dwelt upon, but the reader may form his own opinion on that point from the facts above stated. It should not, however, be omitted, that Linnæus in part owed his elevation to nobility to a discovery he made of causing the fresh-water mussel (Unio margaritifera) of Sweden to produce pearls at his pleasure. It is conjectured that he accomplished this by drilling small holes through the shells, but his method is not certainly known, nor is this of any consequence, since it seems to have been soon abandoned. The States of Sweden viewed it at first in such an important light that they rewarded the illustrious naturalist with a premium of 1,800 dollars, (about £450.) which in that country must have been a very considerable sum.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

SAILOR'S LOVE.

THE following is a sailor's description of a young lady whom he imagined fell in love with him on her passage to Madras.

"Bless your hearts, I lost, or, what's all as one as lost, let slip thro' my fingers, on an out'ard-bound vyage to Madras, as nice a little craft as ever hit the fancy o' man—and for why? Because *miss* was too modest to open her mind, and Phill too green, at the time,

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to diskiver her drift. She was a reg'lar-built lady—played on your forty-pianor, and wore nothing but silks and satins all the way out to Madras. She'd the wickedest eye, and yet there was never no wickedness in it; for 'twas as blue and as bright as the sea in a calm; but 'twas the most rogishest eye I ever seed with a winch. She used to look under her lee-lid, as was always on the droop, for all the world like the slope of a lower-deck port of a rainy day. There was never — no, *never,* a craft more beautifuller built. *She* wanted no *sheathing* on her bilge, or bends to make her stand up to her sticks. Her bearings were in the right place. She tumbled in, as in course she should, a little aloft. None o' your wall-sided wenches for Phill. I never knew one on 'em yet as could properly carry their canvass. Her run was as clean as a clipper's; and as for her bow, the le-la Pomone's herself wasn't finer beneath, or fuller above. Whenever 'twas *my* weather-wheel, she was sure to be backing, and filling, and boxing 'bout the binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There she'd be, one time a larning her compass — another seeing which way her head was—now axing the name o' that rope, then the name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef and a *true* lover's knot; and then she'd send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would either shake the ship up in the wind, or make her yaw from her course four or five points. Many and many's the blowin' up she's a-got me. But I take it Miss Morton (for *she* didn't go by a purser's name) took 'em all more at heart nor ever did Phill. 'I *so* loves the sea,' says she, a day or two after we crosses the Line: 'sailors,' says she, 'are such kind-hearted men. They've such sinnuvatin ways with 'em. They takes such care o' their hair; and they seem,' says she 'so fond o' children—even among the very pigs and poultry they've always a pet. Oh, *Mister* Farley,' says she, (for you see, and what's more, I never could come at the cause, she always *would* clap a handle to my name,) 'you *doesn't* know, Mr. Farley,' says she, 'how *much* I doats upon sailors. What *would* I give,' says she, letting fly another flash of her eye—'what *would* I give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to imitate the feminine tone of his quondam love, 'could I only follow their fortuns.' I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her afore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chinese child,) as it peeped from under her petticoat, shoving the sand, that lay spread upon the deck, into the pitchy seams, as biled out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know, when she says, 'What *would* I give could I only follow their fortuns,'—so much she gets hold o' my mind, that I'm blessed if the ship did'nt broach instantly to, and slap goes, short in the irons, the fore-topmast, and to' gallant studden-sail booms.' "—*Tales of a Tar.*

MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

THOUGH Napoleon is now as quiet as his forefathers, yet all that relates to him belongs to the most stirring period of modern history, and his crimes and qualities will form the topic and the lesson of many a generation to come. De Bourrienne's Memoirs of him are undoubtedly the most curious book that has yet appeared relative to this wonder of the nineteenth century. How much of it is exaggeration, or direct falsehood, rests with the writer; though we can readily conceive that De Bourrienne, who himself was a partaker in the crimes and profits of the Napoleon time, must have suppressed a great deal, and *embellished* a great deal more. But where his story tells *against* the hero of his idolatry, we may believe him, for there he is a reluctant witness, and his fancy is forced to succumb to his facts. The horrid murder of the Duc d'Enghien has been denied and doubted, and flung from Talleyrand to Savary, and from Savary on half-a-dozen heads besides. But De Bourrienne fixes it directly on Napoleon, by the fact, that the unfortunate Bourbon's grave was dug before his trial, and almost at the moment of his arrival in Paris!

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard. I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently warmed, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He

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then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness.—'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognised the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution. The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chambers, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm and said, 'Are they going to put me into a dungeon?'—The rest is known."

This was the declaration which Harrel, one of the culprits, made to De Bourrienne.—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FIRE OF LONDON.

It does not appear that more than six persons lost their lives by this fire; and of those two or three met their deaths through being too venturesome in going over the ruins.

According to Holinshed, eleven o'clock in the forenoon was the customary dinner-hour in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and in that of James I. it was but little later.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

Altogether, the building expenses of this edifice amounted to more than half a million sterling.

In the waste land now forming the grounds of the Charter-house, upwards of 50,000 human bodies, who had perished by the plague, were *in one year* consigned to their native dust.

ANAGRAMS.

Partial Men.....	Parliament.
Mind his map.....	Midshipman.
Into my arm.....	Matrimony.
Great help	Telegraph.
Best in prayer	Presbyterian.
Yes Milton.....	Solemnity.
Spare him not.....	Misanthrope.
Queer as mad.....	Masquerade.
Rover eat Pig	Prerogative.
Tim in a pet.....	Impatient.
Sly ware	Lawyers.
Neat Tailors	Alterations.
Nine Thumps.....	Punishment.
Red-nuts and gin	Understanding.
O poison Pit	Opposition.
It cut onion last.....	Constitutional.
Russ Palace.....	Paracelsus.

W. G. C.

A Russian author relates in his Notices, (a work which he compiled abroad,) that during the reign of Alexis, gold was as scarce as silver was common, and that consequently a large sum could not be carried without inconvenience. It was therefore the custom to pay visits without money to stake at play; but such was the courtesy and simplicity of manners, that in the respectable houses of Moscow the masters gave the servant bags with thousands of rubles, to distribute to those who played. The company being met, each of them demanded money during the evening of the confidential man, so that in some measure they played at the expense of the host; but the next morning they did not fail to return him the value of what they had taken and lost. These societies, (continues the same writer) were free from pomp and ceremony; every one was at his ease; and loss or gain did not dissipate the general good humour.

W. G. C.

SPEAKING IN TIME.

A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

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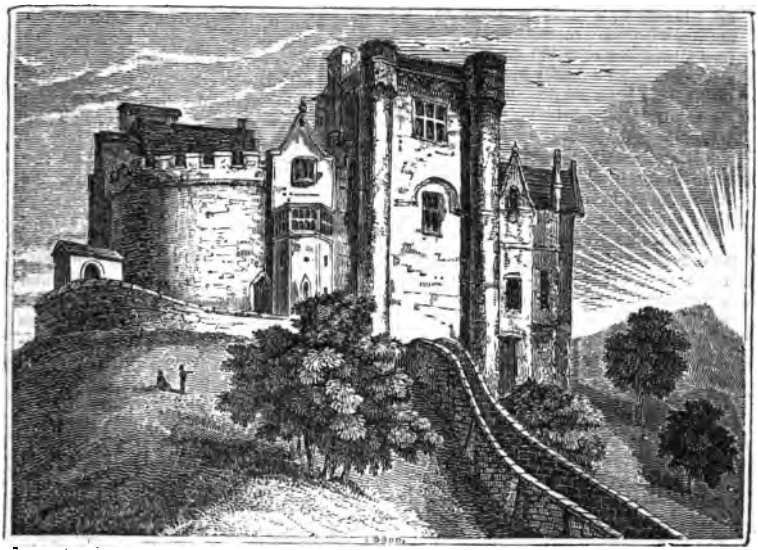
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 433.] SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1830. [Price 2d.

Tamworth Castle.*



The Castle of Tamworth, an ancient baronial residence, was founded by Robert de Marmion—a name adopted by Sir Walter Scott, as the title of one of his soul-stirring metrical tales:

> They hailed Lord Marmion:
> They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Lutterwarde and Scrivelbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town.†

* Tamworth is finely situated at the confluence of the River Tame and the Anker, in the county of Stafford. The parish is, however, divided by the first mentioned river into two parts, one in this county, the other in Warwickshire, whence it is accounted to belong to both. It seems to have been a town of considerable note at a very early period. In the time of the Mercians it was a royal village, and the favourite residence of their monarchs. The celebrated Offa dates a charter to the Monks of Worcester, from his palace here in 781. At this period it was fortified on three sides by a vast ditch 45 feet in breadth, the rivers serving as a defence on the fourth side. Upon the invasion of the Danes, Tamworth was totally destroyed. Ethelfled, however, the celebrated daughter of the illustrious Alfred, rebuilt it in the year 913, after she had, by her prudence and valour, succeeded in freeing her brother's dominions from the grasp of the invaders. This heroic lady likewise erected a tower on a part of the artificial mount which forms the site of the present castle; and here she generally resided till the period of her death in 920. About two years posterior to this event, Tamworth witnessed the submission of all the Mercian tribes, together with the Princes of Wales, to the sovereign power of her brother Edward.

† Marmion. canto i. st. 11.

The illustrious poet, however, acknowledges the Lord Marmion of his romance to be entirely a fictitious personage. "In earlier times, indeed," continues he, "the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without male issue. He was succeeded in his Castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his granddaughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his Castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely—on the

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day of the coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any one who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymocke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars;"*—descended, says Burton, "from an ancient Saxon line, long before the Conquest." It has subsequently been in possession of the Marquis of Townshend, in right of the heiress of the Comptons.

The architecture of Tamworth Castle, to a modern eye, appears dull and heavy, epithets of every-day application to the substantial works of our forefathers, and altogether in keeping with the taste of this flimsy age. The elevation of its site, however, throws around it an air of considerable grandeur, and its antiquarian associations invest it with equal interest. The exterior is kept in tolerable repair; but the apartments being condemned as inconvenient and irregular, the interior is neglected. The dining and drawing-rooms have, nevertheless, fine projecting windows: around the first are emblazoned the arms of the Ferrars family, and in the other is a very splendid chimney-piece, with the motto, "Only one." In the hall there was formerly an old rude delineation upon the wall, of the last battle between Sir John Launcelot of the Lake, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and another knight, named Sir Turquin. The figures were of gigantic size, and tilting as described in the romance; resting their spears, and pushing their horses at full speed against each other. Tamworth is likewise of Shakspearean interest, especially in juxta-position with "Richard III. Inn, at Leicester," represented in No. 431 of *the Mirror*; for, on a plain near Tamworth, the Earl of Richmond halted, on his march to Bosworth Field, thus to inspire his forces for the coming fight:

> This foul swine
> Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
> Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
> From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
> In God's name, cheerly on courageous friends,
> To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
> By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
>
> Richard III. Act v. scene 2.

Note to Marmion.

The Sketch-Book.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

"That embryo of spirit—*yet* without a name."
CAMPBELL.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a lovely morning in the month of June. The glimpses of a blue, beautiful Italian sky appeared between the pageantry of variegated clouds, the woodland minstrelsies mingled their songs with the laughter of streams, the leaves whispered a salutation as the gentle breeze embraced them, and the sunny dales with their rural variety of hedges of hamlets called up from the heart a dream of departed Arcadia. As to the scenery—it must have been supplied by Miss Landon's last enchanting poems. The broad bosom of the river reflected the architecture of the scattered clouds, the succession of hill and vale, fancifully diversified by the omnipotent power of Nature, looked as blooming as Eulatia, the dimpled streamlets seemed to have derived their stainless crystal from the "Venetian Bracelet," and the melody which floated through the air decidedly belonged to the festival of the "Golden Violet;"* then the ethereal realms of space

> "Were deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;
> As some one somewhere sings about the sky!"*

We could not permit the fascinations of such a morning to slumber in obscurity. Awakened by its resplendent charms, we commenced an excursion into Kent; and, at a pleasant village surrounded with walks of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, we terminated our wanderings. Here we met a personage of whom I cannot give an adequate description. In the dingy room of the alehouse, which we sought at the conclusion of our peregrinations, a tall, spectral stranger, whose look imposed solemnity, demanded our attention as he mused over the remains of a Stilton cheese. His attire served as an index to himself; and the "march of intellect" had not made an innovation on his person; it was exclusively his own! A pair of enormous buckles clasped his breeches into something like respectability, his face was a combination of fiendish singularities, and his hat and periwig contributed to maintain the extraordinary appearance of his lineaments. We, at first, deemed him the property of Monk Lewis; but this conjecture did not accord with probability. We then assigned him to Sir Walter Scott, and presumed him to be the prototype of the "Antiquary;" but this

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supposition was equally untrue. We, at length, decided on an opinion which I shall not particularize, and resolved to regard him with the deepest scrutiny; but his solemn, sombre, and sublime aspect imposed a fearfulness that defeated our intentions. Laying down the remains of an old newspaper on the skeleton of an antiquated table, the demon extended his mighty mouth, and, good heaven! how shall I relate it? laved his throat with a pint of ale! At the conclusion of this awful ceremony he startled us with a glance, a dark and spirit-withering glance that penetrated into our existence. He then withdrew, and we sought our hostess to obtain some information respecting him, but she knew him not, neither the time of his down-sitting nor up-rising! Did he enter the house in a walnut-shell? No. Did he glide into the pot-room on the wings of a butterfly? No. Our suspicions were correct; he was the *vox et præterea nihil*—the Man without a Name.

The neighbourhood contained some clear, sunny trout-streams, for which Isaac Walton would have given his whiskers, embowered in the pleasant solitude of half a dozen noble oaks. Thither we repaired with our angling implements, Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, and an adequate supply of ginger beer. But it was interminably vexatious; not a trout did we secure as a trophy of our success! alas, how could we? The incarnate fiend, the great agitator, had troubled the waters; and, as we afterwards supposed, not a trout existed in them. We therefore resigned our unprofitable amusement, and wandered across the fields. But a lofty ruin, towering above the distant woods, demanded our attention; and although we were unacquainted with its name or situation, we continued to gaze on it. "What ruin can it be?" I exclaimed; at that moment, a low sepulchral voice which might have belonged to the Ghost of Hector, pealed its supernatural tone in my ears, "That ruin you are now alluding to is St. Augustine's Monastery." I turned to thank the speaker, when, to my infinite surprise, the identical personage, the omnipotent tormentor, the Man without a Name stood beside me!

The adventures of that day would have contributed to expand a Romance; but they had not received their finale. I had breathed a farewell to my companions, and retired to my apartment; but the scene was so indescribably beautiful that I lingered at the window to behold it. The silver moonshine kissed the clouds, as like gorgeous visions, they floated in their ethereal ocean; and the sparkling stars glided around the throne of the "Enchantress of Night" like innumerable gems dropped from the diadem of the Godhead. As to the landscape, it was a perfect, splendid, library. Mrs. Radcliffe had supplied the luxurient variety of "wood and water." Miss Mitford had adorned it with the charms of several villages, and the Author of Waverley displayed his creative power in the sublime majesty of the variegated hills. But, amid my contemplative aspirations, a slow, pausing, unearthly step imposed its funereal sound on the silence of moonlight. I started from my position, and the fiendish terrific glance of my tormentor, my evil genius, met me from the upper stair! It was the Man without a Name, retiring to his chamber;

"He glimmer'd like a meteor, and was gone."

After a feverish night in which the Mighty Unknown haunted my sleep with the most appalling phantasies, I arose to greet a morning that empurpled the skies with what Burke would have termed the "Sublime and Beautiful." Curiosity, however, seduced me into the adjoining room. Good heaven! and how was my curiosity repaid! It was the chamber of the Man without a Name! His spectral hat and periwig hung on a rusty hook, and the phantom of a book lay upon the table. For aught I knew, it might have been the magic Chronicle of Michael Scott; and if I had presumed to meddle with necromancy, the spiteful enchanter would doubtless have amply rewarded me for it. I therefore only essayed to open it at the title page; but the tribulation which this ordeal inflicted on me gradually diminished, as

The Country Curate;
by the Author of the "Subaltern,"
"The Chelsea Pensioners," &c.

demanded my homage for the New Burlington Press!

I could scarcely credit the evidence of mine eyes, and did the Man without a Name belong to Colburn?

Another hour succeeded, and the thrilling horn which announced the arrival of the Mail rang its lively music in my ears. I heard the cry of "All's right," and started to the window, when the fiendish grin of my demoniacal acquaintance hailed me from the interior of the coach. Yes, he departed in a coach! Mysterious Fellow! he should have departed on a thunder-cloud, and thereby have given me some key to elucidate the immutable existence of the Man without a Name. R. A.

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Manners & Customs of all Nations.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY, MALPAS SHOT.

A Cheshire Proverb.

One of the early kings of England, travelling in disguise, came to Malpas towards evening, and it being too late to proceed on his journey, he asked the vicar and curate to come and spend the evening with him. When the reckoning *(shot)* came to be settled, the curate proposed that they should pay the stranger's share between them. The vicar would not consent to this, but said, no higgledy pigledy, let each pay for himself. The story further adds that the king was so pleased with the curate's liberality that he caused the living to be equally divided between him and the incumbent, and that remains to this day.

J. Y.

COURT OF PIEPOWDER.

(For the Mirror.)

Such is the present corruption of the original and proper title of this court—of *piepoudre, curia pedis pulverizati*, so called from the dusty feet of the suitors, or according to Sir Ed. Coke, because justice is there administered as speedily as dust falls from the foot; upon the same principle that justice among the Jews was administered in *portâ civitatis*; that the proceedings might be more speedy as well as public. The etymology of a learned modern writer is, however, much more clear and evident, (vide Barrington's Observations on the Stat. 337,) it being derived, according to his opinion, from *pied puldreaux*, a pedlar in ancient French, and therefore signifying the court of such petty chapmen as resort to fairs or markets. It is a court of record incident to every fair and market, of which the steward of him who owns or has the toll of the market, presides as judge. It was instituted to administer justice for all commercial injuries done in that very fair or market, and not in any preceding one; so that the injury must be done, complained of, heard, and determined during the continuance of the fair, and no longer. This court, which is the lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious in England, was instituted for the purpose of doing immediate justice among the people who resort to fairs, &c., and the plaintiff must make oath that the cause of action arose there.

W. H. H.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE FIRST SERMON.

BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD.

Once, on a lovely day—it was in spring—
I went to hear a splendid young divine
Preach his first sermon. I had known the youth,
In a society of far renown,
But liked him not, he held his head so high;
And ever and anon would sneer, and poogh!
And cast his head all to one side, as if
In perfect agony of low contempt
At every thing he heard, however just.
Men like not this, and poets least of all.
Besides, there are some outward marks of man,
One scarcely can approve. His hair was red,
Almost as red as German sealing-wax;
And then so curled—What illustrious curls!
'Twas like a tower of strength! O, what a head
For Combe or Dr. Spurzheim to dissect,
After 'twas polled His shoulders rather narrow,
And pointed like two pins. And then there was
A primming round the mouth, of odious cast,
Bespeaking the proud vacancy within.
Well, to the Old Grey Friars' Church I went,
And many more with me. The place was crowded!
In came the beadle—then our hero follow'd
With gown blown like a mainsail, flowing on
To right and left alternate. The sleek beaver
Down by his thigh keeping responsive time.
O such a sight of graceful dignity
Never astounded heart of youthful dame;
But I bethought me what a messenger
From the world's pattern of humility!
The psalm was read with beauteous energy,
And sung. Then pour'd the prayer, from such a face
Of simpering seriousness—it was a quiz—
A mockery of all things deem'd divine.
Some men such faces may have seen among
The Methodists and Quakers—but I never.
The eyes were closely shut—one cheek turn'd up;
The mouth quite long and narrow like a seam,
Holding no fit proportion with the mouths
Which mankind gape with. Then the high curl'd hair
With quiver and with shake, announced supreme
The heart's sincere devotion! Unto whom?
Ask not—It is unfair! Suppose to Heaven,
To the fair maids around the gallery,
Or to the gorgeous idol, Self-conceit.
Glad was my heart at last to hear the word,
That often long'd for and desired word,
Which men yearn for as for the dinner bell,
And now was beauteously pronounced. AY-MANE!
Now for the sermon. O ye ruling Powers
Of Poesy Sublime, give me to sing
The splendours of that sermon! The bold hem!
The look sublime that beam'd with confidence;
The three wipes with the cambric handkerchief;
The strut—the bob—and the impressive thump
Upon the holy Book! No notes were there.
No, not a scrap—All was intuitive,
Pouring like water from a sacred fountain,
With current unexhausted. Now the lips
Protruded, and the eyebrows lower'd amain,
Like Kean's in dark Othello. The red hair
Shook like the wither'd juniper in wind.
'Twas grand—o'erpowering!—Such an exhibition
No pen of poet can delineate!
But now, Sir Bard, the sermon? Let us hear
Somewhat of this same grand and promised sermon—
Aha! there comes the rub! 'Twas made of scraps,
Sketches from *Nature*, from old Johnson some,
And some from Joseph Addison—John Logan—
Blair—William Shakespeare—Young's Night Thoughts—The Grave—
Gillespie on the Seasons—Even the plain

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Bold energy of Andrew Thomson here
Was press'd into the jumble. Plan or system
In it was not—no gleam of mind or aim—
A thing of shreds and patches—yet the blare
Went on for fifteen minutes, haply more
The *hems!* and *haws!* began to come more close;
Three at a time! The cambric handkerchief
Came greatly in request. The burly head
Gave over tossing. The fine cheek grew red—
Then pale—then blue—then to a heavy crimson!
The beauteous dames around the galleries
Began to look dismay'd; their rosy lips
Wide open'd; and their bosoms heaving so,
You might have ween'd a rolling sea within.
The gruff sagacious elders peered up,
With one eye shut right knowingly, as if
The light oppress'd it—but their features
Show'd restlessness and deep dissatisfaction.
The preacher set him down—open'd the Bible,
Gave half a dozen *hems!* Arose again,
Then half a dozen more—It would not do!
In every line his countenance bespoke
The loss of recollection, all within
Became a blank—a chaos of confusion,
Producing naught but agony of soul.
His long lip quiver'd, and his shaking hand
Of the trim beaver scarcely could make seizure,
When, stooping, floundering, plaiting at the knees,
He—made his exit. But how I admired
The Scottish audience! There was neither laugh
Nor titter; but a soften'd sorrow
Portrayed in every face. As for myself,
I laugh'd till I was sick, went home to dinner,
Drank the poor preacher's health, and laugh'd again.
But otherwise it fared with him; for he
Went home to his own native kingdom—Fife,
Pass'd to his father's stable—seized a pair
Of strong plough-bridle reigns, and hang'd himself.
And I have oft bethought me it were best,
Since that outrageous scene, for young beginners
To have a sermon, either of their own
Or other man's. If printed, or if written,
It makes small difference—but have it there
At a snug opening of the blessed book
Which any time will open there at will,
And save your credit. While the consciousness
That there it is, will nerve your better part,
And bear you through the ordeal with acclaim.

Blackwood's Magazine.

FASHIONABLE STREETS OF LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(In a letter to the Court Journal.)

My father told me, fifty years ago come the first of August next—nay, start not, at the reminiscences of an octogenarian—but it was on an anniversary of the death of the good Queen Anne, that my father, Sir Hildebrand ———, told me he augured disasters to the church, another change of dynasty, and an overthrow of the government, from the manner in which the fashionable lounges had been altered, even in his day. The gouty Earl, in Hogarth's first picture of "Marriage à la Mode," is an admirable representation of Sir Hildebrand. Where Hogarth found the prototype of that ideal-beau of our ancient aristocracy I know not, but it was so inimitable a likeness of Sir Hildebrand, that, but for the gout, he would have chastised the painter for modernizing him, and depriving him of his due portion of frills, cuffs, flaps, and wig, to the destruction of all decorum, and to the substitution of a light, jaunty, Bond-street air for the Tavistock-street stateliness of the good old times. Sir Hildebrand having signed his will, said to me, "Rowland (you'll soon be *Sir* Rowland), I conjure you, do not patronize this vile new-fangled street called Bond-street. What but national ruin can follow these rapid changes? They have cut down the magnificent avenue of trees in St. Martin's-lane, running from old Lord Cobham's house; Charing Cross is no longer a village, as in my younger days: even its Gothic cross has made way for a statue;—they have built upon the once illuminated Spring Gardens, and destroyed its noble trees, its fine shrubbery, and beautiful orchestra and concert-room;—nay, even the gardens in Piccadilly, where the old Duke of Bedford used to play skittles, and where the Russells and the patriots planned our glorious revolution of 1688, are no more; and what was formerly the real slaughter-house of Wolsey's palace at Whitehall, is now converted to a mere coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane, mocking us by the retention of its antique venerable name.—What nation can exist, if things go on thus? Rowland, my son Rowland, when I was a boy, the fashionable lounge was that magnificent pile of buildings, Exeter 'Change—made venerable by reminiscences of the Cecils, and the heroes of the reign of Elizabeth. To that we rode every day, at the fashionable hour of eleven in the morning, and leaving our saddle-horses, &c., near the lofty Maypole, near Somerset Palace, our servants carried our embroidered cloaks and swords behind us, whilst we lounged and revelled in Exeter 'Change till our dinner-hour at one, admiring the splendid beauties of the court. Ah! Rowland—there are no such beauties now-a-days. But London grew large—every 'squire now came to London in the season from September to the beginning of December—and the Union with Scotland brought so many peers of that country to our metropolis, that a rival lounge was set up to 'Exeter Change. Tavistock-street, then lately built, attracted the Whig aristocracy; but the old families and the Tory peers still adhered to the promenade of their ancestors. I must confess that I eventually gave in to the new fashion. Then, son Rowland, we used to play our pranks in Tavistock-street at seven in the morning, whilst the beautiful shop-girls, in their hoops and velvet night-caps, were dust-

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ng the windows, and arranging their wares, with the shopmen and lads, who wore swords which they had not the courage to use. At eleven, we were in full costume for the fashionable lounge. But change came upon change, until every vestige of antiquity and grandeur was obliterated. Sedan-chairs were substituted for side-saddles; and at last carriages superseded sedan-chairs. The long line of footmen, with their staves, batons, and at night, torches, gave way to the carriage-in-four and the two running footmen with their jockey-caps, —a sad substitute! To Tavistock-street I always adhered till the numerous changes drove me from the world in utter disgust. Swords gave way to bludgeons; and well might my friend Lord Chesterfield say, that 'he would swear the peace against those who wore such long swords and fiercely-cocked hats; whilst all who carried sticks and wore slouched hats he would consider sheep in wolves' clothing.' But Rowland, my lad, what a shocking innovation is this Bond-street; instead of the comfortable length of Exeter 'Change, or Tavistock-street, it is nearly a mile long, and so wide that you cannot see a beautiful girl, or distinguish a noble character on the opposite side. If you have the legs of a porter, to reach to the northern extremity, what do you see but the turnpike-gate and Oxford-road sending its clouds of dust to obscure the view of the meadows on the other side. Snipe-shooting in the fields across Oxford-road is now absolutely worth nothing; and Mary-le-bone gardens will soon be as much in town as that country-house which Lord Foley is building in the green lane, that he is going to call Foley-place. The wing of the Palace, which my friend the Duke of Chandos was building with his profits of the South-sea scheme, is about to become the north-west corner house of a new square, to be called Cavendish-square. My friend, Sir Robert Walpole, pointed out to me another new square (to be named after the Earl of Berkeley) as a proof of the prosperity of the country under his administration; and the few remaining cottages between the old Duke of Monmouth's house, Soho, and this new fangled street, Bond-street, are, I am credibly informed, to be pulled down, for the construction of a square to be called Hanover-square, in honour of the new dynasty. Now that Lord Grosvenor, by marrying the cow-keeper's daughter, has come into the fine property of meadows between this Bond-street and the Park (which once belonged to Hyde, the brewer); I have no doub he will destroy all our rural rides, and ereet some square, to be called, perhaps, after his own title, Grosvenor-square. I have heard, but I can scarcely credit it, that the lofty May-pole, opposite Somerset-palace, round which the sailors from Wapping and Greenwich so innocently amuse themselves every evening in the true John Bull style, is to be removed, and that one Gibbs, a pupil of the late Sir Christopher Wren, is to build a church in its stead, to be called St. Mary's Church. Even the grounds and the mansion of the ancient family of the Druries are not sacred, and a street is now building through the park, to be called Drury-lane.

"But Rowland, I must renew this subject with you another time. For fifty years I have been accustomed to the fashionable lounge of Tavistock-street, from which the beaux could saunter into the delightful avenues of Covent-garden market, buying *bouquets*, enjoying the first offerings of the spring, or, perhaps, even purchasing one of those rare exotic fruits, the annana, called the pine-apple, for I have seen one or two in that market. I conjure you, my son Rowland, never to degrade yourself by resorting to Bond-street; keep to the fashionable lounges of your ancestors, or perhaps even this Bond-street will give way, in time, to some new lounge, if possible, more inconveniently long and wide, and perhaps frequented equally by upstart and low people."

Such, sir, was one conversation with which my father, Sir Hildebrand, entertained me fifty years ago.

TO THE PEERLESS.

FROM THE SYLVA OF PABLO DE RIOJA.

SWANLIKE form and snowy arms,
Tho' around thee fondly wreathing;
Stag-like eye that instant charms,
Rubious lips their dove-strains breathing;
These may youth in thraldom bind,
Yet must yield to Mind—to Mind!

Love-befrenzied youth may stray,
Lowly slave, in Beauty's bower,
Beauty fades like April's day,—
A breath will soil the brightest flower;—
And Youth pants no more to see
What *was* his idolatry!

Peerless thou—for thine's the sway,
Where the tide of Sense is flowing,
There hath Loveliness its ray
Darted—and 'tis radiant glowing—
And I, wondering, see combined,
Beauty's gold with gems of Mind

Fraser's Magazine.

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

If we were to prophesy that in the year 1930, a population of fifty mil-

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lions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands,—that Sussex and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the West-Riding of Yorkshire now are,—that cultivation, rich as that of a flower-garden, will be carried up to the very tops of Ben Nevis, and Helvellyn, — that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house,—that there will be no highways but rail-roads, no travelling but by steam,—that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grandchildren a trifling encumbrance, which might easily be paid off in a year or two,—many people would think us insane. We prophesy nothing; but this we say—If any person had told the parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720, that in 1830, the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams—that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden —that for one man of £10,000 then living, there would be five men of £50,000; that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless the mortality would have diminished to one-half what it then was,—that the post office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles II.,—that stage-coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours — that men would sail without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver's *Travels*. Yet the prediction would have been true; and that they would have perceived that it was not altogether absurd, if they had considered that the country was then raising every year a sum which would have purchased the fee-simple of the revenue of the Plantagenets—ten times what supported the government of Elizabeth—three times what, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, had been thought intolerably oppressive. To almost all men the state of things under which they have been used to live seems to be the necessary state of things. We have heard it said, that five per cent. is the natural interest of money, that twelve is the natural number of a jury, that forty shillings is the natural qualification of a county voter. Hence it is, that though, in every age, every body knows that up to his own time progressive improvement has been taking place, nobody seems to reckon on any improvement during the next generation. We cannot absolutely prove that those are in error who tell us that society has reached a turning point—that we have seen our best days. But so said all who came before us, and with just as much apparent reason. "A million a-year will beggar us," said the patriots of 1640. "Two millions a year will grind the country to powder," was the cry in 1660. "Six millions a year, and a debt of fifty millions!" exclaimed Swift—"the high allies have been the ruin of us." "A hundred and forty millions of debt!" said Junius —"well may we say that we owe Lord Chatham more than we shall ever pay, if we owe him such a load as this." "Two hundred and forty millions of debt!" cried all the statesmen of 1783, in chorus — "what abilities, or what economy on the part of a minister, can save a country so burdened?"

Edinburgh Review.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE WORLD, VOL. I.

This is the 7th volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. It contains many neat, and not unpicturesque, descriptions, well stored with anecdote, as a few extracts will show. The volume is enriched with a host of Cuts, good and indifferent; but where the execution generally fails, we must give credit for the design:—

Origin of the See of Canterbury.

Augustine, the Roman missionary, made his arrival known to Ethelbert, and requested an audience. The King of Kent, though not altogether ignorant of the nature of his queen's religion, nor unfavourably disposed towards it, was yet afraid of that miraculous power which the Romish clergy were then believed to possess, and which they were not backward at claiming for themselves. For this reason he would not receive them within the walls of his royal city of Canterbury, nor under a roof; but went into the island with his nobles, and took his seat to await them in the open air; imagining that thus he should be secure from the influence of their spells or incantations. They approached in procession, bearing a silver crucifix, and a portrait of our Saviour upon a banner adorned with gold, and chanting the Litany. The king welcomed them

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courteously, and ordered them to be seated; after which Augustine stood up, and, through an interpreter whom he had brought from France, delivered the purport of his mission in a brief, but well ordered and impressive discourse. "He was come to the king, and to that kingdom," he said, "for their eternal good—a messenger of good tidings; offering to their acceptance perpetual happiness here and hereafter, if they would accept his words. The Creator and Redeemer had opened the kingdom of heaven to the human race; for God so loved the world that he had sent into it his only Son, as that son himself testified, to become a man among the children of men, and suffer death upon the cross in atonement for their sins." To this address, which was protracted to some length, the king returned a doubtful but gracious answer: his conversion shortly after followed. He gave up his palace to the missionaries; and Augustine obtained a bull from the pope to found the see of Canterbury. From this period it was regarded with the highest veneration; but in the invasions of the Danes, both the church and city suffered the most grievous ruin, and no less than eight thousand persons are said to have perished at one time in the desolated town.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. vii.

Bath, the residence of Roman Emperors.

The Romans, characteristically luxurious in their baths, and choosing their situations with the most scrupulous care, were not likely to neglect the advantages which such a neighbourhood presented. The mildness of the air, and the lovely amphitheatre of hills which surrounds this valley of waters, would tend still farther to delight them with the station—the best counterpart of their own Italy which the uncultivated land afforded—and we accordingly learn from the best accredited accounts, that it shortly became the favourite residence of the Roman governors, and sometimes of the emperors.—*Ibid.*

Beau Nash.

There are few names connected with the history of the city better known to fame than that of this celebrated master of fashion; and his fortunes are well calculated to point a moral for the place of which he was the hero. He was born in 1674, at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, and was intended for the law, but entered the army; which, taking disgust at the discipline and his subordinate rank, he soon forsook, and took chambers in the Temple. Here he devoted himself entirely to pleasure and fashion; and when King William visited the Inn, he was chosen as master of the pageant with which it was customary to welcome the monarch. So pleased was William with the entertainment, that he offered him the honour of knighthood; but Nash refused it, saying, "Please your majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least equal to support my title." In 1704 he was appointed master of the ceremonies at Bath; and immediately instituted a set of regulations, as remarkable for their strictness as for their judicious adaption to the wants and society of the place. While in the plenitude of his power and popularity, Nash lived in the most splendid style of elegance, supporting his expenses by a long run of success at the gaming-table. His dress was covered with expensive lace, and he wore a large white cocked hat. The chariot in which he rode was drawn by six grey horses, and attended by a long cavalcade of servants, some on horses, others on foot; while his progress through the streets was made known by a band of French horns and other instruments.—His common title was the King of Bath; and his reign continued, with undiminished splendour, for more than fifteen years. His health then began to decline, and his resources grew less plentiful. As the change in his spirits and circumstances became more evident, his former acquaintances gradually forsook him; and he died at the age of eighty-eight, in comparative indigence and solitude. His character, however, was so estimated by the corporation of the city, that he was buried with great magnificence at its expense; and his epitaph, a neat tribute to his memory, was written by Dr. Harrington.—*Ibid.*

Frog Market at Brussels.

There is in Brussels a market for frogs, which are brought alive in pails and cans, and prepared for dressing on the spot. The hind limbs, which are the only parts used, are cut from the body with scissors, by the women who bring the animals for sale.—*Ibid.*

Origin of the University of Leyden.

The University of Leyden long took the lead in the west of Europe, as a superior place of instruction in several departments of liberal education. The circumstances connected with its foundation have much of the character of

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romance. During the war carried on by the Hollanders against the despotic government of Spain, in defence of their religion and liberties, this city embraced the cause of freedom, and was consequently besieged by its former masters. For a long period it held out with heroic pertinacity. The women lined the ramparts, and performed all the duties of soldiers, animated by one whose name was Kennava, a woman of undaunted spirit: she was present, with her companions, at all the sallies made on the enemy. At length, however, famine threatened to effect what the sword of the enemy had vainly endeavoured to accomplish. On failure of their bread, the garrison lived on herbs and roots, and the bodies of their horses and other animals: when these could no longer be procured, they had recourse to a kind of food prepared from the hides of the slaughtered cattle. At length, when even this miserable resource was exhausted, a dawning hope of relief appeared. A communication was received, through the medium of carrier pigeons, that the Dutch government, despairing of their relief by any less desperate means, had determined to break down the dykes and overflow the country, so as to force the besieging army to retire, and then to send a squadron of provision-ships across the inundation, to supply them in their extremity. The dykes were accordingly opened; the waters of the ocean rushed in the whole surrounding country was inundated; but, to their inexpressible disappointment, the waters rose but a few feet, so as to inconvenience, but not dislodge, the besiegers. All hope was now at an end: the famished inhabitants could see from their walls the ships destined for their succour, but they also saw that their approach was impossible, and the blockade was carried on more vigorously than ever. For three weeks they still held out. At length, overcome with despair, they rushed in crowds to the governor, calling on him no longer to persevere in a useless defence, but to surrender, and free them at least from the horrors of starvation. The governor positively refused. "I have sworn," said he, "to defend the town against the Spaniards with my life; I will keep my oath. Food I have none; I cannot give it to you; but if my death be of any use, take my life; I shall die contented, if the sacrifice of it shall aid in protracting your defence." The crowd looked on each other in silent wonder, and one by one retired, submitting in tranquil despondency to the agonies of hunger, rather than swerve from the noble example set them by the governor. The equinox now arrived—a season when every Dutchman who resides in the vicinity of the dykes trembles for the security of his person and property. The storms raged with peculiar violence; the dykes that had resisted the usual pressure of the sea gave way at once; the whole accumulated waters of the ocean flowed in without obstruction, overwhelming the banks, the batteries, and the forts of the Spaniards, and swallowing up all who were not fortunate enough to save themselves by a timely flight. In the meantime, the little fleet sailed triumphantly over the surface of that element which was dealing destruction on the enemy. It entered the town without opposition; the wants of the garrison were relieved, and the besieging army relinquished the blockade as hopeless. Had two days more elapsed before this providential interference, the scanty supply of their miserable provisions would have totally failed, and the whole of a garrison must have perished. The Prince of Orange, as a reward for their unparallelled defence, gave them a choice between an immunity of taxes for a stated period, or the founding of a university in the city. To their immortal honour, they chose the latter, and the university was established.—*Ibid.*

Political Enthusiasm.

Marseilles, upon the triumph of the Jacobins, was deluged with blood, by tumultuous massacre and the guillotine. The victims, eight in number, in one instance, approached the scaffold singing the famous hymn of the Marsellois—"Allons, enfans de la patrie!" The last in turn of the party, having sung with the utmost serenity the stanza beginning "Amour sacré de la patrie," turned to the crowd and said, "Is not mine an enviable lot? I die for liberty! Live for ever the French republic!" Then taking his tricoloured cockade, "I must kiss thee," said he, "for the last time;" and having placed it next his heart, bowed his neck beneath the axe, and was no more.—*Ibid.*

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:

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The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold.
Farewell, those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare:
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.
Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light:
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed.
Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that is in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
Will they ill-use thee?—If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return?
Return!—alas, my Arab steed, what shall thy master do?
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gath'ring tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone.
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink."
When last I saw thee drink!—away, the fever'd dream is o'er—
I could not live a day, and *know*, that we should meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful, for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful, but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed. I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains."

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH SCULPTORS.

By Allan Cunningham.

THIS is the third volume of the Lives of British Artists, and the thirteenth of the *Family Library*. The present is even richer than its predecessors: it has more knowledge of art, and more agreeable criticism, from Mr. Cunningham's better acquaintance with sculpture than painting. The Lives are those of Gibbons, Cibber, Roubiliac, Wilton, Banks, Nollekens, Bacon, Damer, and Flaxman, with a spirited portrait prefixed to each. The Life of Flaxman occurs to us as the best written. Our extracts are, however from six of the nine biographies:

Gibbons.

All the wood-carving in England fades away before that of Gibbons at Chatsworth. The birds seem to live, the foliage to shoot, and the flowers to expand beneath your eye. The most marvellous work of all is a net of game; you imagine at the first glance that the gamekeeper has hung up his day's sport on the wall, and that some of the birds are still in the death-flutter. He richly merited the happy compliment of Walpole: "There is no instance of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species." He was, however, much assisted at Chatsworth. The designs are from the pencil of Gibbons, and much of the carving too; but there is plenty of proof that the hand of Samuel Watson, a Derbyshire man, was extensively employed under him.

Rhodes, in his interesting Peak Scenery, has preserved many of Watson's own *memoranda*, from which it appears that he received, on the 24th of September, 1704, the sum of 342*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* for carving in wood only—and a still larger sum, at various periods, for working in wood and stone. Some have, indeed, claimed for him exclusively the fame which belongs to those productions. Of his skill of hand there can be no doubt, nor of the respect which his works at Chatsworth obtained for his memory. Witness the sorry verses on his tomb—

"Watson is gone, whose skilful art displayed
To the very life whatever nature made:
View but his wondrous works at Chatsworth-hall,
Which are so gazed at and admired by all," &c.

Cibber.

Cibber wrought at Chatsworth, the magnificent residence of the first Duke of Devonshire. He sought to revive the scenes of classic romance, where gods and groves, fauns and fountains, nymphs

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and temples, mingle in splendid and voluptuous confusion. The natural beauty of Chatsworth is great: on one side rolls a fine river,—on the other rises abrupt and high a vast range of hill and wood,—behind are scattered immense masses of rock, while in the front are "drop't in nature's careless haste" many hundreds of large oaks which were growing there during the wars of the roses. The mansion itself is a splendid one—adorned with carvings of high merit—and filled with fine paintings and statues and books. In the wild forest which overhangs the house, Cibber found a fitting refuge for his works. He built a little temple, half seen half hid, in the grove, introduced a fountain, which, on touching a spring, spouted an inundation from column and floor that, uniting into one stream, went rolling over an enormous flight of steps, and flowed within a quoit-cast of the mansion, when it sank and disappeared in a concealed channel. Among these groves, and temples, and fountains, were scattered plentifully the deities and demi-deities of Cibber, all cut in free-stone, a material in which he delighted, as it yielded readily to the chisel, and enabled him to keep pace with the impatience of his customers. Much of this is mutilated now, or destroyed; but the whole was once reckoned beautiful; and over the mystery of its fountains, and the classic elegance of its groves, and goddesses, both learned and noble have

"Wondered with a foolish face of praise."

In a climate so humid and variable, all these enchantments of our sculptor must, for at least one half of the year, have looked in no small degree ludicrous. To see barefooted nymphs and naked goddesses amidst the forest when the leaf was on the tree and the flower in full bloom, was startling enough; but when the wind howled over bare branches, ice-bound streams, and snow mid-leg deep, it was another affair. The barren and severe reality of the scene was at variance with the fiction. The bird chattering on the naked thorn, and the deer digging the frozen snow for herbage, were, truly, accompaniments for Venus and the Graces! Of Cibber's works at Chatsworth, few now remain, save those attached to the building—time and change of taste have been fatal to his free-stone goddesses.

Roubiliac.

The first work which can with certainty be ascribed to Roubiliac is that statue of Handel, made for Vauxhall Gardens. He wished to give a lively transcript of the living man, and he fully accomplished what he undertook. He has exhibited the eminent composer in the act of rapturous meditation when the music had fully awakened up his soul. His gladness of face and agitation of body tell us, that the sculptor imagined Handel's finest strains to have been conceived amidst contortions worthy of the Cumean Sybil. Though every button of his dress seems to have sat for its likeness, and every button-hole is finished with the fastidiousness of a fashionable tailor, the clothes are infected with the agitation of the man, and are in staring disorder. They seem to have been thrown on to meet the sudden exigency of some random fit of inspiration—his waistcoat is half unbuttoned—the knees of his breeches are loose—his hair is in motion; and he seems more like a man agitated by an apparition, than one influenced by the spirit of melody. Yet, with all these blemishes—and they are serious ones—there is a pleasing air of life and reality about the figure. It cannot fail to offend severe taste; but it will always be a prime favourite with those—and how many are they?—who desire no more from sculpture than a fac simile of the real man,

"Whose accuracy all men durst swear for."

Nor has it wanted its warm admirers among artists. Nollekens, who loved to talk in round numbers, said, it was well worth a thousand guineas. The price which the sculptor was paid for it I have never heard named. It did not remain long at Vauxhall, but the cause of its removal has not been stated.—"It stood," says Smith, "in 1744, on the south side of the gardens, under an enclosed lofty arch, surmounted by a figure playing the violoncello, attended by two boys; and it was then screened from the weather by a curtain, which was drawn up when the visitors arrived. The ladies then walked in these and Mary-le-bone Gardens, in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; whilst the gentlemen were generally uncovered, with their hats under their arms, and swords and bags. The statue, after being moved to various situations in the gardens, was at length conveyed to the house of Mr. Barrett, of Stockwell, and from thence to the entrance hall of the residence of his son, the Rev. Mr. Barrett, Duke-street, Westminster." From Mr. Barrett's hands, the statue found its way, after various vicissitudes of fortune, to a house in Dean-street, where

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it lately awaited a fresh purchaser. The model of this statue stood long in the gallery of Hudson, the painter, at Twickenham. It was purchased at his death, for five pounds, by Nollekens; and when death dispersed his collection also, it was consigned by an auctioneer to Hamlet the silversmith, for the sum of ten guineas.

Bacon's Bust of George III.

Bacon dressed himself plainly and neatly, took the purest clay, his best modelling tools, a silver syringe for spirting water on the model, instead of spouting it discourteously from his mouth, and was conducted into the royal chamber by Dr. Markham. No man of his day excelled Bacon in that nice tact, which, discriminating between the overstrained and the polite, gives to each person what his rank or his sense of his own importance induces him to expect. The king, always a lover of simplicity, was pleased with the looks, and still more so with the address, of the artist, and said, as he proceeded with the model, "Bacon, have you studied in Rome—did you learn your art out of England?" "I have never studied out of your majesty's dominions," replied the sculptor. "I am glad of it—I am glad of it," answered the king, "you will be the greater honour to us." The skill which Bacon showed in this royal bust, and the modest and unaffected bearing of the man, gained much upon the king, who desired him to prepare a copy of it as a present to the University of Gottingen; a third was subsequently carved for his present majesty, and a fourth for the Society of Antiquaries. The road was now opened to him, and he was not slow in availing himself of the facilities which it afforded of winning the confidence of his sovereign, and keeping it secure against all rivalry.

Bacon's Monument to Earl Chatham.

One day, while Bacon was in Westminster Abbey, he was accosted by a stranger, who said, "That monument to Chatham, sir, is admirable upon the whole, but it has great defects." "I should feel obliged, sir," said the sculptor, "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "That I will gladly," said the stranger, "Why here! and there! and there!—don't you see? bad, very bad!"—and at every word he spoke he struck the places alluded to with the iron end of his walking-stick, in a manner that seemed likely to hurt the work. "But will you tell me, sir," said the sculptor, "your reasons for thinking those parts bad?" "I have already done so to Bacon himself, sir," said the critic, "so I shall not repeat them to you—I pointed out other defects, too, while the monument was forming, but he refused to be convinced." —"What, then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said the sculptor, not a little amazed. "O yes, sir," replied the other, "I have been intimate with him for many years—a clever man, sir, but obstinate. "Were Bacon here, now," said the artist, turning away, "he would not like to hear a *friend* of such old standing speaking of his work so roughly."

In the absence of Bacon, an order for a monument was left with the person who conducted his business. The sculptor, on being informed of it, said, "Well, in memory of a private gentleman? and what price was mentioned?" "Three hundred pounds, sir." "Three hundred pounds—a small bas-relief will do—was he a benevolent man?—you inquired that, I hope." "Yes, sir, he was benevolent—he always gave sixpence, they said, to an old woman who opened his pew on a Sunday." "That will do—that will do—we must have recourse to our old friend the Pelican."

When he was retouching the statue of Chatham in Westminster Abbey, a divine, and a stranger, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in allusion to the story of Zeuxis, "Take care what you are doing, you work for eternity." This reverend person then stept into the pulpit, and began to preach. When the sermon was over, Bacon touched his arm and said, "Take care what you do, you work for eternity."

Honourable Mrs. Damer.

If we may believe those who knew her best, she, after all, disliked no one seriously on the other side of politics but a certain nobleman, whom she accused of declining to fight a duel with one who had wronged him; and it is certain that though she entertained Queen Caroline, she never ceased to praise the fine taste and elegant manners of George IV. Her prejudice against her cousin, the late Lord Castlereagh, was softened into something like regard by the following characteristic circumstance: His lordship had promised to make Sir Alexander Johnston Chief Justice and President of Ceylon, on which Mrs. Damer sarcastically remarked, "The fellow will cheat you—he is a Tory." Soon afterwards Lord Castlereagh sent express to Sir Alexander—had his commission drawn out—saw the great seal affixed—shook him by the hand, and wished him joy. This

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was late at night; on the following morning he fought the duel with Canning. Sir Alexander waited on him, when Lord Castlereagh said, with a smile, "You are come to congratulate me on my escape." "Yes," said Sir Alexander, "and to say that I cannot help marvelling at your fortitude last night—who but yourself could have transacted business?" "O, I had a reason for it," said his lordship; "had I fallen before the great seal was set to your commission, you would have lost the appointment, and my cousin would have said of me, 'The fellow, sir, was a cheat—he was a Tory.'" When Mrs. Damer heard this, the tears started in her eyes: "Go," she said, "to my cousin, and say I have wronged him—that I love his manliness and his regard for honour, and that I wish to renew our intercourse of friendship."

Flaxman.

It was not till the year 1825, that the author of this too imperfect narrative became personally acquainted with Flaxman. He had come to the exhibition-room with a statue; on seeing me he smiled—took off his hat—bowed—and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, with a voice which I think I hear now, "Allan Cunningham, I am glad to meet you—Lady Dacre has repeated to me some of your noble ballads—come and sit down beside me, and let us talk of verse—I love it, and I love Scotland too." We sat down together; and though several academicians came into the room, he heeded them not, but expatiated on the kindness he had experienced at Glasgow, and his admiration of the passionate songs of Burns. He told me also, that the old English ballads of Percy had made a strong impression on his mind; and instanced Sir Cauline as one of the happiest stories in verse. "I am making," said he, "a statue of Burns—will you do me the kindness to come and see it?" I promised; and parting then with mutual assurances of remembrance, some weeks elapsed before I had an opportunity of paying my respects to him, in Buckingham-street. He received me with his hat in his hand, and conducted me into his little studio, among models and sketches. There was but one chair, and a small barrel, which held coals, with a board laid over it; on the former he seated me, and occupied the latter himself, after having removed a favourite black cat, who seemed to consider the act ungracious. Our talk was all concerning poetry and poets—he listened well pleased to my description of the person of Burns, and said—"A manly man, and his poetry is like him."

During the year which succeeded this interview, he was occasionally ailing; but his suffering was little, nor did he abstain from making sketches, or from enjoying the company of his friends. Of friends he had not a few—his earliest, indeed, were passed and gone—Hayley, whom he esteemed as a man; Banks, whom he admired as a poetic sculptor; and Romney, the only native painter, of whom, it is said, he was very fond.—Thomas Hope and Samuel Rogers, dear for their genius and their worth, were left, and to them he was much attached. He also respected Howard the painter, and Stothard was a man much after his own heart. He had sat for his bust to Baily, and was sitting to Jackson for that fine portrait of which an engraving of great merit appears in this volume.—The winter had set in; and as he was never a very early mover, a stranger found him rising one morning when he called about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologize for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having this book ready for publication, he has inscribed it 'Al Ombra di Flaxman.' No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology." Flaxman smiled—accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

This singular occurrence happened on Saturday the 2nd of December: the great sculptor was well and cheerful;—next day he went to church—felt himself suddenly affected with cold—refused all medicine—went to bed—and when he rose on Monday, assured his sister that he was well enough to receive Mr. Soane, Mr. Robinson, and part of the family of Mr. Tulk, whom he had invited to dinner. When these guests came, they were touched with the change in his looks; but he assumed cheerfulness, presided at table, tasted wine with the ladies, said something pleasing to all, and they went away without any apprehension that they were to see him no more. An inflammation of the lungs

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was the result of the cold which affected him on Sunday — the disorder spread with fatal rapidity: he refused to go to bed, saying—"When I lie I cannot breathe," and sat in a cushioned chair, attended by his sister and by the sister of his wife. All attempts to arrest the deadly malady were in vain; and on Thursday morning, December the 7th, 1826, he passed, without a struggle, from a world of which he had long been the ornament. His body was accompanied to the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, on the 15th of December. The following words are inscribed on his tomb: "John Flaxman, R.A. P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality: his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age."

The Cosmopolite.

TROUBLES OF AN ASSEMBLY ROOM.

(For the Mirror.)

I WAS seated a few evenings ago in a large assembly-room, where, being alone and almost in darkness, I fell into a reverie. From this state I was suddenly aroused by a faint unintelligible whisper. Though not superstitious, I felt somewhat alarmed, for on looking around, nothing but the walls and furniture of the room could be perceived. Reduced, therefore, to the supposition that it must be the voice of some restless spirit, I followed the directions proper to be observed on these occasions, namely, requiring it to state its grievances; for ghosts, as my grandmother used to say, however much they have to communicate, never speak until requested; and moreover, as it proved in the present instance, address themselves not to the authors of their troubles, but to indifferent persons.* My questions had the desired effect; but before I relate the sequel, the sceptical reader must be reminded, that the existence of genii presiding over rivers and woods has, ages ago, been believed. Echo, the inhabitant of the grotto has also been fully celebrated; that an apartment therefore should be animated is not surprising, especially when the whispering powers of some edifices is so manifest. The celebrated Martinus Scriblerus indeed, in an elaborate criticism on the passage

"Gloucester's listening wall,"

is clearly of opinion that walls have *ears* as well as tongues, to which those who have visited the chamber of that most wonderful being, the "Invisible Girl," will be ready to allow their having the sense of sight also. By such a sprite then, I was addressed in the following words:—

"I am, though an aerial being, embodied in the frame work of this place, and feel induced to complain of the nature and degree of my bondage. Though not capable of menial employment, no servant of all-work is so burthened or degraded as myself. I am sometimes ready to sink beneath it, for my constitution is slight, and subject to decay. Parties are continually occupying me, and I am compelled to witness, whether interested in them or not, whether it is pleasure or business, all their proceedings, and notwithstanding the accommodation I afford them, get generally squeezed or trampled on for my pains. But last evening I was in attendance at the great ball, which did not allow of my obtaining any rest till late this morning; repose not long enjoyed, for very soon after, I was required to be in readiness for the Anniversary Meeting of a Religious Charity. It is true, there is some amusement in watching the various descriptions of people from time to time assembled, and my vanity is a little gratified by appearing, during the Ball, well lighted up, and in my gayest attire, notwithstanding my being so greatly shaken on these occasions. On the other hand, at the Morning Anniversary Meeting, when stripped of my ornaments and encumbered with an ugly wooden stage, I might scarcely be recognised. When first disfigured with this erection for the sake of seeing and hearing, I was so provoked, that out of pure revenge, I secretly kicked it down, to the great interruption of the business, and the no small consternation of the committee-men, who descended with it. This trick has not been repeated, since these good people forbear expressing by their heels, their approbation at what is going forward. The worst treatment I ever met with was at a Political Meeting some years ago, when certain classes of the surrounding parishes assembled here to vote an Address to Queen Caroline, an attempt opposed by many of the inhabitants of the place, who mustered their forces to outvote them. A cobbler, and remarkable is

* It has been remarked that the ghost of a murdered person does not carry the melancholy tale to the next justice of the peace, but usually haunts the bedside of some poor creature who has nothing to do with it.

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that sympathy existing between a tact in mending shoes, and heel-piecing the constitution, (but as Æsop observes, there is nothing like leather,)—a cobbler, I say, endeavoured to obtain the situation of Chairman, when a furious struggle took place to prevent him; this was succeeded by a general pell-mell engagement between the parties, in which my glasses and chandeliers were broken to pieces, and I had to experience the lot of moderate men, injuries and blows on both sides; from these I have long since recovered. What I chiefly complain of is the inconsistency as well as constancy of my employment, so likely to lower my character. I was lately occupied with a Fancy Sale of two days continuance, where my fatigue was shared with the ladies, who seem on these occasions as much on view as the commodities they stand up to vend. A Philosophical Lecturer next engaged me, who, in an ill-managed flashing experiment, besides bespattering my dress with acids, almost suffocated me, as well as his audience, with a liberal escape of gas. The Apothecaries' Company, on the following day, hired me during their venison feast, where, being not a guest but a spectator, I could not but observe how little these gentlemen, in the large mouthful and liberal potation, follow the rule of diet prescribed by them for others. A Quaker lady next in order required my services to accommodate, not a silent assembly, but one she gave notice of addressing, which appeared to me inconsistent with the professedly unpremeditated nature of their speakings. Soon after a Legerdemainist occupied my attention with his exploits, performed before a large audience,

"A Katerfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

He was succeeded by a Professor of Languages, who engaged to show something far more wonderful, viz. a royal road, a short and easy cut to Latin and Greek; having, it would seem, killed Giant Grammar, who has hitherto obliged us all to go by his roundabout way. Being required to echo all this man's unsupported statements, the engagement far more disconcerted me than waiting on the conjuror, who, low as was his society (and I hope my proprietor will not again admit him) in being a professional cheat, is far more respectable than either the former, or the other practical ones. I am too often attending on certain Auctioneers, who hire me to puff off brokers' old stores, as 'the genuine effects and furniture of a Gentleman lately deceased.'

"I am in a situation to see and hear many things, but one fact, most of all, strikes my attention, viz. that there are mainly two sets of people of the same nation and neighbourhood, who, in their tastes and projects, seem as widely differing from each other as the inhabitants of either hemisphere, and that these parties rarely intermix. I seldom if ever see any of those who attend the ball-room, present at the Religious Anniversary Meetings; nor those who patronize the latter institutions, joining in my evening assemblies, except, indeed, when philosophical lectures are delivered, of which they are the chief supporters; which is a sufficient evidence to me, that to whatever pursuits fashion may dispose her votaries, seriousness and science usually go hand in hand; and that those who are foremost in forming extensive schemes of Christian philanthropy, such as distributing the word of God among their fellow creatures, are the greatest proficients in the study of his works."

Here the narrative was cut short by the appearance of the waiter with a candle, who came to inform me that the stage in which I had engaged my place for London was waiting for me at the door of the hotel. J. H.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ADDISON.

MR. TYERS, in *A Historical Essay on Mr. Addison*, printed, but not published, has mentioned some facts concerning him, with which we were not before acquainted. These are, that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born; that when he addressed his verses on the English poets to Henry Sacheverel, he courted that gentleman's sister; that whenever Jacob Tonson came to him for the Spectator, Bayle's French Historical and Critical Dictionary lay always open before him; that upon his return to England, after his travels, he discharged some old debts he had contracted at Oxford, with the generosity of good interest; that he was put into plentiful circumstances by the death of a brother in the East Indies; that having received encouragement from a married lady, of whom he had been formerly enamoured, he had the integrity to resist the temptation; that he refused a gratification of a three hundred pounds

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bank-note, and afterwards of a diamond ring of the same value, from a Major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to serve in Ireland by his interest with Lord Sunderland; and that his daughter by Lady Warwick died unmarried, residing at Bilton, near Rugby, and possessing an income of more than twelve hundred a-year.—*Supplement Encyclopædia Britannica.*

ADDISON and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion Mr. Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject, on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "Either contradict me, or pay me the money."—*Ibid.*

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.

"MR. B.'s compliments to Mr. C.; thinks it unnecessary his *piggs* should go through his grounds."—Brief reply: "Mr. C.'s compliments to Mr. B.; thinks it unnecessary to spell pigs with two *gees*."

ROUBILIAC.

ON one occasion, it is related that Roubiliac had dined out—was merry with wine—and having invited a companion, who had sat too late for admission to his own chamber, to accompany him home, took the office of servant upon himself, showed his friend to a bedroom, and wished him good night. No sooner had they parted, than the guest stripped off his clothes, and was about to make a plunge into bed, when he found it most unpleasantly occupied by a corpse.—"Roubiliac!" he shouted, till the whole house echoed, "Roubiliac, come here!" The sculptor burst into the chamber, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! what is de matter?" "The matter!" said his friend, "look there!" "Oh dear, oh dear!" said the artist—affected, it is said, to tears—"it is poor negro Mary, my housemaid. She died yesterday, and they have laid her out here. Poor Mary! oh dear me!—Come, I shall find you another bed."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PAUL CLIFFORD AND HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.

"Dear think, Paul, they'd have the heart to hang thee?"

"I think they'd have the rope, dame!" returned the youth.

"But you need not go for to run your neck into the noose!" said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions:—

"Mind thy kittychism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you: 'cause why, the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your sitivation in life. Go not with fine tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. *Tape* often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinivation, not bluster. They as swindles, does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheats toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat; and now go play."

[Does Mr. Bulwer intend this as a parody on the old man's advice to *Anastasius?*]

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

WHEN Spenser had finished his *Fairy Queen*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered the servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading further, he cried, in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds!" Proceeding still, he said, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on shall be ruined."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 434.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Notes of a Reader.

(Exclusively from Books published within the last Six Weeks.)

When they have joined their pericranies
Out skips a book of miscellanies. SWIFT.

The maxim of the present day is "Every man his own Reader:" thus, we may bespeak weeks, and months, and years of gratification, even were the vast book machines to stand still for the next three years. All the force-marches of intellect will not enable us to keep pace with the multiplication of books, good, bad and indifferent; therefore, the best thing we can do is to pick from their "mingled yarn" a few of their novelties and rarities, and "the rest banish." Such has been our task in the preparation of this sheet, to obtain which we have turned over nearly 5,000 pages. Our first division is

Biography:

Life of Bishop Heber. By his Widow. With Selections from his Tour, Poems, &c. 2 vols. 4to.

TOMB OF HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town of Cherson (a Russian settlement on the Black Sea); it was built by Admiral Mordvinof, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English burial-service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance, I suppose, also, from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many.

GIPSIES.

Orlich, June 21, 1806.

At this place we saw several families of gipsies; these people have here the same Asiatic features, and lead the same manner of life as in England. They are very numerous in Hungary. Our drivers had been noisy and saucy; but on parting came to kiss Thornton's hand and wish him a perfect recovery. The language here and as far as Caschau, is Sclavonic, and does not materially differ from Russian and Polish. Thornton's servant could make himself perfectly understood. Count Mussy informed us that all the country from hence to the mines at Cremnitz, is inhabited by the same race of people. They consider themselves as the Aborigines of the country, and are said to be a much better-natured race than the pure Hungarian.

SCENE IN WALES.

In one of Mr. Reginald Heber's journeys into Wales, he thus describes to a friend a scene he witnessed:

"On my way I overtook a singular specimen of love in a cottage. A drunken fellow, who was driving two asses with empty panniers, boasted to my servant that he had sold a cargo of earthenware at Wrexham, and hoped to be able to get through the money before he reached Whitchurch, where his wife lived, to whom, he observed, he should be loth to give any of it. He intended being three days on the road, stopping at every alehouse on his way. To guard himself from the expected vengeance of his wife, he had had his 'hair clipped to prevent *lugging*.' I pitied the wife and the asses; but as the man was too drunk for advice, I heard his story in silence.

"I baited my horses at Bangor (the monastic, not the episcopal.) The host pressed me much to stay there half an hour longer, when I should have an opportunity of dining like a prince, as ——— and some farmers were going to do above stairs, where I might be sure of a hospitable welcome, and ale as strong as any drank by the old monks whom Ethelbert slew."

After his marriage Mr. Reginald Heber settled on his rectory, and entered, at first unassisted, on the cares of a large parish. His first act was to ex-

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tend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had, till then, been confined to the summer months. In order to devote himself more entirely to the discharge of his parochial duties, he, in a great measure, withdrew from the society of that world by which he was courted, (though with the friends of his youth he kept up occasional intercourse and frequent correspondence) and he made those talents which, in almost every sphere of life, would have raised him to eminence, subservient to the advancement of Christianity, and to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. He became, indeed, their earthly guide, their pastor, and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to "give to all who asked," however trifling the sum; and wherever he had an opportunity, he never failed to inquire into, and more effectually to relieve their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them, and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable. A poor clergyman near Hodnet, had written a poem from which he expected great emolument. Mr. Reginald Heber, to whom the MS. was sent, with a request that he would assist in getting it through the press, saw that its sale would never repay the expenses of publishing it; he, therefore, sent the clergyman some money; and while recommending him not to risk so great a sum as the printing would cost, spoke so delicately on its deficiencies, (having, as he said, a feeling for a *brother poet*) that the poor man could not be hurt at the manner in which the advice was given.

ON HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus Heavenly Hope is all serene;
But Earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair.

Mr. Reginald Heber's return home was recorded in a prayer of thanksgiving for the improved state of his wife's health:

"*Gratias ago tibi, Deus omnipotens; gratum me reddas ex animo, Pater optime! ob uxorem saluti redditam; saniorem que me et religiosiorem reddas per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.*"

STORY OF A CIRCASSIAN PRINCE.

I found my companion, his servant, and a little knot of Cossaks surrounding the door of a miserable hut of reeds, erected without the wall of the fort, in which, on some rushes, and under the guard of a sentinel with a lance, lay a Circassian prisoner. He had, that morning, swam across the river, from the party which had alarmed our guard the night before, and had requested an asylum from the Cossaks, who called him a "prince," and said he was a man of considerable power. His figure was tall and slender, but muscular and bony, with a hard weatherbeaten countenance, which was then, however, softened to tears. His dress resembled that of the Circassian nobles, as described by Dr. Clarke. I asked the Cossaks why a warrior like him was thus in tears. They repeated the question to him in Turkish, and received the following answer, which, however, I am only able to give on their authority, and from the interpretation of our servant, who induced them to repeat the whole account at night, as we supped with them on boiled fish, round a fire of reeds, in a subterranean hut near Tremruk:—

He was in love, he told them, with a handsome girl, the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, whose father asked more *usluks* as her price than he was able to pay. Determined, at all events, to obtain her, and having reason to believe that she was not insensible to his merits, he bribed an old woman, her mother-in-law, to give her notice of his intentions, and to be herself in readiness to let him into the house on a certain night, which was the one immediately preceding our interview with him. He had left his own village with the horsemen whom our Cossaks had seen, soon after dusk, and reached the village and house of his intended wife without difficulty. The dwelling was at once surrounded and broken open; the two brothers rushed to defend their sister, and both died bravely fighting on the threshold of the women's apartment. He succeeded in carrying off both his prize and the old woman; but another female, and the father of the family, had broken through the reed enclosure of their habitation, and had given, in the mean time, the alarm to the village. The ravisher and his party were immediately pursued, and overtaken on the banks of the Cuban, by an

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overwhelming superiority of numbers. The conclusion of the story is easily anticipated; his friends were slain or dispersed; his horse killed under him; his sabre shivered to pieces in his hand; the unhappy cause of so much bloodshed was torn from his embrace; and he himself, disarmed and bleeding, only escaped death by crawling into the stream, and swimming across, under cover of the surrounding darkness. The reason for his tears still remains to be told. "He knew the fortune which would now befall the girl; no Circassian could pay the price which her parents demanded; he should see her no more; she would be sold to the Turks; and was not this sufficient reason why a warrior and a sultan should weep?"

We could not learn from our Cossak friends whether this sort of woman stealing was an ordinary incident in Circassian amours; but they complained most heavily of their continual forays across the river to drive away cattle, and steal slaves, both male and female, from the Cossak stanitza. They are, indeed, the principal slave factors on this coast; and it is in no small degree to this circumstance the Circassian women owe their high renown for beauty, since, though many of them, no doubt, most fully deserve the character, they have engrossed to their own nation many of the praises due to Cossak, Georgian, and Tartar girls, who, as they passed through the hands of Circassian traders, all bore the name of Circassians. The real Circassians have, indeed, fine figures and fair complexions, but are almost universally deficient in bloom, in which particular the Cossaks and Georgians leave them far behind. Their health is often sacrificed to their admiration of a small waist, which is obtained by a broad leathern belt being sewed round the body in early life, and renewed by one something larger when the growth of the girl renders it necessary. The women are secluded, though not so closely as those of the Turks; but the men are accused of being excessively jealous.

CAROL FOR MAY DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May.

Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark, how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holiday;
And love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sing,
Thou merry month of May.

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobb'd the youth,
"ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
"The weather is cold for a watery bier:
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

ENTRANCE INTO BENARES.

OF his entrance into Benares, the seat of brahminical learning, and "the most holy city of Hindoostan," the Bishop gives the following characteristic description in a letter to the editor:

"I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town.

"*First Beggar.*—Agha Sahib! Judge Sahib! Burra Sahib! yek puesa do! hum fuqueer hue! hum padre hue! hum booku se mur jata hue! (Great lord, great judge, give me some pice. I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying with hunger.)

"*Bearers trotting under the tonjohn.*—Ugh, Ugh, Ugh, Ugh!

"*Musicians.*—Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray!

"*Chuprassee, clearing the way with his sheathed sabre.*—Chup! chup! jugih do judge sahib ke waste, lord padre sahib ke waste! baen! deina! juldee! (Silence! give room for the lord judge, the lord priest; get out of the way, quick!) *Then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a brahminy*

bull. He! uchu admee! chulo, chulo! (Oh good man, move, move.)

"*Bull, scarcely moving.* Bu—u—uh!

"*Second Beggar, counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards.*—Ram, ram, ram, ram, kurte huen!

"*Bearers, as before.*—Ugh, Ugh, Ugh! Ugh!"

BANKS OF THE GANGES.

An unpublished letter to one of the Bishop's friends contains the following passage relative to the riches of this part of India:

"Though Gunga through all her course 'disdains a bridge,' very long and handsome bridges of pointed arches, the works of the Mussulmans, are seen over the rivers which join her; and it may give you some idea of the population and ancient wealth of this part of the country, when I mention that, in a space of not more than one hundred miles on the map, I fell in (besides many large market towns) with the cities of Patna, containing a population of 200,000; Chuprah, of 40,000; Chunar, of 30,000; Mirzapoor, of 300,000; and Benares, of 580,000."

DEATH OF THE BISHOP.

At day-break, on the fatal 3rd of April, 1826, he went to the mission Church in the fort, where service was performed in the Tamul language; after which he confirmed fifteen natives in their own language, and again delivered his address on confirmation. He afterwards went to the mission-house, and examined into the state of the schools, though without staying in the school-room, as he found it close and disagreeable, from having been shut up the day preceding, and left it immediately. He then received an address from the poor Christians, earnestly praying that he would send them a pastor, to watch over and instruct them. His answer was given with that gentleness and kindness of heart which never failed to win the affections of all who heard him, promising that he would take immediate measures to provide them with a spiritual guide. He had, indeed, before he received this application, resolved on appointing Mr. Schreivogel, a Danish missionary who had petitioned, under rather singular circumstances, for a removal from Tranquebar to Vepery or Trichinopoly, to this station. From all that the bishop had heard of his private character, and of the esteem in which he was held by his own flock, in the Danish mission, as well as from personal intercourse with him, he thought that he could not better supply the wants of this important station than by committing it to his superintendence.

The bishop had gone to the fort in a close carriage, so that he could have sustained no injury from the sun; Mr. Robinson was too ill to leave his bed, but he was accompanied by Mr. Doran, and conversed with him, both going and returning, with animation and earnestness, on the important duties of missionaries, and on the state of Christianity in the south of India. On his arrival at Mr. Bird's house, before he took off his robes, he went into Mr. Robinson's room, and sitting down by his bed-side, entered with energy into the concerns of the mission. His interest had been much excited by all which he had seen. He spoke with sorrow of its poverty, and remarked how necessary it was for the bishop to have regular reports from every mission in India, that he might, at least, know the wants and necessities of all. He said he had seen nothing in the whole of his diocese that so powerfully interested him; and his mental excitement was such, that he showed no appearance of bodily exhaustion. He then retired into his own room, and, according to his invariable custom, wrote on the back of the address on confirmation, "Trichinopoly, April 3, 1826." This was his last act, for immediately on taking off his clothes he went into a large cold bath, where he had bathed the two preceding mornings, but which was now the destined agent of his removal to paradise! Half an hour afterwards, his servant, alarmed at his long absence, entered the room, and found him a lifeless corpse! Every means to restore animation, which human skill or friendship could suggest, were resorted to, but the vital spark was extinguished, and his blessed spirit had then entered on its career of immortality, and perhaps was at that moment looking down with fond pity on the exertions of those who would fain have recalled it to its earthly habitation, to endure again the trials and temptations of the world it had quitted. And, surely, if ever sudden death were desirable, it must be under such circumstances. With a heart full of love towards God and zeal for his service, and of that charity and good will towards mankind which are its certain accompaniments, having just officiated in his sacred office, listened with kindness to the wants of his poor brethren, and detailed some of his plans for their relief,

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he was called to receive his reward. He had scarcely ceased from glorifying God in his mortal state, when he was summoned to join in that angelic chorus of praise and thanksgiving, whose voices fill heaven in honour of their Maker and Redeemer.

Blessed, thrice blessed, indeed, is the servant who, when his Lord cometh, is found thus prepared!

It were a useless, and a deeply painful task, to enter into any detail of the apparent cause of his death: it is sufficient to say that disease had, unsuspected, been existing for some time; and that it was the opinion of all the medical men in attendance, that under no circumstances could his invaluable life have been very long preserved, though the event was undoubtedly hastened by the effects of climate, by intense mental application to those duties which increased in interest with every step he took, and was finally caused by the effects of cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue. His mortal remains were attended to the grave with the highest honours, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants of Trichinopoly. They rest on the north side of the altar in St. John's Church.

SONG.

BY DR. DODDRIDGE.

TEDIOUS moments!—speed your flying:
Bring Cordelia to my arms:
Absent, all in vain, I'm trying
Not to languish for her charms.

Busy crowds in vain surround me,
Brighter beauties shine in vain;
Other pleasures but confound me:
Pleasures!—but renew my pain.

What though three whole years are ended,
Since the priest has joined our hands!
Every rolling year has tended
Only to endear our bands.

Let the wanton wit deride it!—
HUSBAND is a charming name;
None can say, but who has tried it,
How enjoyment feeds the flame.

Wives our guardian angels are!
Heavenly charms, with virtue drest,
Gently soothe the hour of care,
And, smiling, spread the couch of rest.

Happy state! transporting treasure!
Circling maze of noble love!
Where the senses' highest pleasure
But a meaner blessing prove.

Dear Cordelia, hither flying,
Fold thy husband in thy arms!
For while to lull my heart I'm trying,
The more I languish for thy charms.

Correspondence and Diary, vol. iii.

Life and Manners.

EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS.

[A POLISH Tale, entitled *Levi and Sarah*, or the *Jewish Lovers*, affords us the following admirable defence of the Jewish character. The work is translated from the German, and in a series of Letters:]

It is not a sufficient reason for pronouncing a curse against a whole people, that an unnatural father, a furious fanatic, like Jankiel or the other bigots, have persecuted thy friend the virtuous Sarah. It is neither just nor humane so to express yourself. Believe me, among us there are honest and enlightened people: people that sigh over the oppressions of our Magnates—that would willingly make great sacrifices for the abolition of the Talmud and the dismission of the rabbins, if they could be satisfied that the advancement of true wisdom could be thereby assured. The crimes are those of a few, not of the whole. We should pity, should strive to turn them from their errors, but on no account curse them. It is true that it is difficult to indulge much hope of improvement when we witness so many cruelties, so much inhumanity, and such degradation among our people, all springing up from furious fanaticism; but if we reflect in what blindness, under what prejudices, they are reared, we shall only wonder that they are not a thousand times worse than we now see them. You have read many severe remarks on our people; but many of them have been partial, and many taunts and stigmas on our errors and crimes might with as much justice be directed towards the Christians.—They accuse us of idleness, of lounging about, of our want of merit; but we may inquire if the industry of the Poles is such as does them honour. Each one of them thinks only how he may enjoy life with very little care or trouble. The great squander away their money, which is the product of a thousand tears, in foreign countries, or in introducing foreign follies, and bring up their children abroad so as to make them strangers in their native country. The man who possesses a few acres of land is ashamed to use the plough, and secure independence and prosperity by improving his patrimony; he repairs to the cities to get an office, hoping that by a few hours' labour with his pen he may pass the rest of his time in running about to the theatres, the ball-rooms, and the coffee-houses, in well blacked boots and a fashionable coat. The middle class of people, who, either by a prize in the lottery, or by some other mode, obtain a small capital, may buy a few fields, or establish a manufactory; but they find it much more agreeable to pass their time at the billiard-tables or in the public houses, than in their business, and would rather drink hard than work hard. If we come down

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to the handicrafts, we shall see, though they are released from the service of the national guard, that the wages of the tailors, shoemakers, smiths, and others, have so much advanced, that it is only necessary for the journeyman to work three days in a week to earn enough to allow them to indulge in drunkenness the other three days. This they do, although the work which is bespoken stand still: they who have bespoken it must wait, and the workman gives himself no trouble about the matter.

Even the inhabitants of the villages begin to despise the soil on which they are planted, and repair to the towns and cities. The present rage for buildings enables them to earn considerable wages: even a bricklayer can gain a dollar a-day: and no one can blame a workman for being well paid. But the work goes on very badly from the many interruptions it meets by the chattering, joking, and loitering in the market-places. A building which might be finished in a few weeks is kept on hand many months, and houses that should last for centuries often tumble down before they are completely finished.

We are taunted with a disposition to cheating, which indeed we are taught by the Talmud. We cannot deny this; but are the Christians, whose religion is more pure and more humane, always better than we? An instance may be given of the immorality of even the females, which will serve to show how far this disposition has proceeded. I would give a hundred dollars to any one who can buy from a milk-woman a quart of milk that has no water in it, or a basin of cream that is not mixed up with grits, flour, or the yolk of an egg. Thus, bad morals, a desire for petty gains, and avoiding hard work, are not wholly monopolized by the Israelites. Idleness, and attempts to display an appearance above their condition, are to be seen among others as well as with us. The wives of the handicrafts, instead of being distinguished as good domestic mothers and wives, are dressed out in silks and satins, whilst their daughters are taught to trill Italian airs. The faults of others, however, in no way justify ours. We condemn not; but let us strive each one to forsake his own misdeeds, with the assurance, that notwithstanding our ignorance and depression, we shall succeed in the improvement of our condition; for the pure flame of virtue is by no means wholly extinguished in the hearts of Israel. Let our brethren compassionate the sorrows of their neighbours, let them be grateful to their benefactors, and obedient to those in authority. Clear away their prejudices, and they will not be the last in any honourable pursuit.

National Theatricals.—[The following will hold good elsewhere than in Germany:]

It is a pity that fashion should, by preferring the miserable performances of foreign countries, prevent our own national theatre from attaining some degree of perfection. It is a shame to see our boxes empty, and those of the French theatre overflowing. Whenever any new piece is brought out, there is quite a rage amongst us to be able to say that we have been to see it. The multitude prefer decorations, with thunder and lightning, and angels floating in the clouds, to the most exquisite poetry: and so it is likely to continue, unless what is called "the good company" set a different example. "I have heard," said Fadowicz, "that all kind of nonsense is to be seen at our theatres, just as it used to be in the old times when the Polish magnates were of more consequence than the king, and that all their efforts are directed to catch the populace by pompous advertisements, which make all avoid them and repair to the French house." "Some go there," said Edmund, "and I am sorry I must allow it, because they understand French better than Polish; and others go to see them and admire their nodding plumes in the crowded boxes, and to follow them in applauding a blockhead whom they take for some hero, or perhaps for Sigismund Augustus." "This shows, however," said Fadowicz, "that there is not patriotism enough to fill the Polish theatre."—*Levi and Sarah.*

Changes in France.—One of two things must happen:—Charles X. will obtain a much greater share of power—or the people will usurp the sovereignty, and either overturn the throne by sheer force, as they did before, or reduce the wearer of the crown to a sort of president of their democracy. There is no longer any intermediate class between these two estates; and one or the other, it seems manifest, must, ere long, gain the clear ascendancy.

It will be asked, why need we care what France does? Why not let her do as she pleases? What have we to do with her institutions as a nation, more than we have with the domestic arrangements of our next door neighbour in the street? The answer to this, unfortunately, is but too ready. If our neigh-

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hour merely beats his wife and children, and regulates his personal concerns in the worst way possible, we have no right to complain; but if he gets intoxicated, and flings about firebrands, so as not only to set his own house on fire, but to threaten the destruction of the whole parish, we are compelled, in spite of our love of quiet, to take a lively interest in his proceedings.

If the French could be circumscribed by a great Chinese wall, within which they might cut one another's throats, and experiment to their hearts' content on irreligion and democracy, it would signify less to the neighbouring countries. But when the amplest experience proves that no commotion of any extent in France ever fails to embroil the rest of the world, and when we know that there are innumerable objects of ambition, of aggrandisement, and of national revenge, all at this hour conspiring to stimulate a large portion of the French population to fresh wars, we cannot possibly view their present unsettled state without the deepest anxiety.

We think it is hardly possible to doubt that, unless the existing government adopts, and succeeds in carrying into effect, some very decisive measure in the course of the present year—there will ensue another burst of convulsion; —and Napoleon has left no saying of more indisputable truth behind him, than that "a revolution in France is a revolution in Europe."—*Quart. Review.*

Duty on Plate.—The rate of duty upon silver wrought plate in 1804 was 1*s.* 3*d.* upon gold 16*s.* per ounce; it was afterwards raised to 1*s.* 6*d.* upon silver, and to 17*s* upon gold. But what has been the net produce of the duty? It has risen from less than 5,000*l.* in 1804, to upwards of 105,000*l.* in 1828; a rise more than twenty-fold, notwithstanding the greatly diminished supply from the mines, and the consequent increasing value of the precious metals. It may be further remarked, that this augmented consumption shows how large a portion of gold and silver is annually diverted from the purposes of coin to those of ornament and luxury.—*Ibid.*

A SINECURIST'S LADDER.

(From "the English at Home.")

BEN HELSHAM was "as wild a youth" —my spirits rise, even to jesting, at the mere mention of his name—"as ever graced a college story." He was country-bred, and came from some of the barbarian Patagonian wildernesses of his native country—a blood of the most daring, and a *fellow* of the most amiable temper;—good-natured, frank, honest. None ever suspected him of talents, save for the row or the boozing-match: so much for our penetration. For it seemed, as afterwards turned out, that within that rude block was the statue of an accomplished and useful senator; and that it wanted but an influential artist to excavate and polish a politician from the pith of that mere quarry produce.

To change my metaphor:—it is the vilest substance in nature that we apply to the root of grain or tree, in order to raise both to their full maturity and perfection. So did fate act with respect to Ben Helsham; for it was from a very vile, and, were it not for the youth and reckless character of the party, a disreputable adventure, that sprang the future grandeur of Mr. Helsham.

The adventure that I have thus metaphorically hidden and adorned like the first letter of some famous old copyist's first page, was neither more nor less than a wager,—a wager, as to whether he, Ben Helsham, would drink a certain quantity of raw spirits, or would not do so. The exact measure I forget; but it was a respectable one, in order to have been the subject of doubt and wonder in those boozing days. The undaunted Ben seized the brimming goblet of *aqua vitæ*, and quaffed it at a draught. A moment he looked round to enjoy his triumph, and straight fell senseless on the floor. Plutarch hath few anecdotes of ancient heroism to match this "modern instance;" and Ben certainly must have been a personage highly cared for by fate, to whom such a circumstance proved, not the close, but the commencement of a glorious career.

Solomon Richards was the chirurgeon summoned to the aid of the lifeless Helsham, and Solomon was a fellow well worthy of a paragraph himself.

The surgeon in question applied no common remedy to the resuscitation of Helsham, no common remedy could suit him. He was past recovery by common means. The stomach-pump, perhaps, flourished not in those days; but nostrums, no doubt, of similar effect, had been administered. They had been foiled by the potency of the draught. This oppressed the senses, smothered, and threatened to extinguish and suspend their functions. To keep the spark of life *in* was the mediciner's object; and this he effected by means of that unprofessional instrument a poker. This, or these, heated red-hot, (so went the tale,) he applied from time to time to the back of the leg, from calf to ankle, drilling

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the flesh, as may be supposed, in most unseemly fashion, and marring and maiming two sturdy specimens of Nature's work. The horrid remedy succeeded. Helsham was preserved from falling deeper than slumber, and he awoke alive, as he himself needlessly observed, with a dreadful head-ache, and most cursedly ashamed. The University expelled him; his domestic friends disowned, and even convivial companions turned from, one who so far outdid them in their path of pride.

As soon as Ben had quite recovered his senses, he leaped from the inhospitable shore of his native country, and dived into the great deeps of the world in search of fortune. Let me not follow too closely his strugglings, or his course. The latter was marked with fidelity and private honour. Suffice it to say, that when *we* beheld his head once more above water, and conspicuous to us and fame, it pressed the shoulders of a member of the senate. A more useful, or more considered member, sat not therein. We admired, and wondered "how the devil he got there?"—"If the thing can be done without talents, how much more easily might it be done with?" whispered Vanity to itself, in utter ignorance of the modern world, and of the Metternich school of that day's toryism, which hated talents even upon its own benches.

Let us dismiss Benjamin Helsham first. Being a senator, it behoved him to be a placeman. He hinted as much; —his allowance was but a trifle. "There is no vacancy," was hinted. "Make one," was Ben's bold reply. "Impossible!" was replied. "Then if you can't make a new vacancy, allow me to create a new place." "Oh, by all means," was conceded by a laugh, that bespoke it a jest. It was no jest to Ben: for he *created* the place, and tacked to it the salary, moreover. You'll find it in the Red Book.

Natural History.

Abridged principally from the last Nos. of the Gardeners' and Natural History Magazines.

Sago.—The Japanese have a plant called the *Cycas revoluta*, of which they eat the fruits, and extract from the trunk a kind of sago, which is highly esteemed, especially by people of rank. On this account the plant is forbidden to be exported. A very small quantity of the pith satisfies the hunger of a soldier in the time of war.

Poison Tree.—In Madagascar is a tree which produces a hard veined wood, fit for cabinet-work and inlaying; and a fruit, the kernel of which is rather larger than the almond, and so powerful a poison that *one kernel* would destroy above twenty persons. In Madagascar this poison is used as an ordeal; and the priests, who at the same time are the physicians, administer it to the victims, not doubting its power of revealing guilt or clearing innocence.

Scarlet.—Such is the brilliancy of the scarlet of the *Zinnia violacea*, that no mixture of the most vivid colour will match it by many degrees.

Umbrella Hat.—In French Guiana is a plant which the country people manufacture into broad-brimmed hats, which act as umbrellas, keeping off both the sun and rain; they also use the shoots as cord.

Cassias—in their native places, are often among the most beautiful bushes of the forest, covered with myriads of flowers of the richest yellow, and scarcely inferior in the gracefulness of their foliage to the mimosa itself.

Nut Galls—are produced on the young branches of a species of oak, abundantly scattered throughout all Asia Minor, and as far as the frontiers of Persia, from the puncture of a small hymenopterous insect, which with its curious spiral sting, deposits its egg. In a few hours the cellular tissue swells, a tumour is produced, and the egg becomes inclosed in a fleshy chamber, which not only serves for shelter and defence, but also for food; the larva feeding upon its interior, and there undergoing its metamorphosis. The *oak apple* is an excrescence of the same nature, though effected by a different species of insect.

Figs.—The medicinal use of figs is of great antiquity. The first cataplasm on record is that which was used by Hezekiah, who lived 260 years before Hippocrates. "And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs, and they took it and laid it on the boil; and he recovered."

Bergamot Pear.—According to Switzer, the autumn Bergamot pear was brought over by Julius Cæsar, and formed part of the furniture of the gardens of Alcinous. The name, it is said, is not derived from Bergamo in Italy, as many have believed, but from the Turkish words *beg* or *bey*, a prince, and *armond* a pear. As its name is Turkish, it is inferred that this species of pear must have come from Turkey.

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Hyacinths.—On the road from Leyden to Haarlem, may be seen upwards of one hundred acres of hyacinths in bloom.

The Milk Tree—of Demerara is a different genus from the Cow Tree of Humboldt. A specimen of the milk has been received from Guiana. We very much doubt, (observes the editor of the *Gardeners' Magazine*), the probability of acclimating trees from that part of the world in Britain; but when once known, they may become of immense importance to the cottagers of the West India Islands, and of many countries. It thus appears difficult for a man to conceive what there may yet be in store for him in unexplored regions. Whatever tree will grow in Guiana, will grow on at least one fourth part of the earth's surface: here, then, is the prospect of a new source of one of the most agreeable and nutritious substances in use as food, for a considerable portion of the human race.

Shamrock of Ireland.—An ingenious naturalist has attempted to prove that the original plant was not the white clover which is now employed as the national emblem. He conceived it should be something familiar to the people, and familiar too when the national feast is celebrated. Thus, the Welsh have given the *leek* to St. David, being a favourite oleraceous herb, and the only green thing they could find on March. The Scotch, on the other hand, whose feast is in autumn, have adopted the *thistle*. The white clover is not fully expanded on St. Patrick's day, and wild specimens of it could hardly be obtained at this season. Besides, it was certainly a plant of uncommon occurrence in Ireland during its early history, having been introduced into that country in the middle of the seventeenth century, and made common by cultivation. Reference to old authors also proves that the *shamrock* was eaten by the Irish; and one who went over to Ireland in the sixteenth century, says it was eaten, and was a *sour* plant. The name, also, of shamrock is common to several trefoils both in the Irish and Gaelic languages. Now clover could not have been eaten, and it is not sour. Taking, therefore, all the conditions requisite, they are only found in the wood-sorrel, which is an early spring plant, is abundant in Ireland, is a trefoil; it is called *shamrog* by the old herbalists, and it is sour; whilst its beauty might entitle it to the distinction of being the national emblem. The substitution of one for the other has been occasioned by cultivation, which made the wood-sorrel less plentiful, and the Dutch clover abundant.—*Phil. Mag.*

Cows.—In the cow-houses at Haarlem, the cow is fastened by two ropes, one proceeding from each side through a ring in a post, and with a weight at the end; the two weights tending to keep the cow in the middle of the stall. The points of the cows' tails are all tied to the ceiling or roof, to prevent them from dropping into the gutter when the cow lies down, or from whisking about during the operation of milking. They are combed, brushed, and kept covered with a cloth during winter; and in spring, when they are first allowed to go out and graze, they are clothed with a sheet till the weather becomes decidedly warm.

Fish swallowing stones.—A correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*, has in his possession a stone weighing 4¼ oz. taken out of the stomach of a pike, caught at Coomb Abbey. The fish weighed about 3¼ lb. and being in good condition, did not appear to be incommoded by this internal encumbrance. The stone, he observes, is not a concretion formed by accident or disease, such as is sometimes found in the stomachs of cows, &c.; but an ordinary pebble, of a somewhat flat, rounded shape, bearing the appearance of having been broken on two of its sides.

Fecundity of Insects and Fishes.—A single plant-louse may be the living progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants, and the queen of the warrior white ants produces 31,536,000 eggs in one year. Compared with the rest of animated nature, infusion animalculæ are the most numerous; next are worms, insects, or fishes; amphibia and serpents, birds, quadrupeds; and last is man. How prodigious is the difference between fishes, amphibia, reptiles, insects, and worms. A scorpion will produce 65 young; a common fly will lay 144 eggs; a leech 150; and a spider 170. A female moth will produce 1,100 A gall insect has laid 5,000 eggs; a shrimp 6,000; and 10,000 have been found in an ascarides. Twelve thousand eggs have been found in a lobster, and in another above 21,000. An insect very like an ant, has produced 80,000 in a single day; and Leuwenhoeck computes four millions in a crab. Above 36,000 eggs have been counted in a herring; 38,000 in a smelt; 1,000,000 in a sole; 1,130,000 in a roach; 3,000,000 in a species of sturgeon; 342,000 in a carp; 383,000 in a tench; 546,000 in a mack-

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erel; 992,000 in a perch; and 1,357,000 in a flounder. The cod, however, has been computed to produce more than 3,686,000 eggs; another 9,000,000; and a third 9,444,000. Here, then, are eleven fishes, which probably, in the course of one season, will produce above thirteen millions of eggs!—*Lib. Ent. Knowledge.*

Blow Fly.—The checkered blow-fly carries its larvæ in a pouch resembling a watch-spring, or roll of ribbon. About 20,000 young have been computed in one of these coils, so that we need not wonder at the countless swarms which appear, as if by magic, upon a joint of meat during hot weather.—*Ibid.*

The Microscope.—Mr. Thomas Carpenter has exhibited the circulation of the blood of the young of the newt, in the projecting fringes, which are found on each side of the body, near its head, and before its legs are formed; the blood circulating most briskly throughout all their ramifications, and being very distinctly seen, under a moderately magnifying power, on account of the great transparency of the skin covering those fringes. "We cannot," observes the writer, "too strongly call the attention of our readers to this interesting subject at the present time, when only the young of the newt are to be found in great abundance."

Indian Rubber.—Dr. Mitchell has extended a bag, or bottle, of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, which was about the size of an English walnut, and which weighed 3½ drams, until its diameters were enlarged to 15 and 13½ inches respectively. Larger bottles have been made to attain a diameter of six feet. One of these, when filled with hydrogen gas, escaped, and was found 130 miles from the city! Balloons, so formed, have been exhibited before the different classes attending chemical lectures in Philadelphia.—*Gill's Repository.*

Frogs.—A single frog spawns about 1,300 eggs: were it not for their numerous enemies, and their not being fit to propagate till they are three years old, the country would soon be overrun with these reptiles.

Dispersion of Seeds.—Some plants discharge their seeds: thus, a certain fungus has the property of ejecting its seeds with great force and rapidity, and with a loud cracking noise; and yet it is no bigger than a pin's head!

Obstinate Enemy.—A caterpillar, called the *old gentlewoman*, is so destructive to cabbages in Germany, that the gardeners gather whole baskets full and bury them; but, it has been remarked, they might as well endeavour to kill a crab by covering it with sea-water, for it is natural for them to burrow under ground when they change into chrysalides.

Earwigs.—Upon the incontestable statements of two distinguished observers of insects, Frisch and De Geer, the female of the common earwig sits upon her eggs. This circumstance, however, seems to have escaped the notice of other naturalists, though her attention to her young ones is often witnessed.

Voyages and Travels.

FRANCE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

(Webster's Travels.)

Fontainbleau.—The outside of the palace at Fontainbleau is very unpromising, but the apartments are more splendid than those of the Tuileries. The newest and most elegant part of the palace was occupied by the late Pope Pius during his confinement. A suite of seven such rooms could not disgrace even the lord of the Vatican, were a palace the less a prison by its structure, tapestries, and gilding. One of the rooms looks out on the gardens, and on a large sheet of water, which comes close to the wall; and it appears that the principal occupation of his holiness was to sit at one of the windows of this room, and feed and watch the movements of the multitudinous carp, with which the basin is thronged. During a confinement of twenty-two months, he only once walked out into the magnificent gardens which he daily had beneath his view, deeming the pleasure of such a promenade outbalanced by the inconvenience of a guard. It is a somewhat singular instance of retribution, that Napoleon should, in his turn, have been placed in precisely similar circumstances at St. Helena, where he confined himself within the inclosure at Longwood, from the very ideas of dignity which he had probably ridiculed in the father of the faithful.

But the great curiosity at Fontainbleau is the abdication table. This immortal piece of mahogany is of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and supported on a single post in the centre. The following inscription is on a plate, mortised in the post:—"Le cinq Avril, dix-huit cent quatorze, Napoleon Buonaparte signa son abdication

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sur cette table dans le cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2ème après la chambre à coucher à Fontainbleau." A seal is placed on the table itself, which still stands in the centre of the room here mentioned. It is said to be cut and marked by the penknife of the exasperated emperor—and one mark there certainly is, which may have been so produced. From the foot of the table, formed of some common wood, part of the black paint is also rubbed off, and you are told that this is the effect of a tremendous kick inflicted by Napoleon after his abdication.

William Tell.—We passed the Devil's Bridge—and saw Altorf and the two fountains—one, where Tell stood, the other where his son was placed, at a distance of about one hundred paces. The statue of Tell and his son are at one, and that of Tell at the other. There is an old tower, with paintings of Tell, &c. At Fluelen we took boat, and saw Tell's far-famed chapel, where he escaped from the boat. Here were several rude frescoes, representing events in the history of Switzerland. On the other side is Rutli, where the three Swiss conspired. On a green, at the foot of precipitous rocks, are a small house, and three fountains — Furst's, Tell's, and Arnold's. The three present at the first meeting, were Stauffacher, Furst, and Arnold: at the second meeting there were seven, and among them Tell.

Royal Relics.—At the Hague, are shown the shirt worn by William III. when he fell from his horse, before his death, and the clothes which William I. had on, when he was assassinated at Delft, which are coarse in appearance, probably from age. There is a hole in the doublet; and two of the three bullets are shown, together with the pistols, a brace of long narrow-barrelled instruments, the dog-heads of which strike the reverse of the present way. One of them, loaded with three balls, was that employed by the assassin.

Game of Kolf.—A game called *kolf* is much played at Rotterdam. It is something like our golf, and is played under cover. The room which I saw was eighty feet by twenty, and there are at least thirty similar to it in or about Rotterdam. At about ten feet from each end of the room is a pillar six or eight inches in diameter. The players are furnished with balls, hard-stuffed with hair, and clubs, in shape something like a golf club, but much heavier, the head being larger, and of brass, or iron. Placing the ball near to one of these pillars, the object is first to hit the other, or to go so near as to be able to hit it the next time. It must be an excellent game, requiring great force, and appeared to interest the parties much. There are never more than three balls on the floor—if two or three play, each has a ball—if four or six, there is a ball to each pair. A great deal of play and management is evidently required in this game, which may be called a union of billiards and golf. The rooms are attached to coffee-houses, where every kind of refreshment may be procured.

Dutch Wonder.—Among many stories, there is one, rather singular, yet very generally believed, of an event, said to have occurred at the great inundation of Dort, in 1420, which in one night destroyed seventy-two villages, some of which, or their sites, are now one hundred and fifty feet below water. One hundred thousand people perished; but the wonder is the preservation of a child, six months old, who happened to be asleep in a cradle, in common with an aged cat, which latter had the sagacity to poise the vessel, by running to the side opposite to that to which it inclined, and, persevering in this sailor-like conduct for some days, the quadruped pilot saved herself and the child, to the great wonder of all who heard the history!

Curious Fête.—Amongst the amusements of a fête given to the King of the Netherlands, is the following procession:—

At two o'clock, the theatre was opened to the people, gratis. In the afternoon, a procession, of a very peculiar and national kind, called "Homgang," took place. It exhibits the ancient inhabitants of Belgium, who, in the popular traditions, are represented to have been enormous giants. Attended by half the inhabitants, this procession passed, according to the order set forth in a printed programme, along the principal streets, and, amongst others, went round the Place Royale, whence it filed off towards the palace. For a popular Guy Fawkes kind of exhibition, it was truly splendid. The order of this most fantastic show was as follows:—

First, after the military, who were interspersed throughout the procession, in order to clear and keep the way, came the giants, the traditional forefathers of the Belgians. A young giantess led the way, considerably overtopping the multitude. She was followed at some distance, by a lady about fourteen feet

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high, in an immense modern bonnet, lace shawl, and sky blue dress. The next gigantic figure was a gentleman of sixteen feet, who marched with great majesty, regarding the people on either side at every step of his progress. He was dressed in a powdered wig, and plain blue suit. Behind him appeared two dames of similar dimensions, who again were followed by a man of still larger, dressed in an embroidered antique coat, and a full-bottomed wig. This giant completed the first part of the company. Each giant and giantess was provided with two sets of legs, one for walking, and another, somewhat shorter, for resting, which latter were in requisition every few steps. The remainder of the procession was very splendid, and was led by a long ornamented chariot, and four horses, filled by eighteen musicians. Next appeared, astride a furious-looking lion, a little imp, or cupid, who kept up a constant kissing of hands to the multitude. Then came, at some distance, a carriage and six, highly gilded, filled with children, half naked, and wearing sandals. Some of them had on small black caps, others garlands of flowers.

A child riding a crocodile.
Ditto, ditto.
A chariot and six, equally splendid with the former, and also filled with children, the two in front bestriding griffins.
A child on a mermaid.
Ditto, ditto.
A child on a gigantic swan.
Ditto, ditto.
A carriage of clouds, drawn by six horses, filled with black children, the two in front bestriding golden griffins.
A child on a dolphin.
Ditto, ditto.
A child on a tiger.
A child on an eagle.
And, bringing up the whole, was a chariot of clouds, drawn by six horses, and filled with children, each of whom was black, and held up a large hammer.

THE CRIMEA AND TURKEY.

Greek Marriage and Baptism.—A temporary altar was raised, on the right of which were the men, and on the left the women. The bride and the bridegroom both wore crowns. The bride was dressed as a girl—her head without cap or kerchief, her hair hanging down behind in a long plaited tail, and flowers over her forehead. Both bride and bridegroom held a candle. The priest presented a tumbler of wine to the lady, which she, crossing herself, tasted, and handed to her future lord. This was repeated thrice, and the last time the bridegroom emptied the glass. The priest then tied the left hand of the man to the right hand of the woman, and led them thrice round the altar, stopping each time, and the people chanting. He then took off the crowns, which they kissed, and the husband having thrice embraced his wife, the ceremony was finished. The bride now, accompanied by all the females, retired into a corner, where she put on the dress of a married woman—her hair was bound up, a handkerchief, worn only by the married, tied over it, and the whole habiliment changed. In the mean-time, the bridegroom stood smiling and looking as if he knew not how to look. He then received a carved and gilded picture of the nativity, holding which before him, and attended by his wife, he set out, the spectators following in his train.

As these temporarily happy people left the church, a more experienced couple entered, bearing a pledge of their affection to the baptismal font. The child was naked, and wrapped in a cloth. After a repetition of prayer, and pronouncing of the name, the priest holds the child, and, uncovering it, anoints it with oil, making the sign of the cross on the brow, on each of the eyes, the nose, mouth, chin, ears, elbows, hands, sides, knees, back, and feet. He then takes the infant and dips it over head and ears thrice in the font. After this, he again anoints the child all over, the first anointing taking place in the hands of the mother, the second in those of the father. He then washes all the anointed parts with a sponge, and clips four locks from the head of the child in the form of a cross. These the mother presses together in wax, and a man throws it into the font. The mother and women attending, all seemed very anxious about this. When it was thrown in, they eagerly followed its manner of swimming. It seemed, however, to twirl about in a very satisfactory way, as the women were manifestly delighted, and having gratefully kissed the cross, they departed, and the ceremony is concluded.

Tartar Legend.—Keesil-tash, or the Red Rock Keesil, is beautifully situated, rising quite perpendicularly from among fruit trees, wild vines, &c. It takes its name from the western side, which is of a reddish colour. There is a legend connected with this rock, and implicitly believed by the Tartars. It is as follows:—A young lady, betrothed against

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her will to a neighbouring chief, was, on the day of her nuptials, in the midst of the marriage ceremony, when her real lover appeared, and made a sign to her; on perceiving which she abandoned herself to despair, screamed aloud, and discovered her secret attachment. She besought Allah to hide her from the world, and to bury her alive in the centre of the Keesil-tash. This prayer was granted, and she was snatched away by an invisible hand. She is said to inhabit the rock, but at every full moon, at midnight, the rock, as it is declared, opens, and the lady walks forth in her bridal garments, on which occasion she has the power of foretelling events. Count Lizari went up to consult the said spectre; but a Tartar told him, that his not having seen her might be easily accounted for by the circumstance of his not being alone.

Locusts.—Locusts, which are the curse of the Crimea, are of two kinds, the yellow, or common locust, and the black, which latter are by far the most destructive. They alight in swarms on the fields, and in an hour all verdure is gone. They follow the wind, and when young, fly very low, or rather leap as the grasshoppers; the older fly high. Moving slowly on, they make a broad tract of desert wherever they go. When they meet with a river they pass it, over the foremost, which are drowned; and thus the streams become polluted, so that the water cannot be drunk by cattle. From fear of this pollution, the wells of houses are frequently shut up. These devastating insects multiply exceedingly. They lay their eggs in the earth, where they remain till next year, when myriads of a kind of black worm come out. The superstition of the Tartars induced them to procure Dervises from Asia Minor, because the locusts come from Asia. These Dervises prayed around the mosques, and, as a charm, ordered water to be hung out on the minarets, which, with the prayers, were meant to entice a species of blackbird to come in multitudes and eat the locusts in the Crimea. The water thus hung out is still preserved in the mosques. On this occasion, the Dervises collected eighty thousand rubles, the poorest shepherd giving half a ruble.

Plains of Troy.—The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The sculptor sees no statues, the architect no remains, and the painter any thing but a picturesque view. It is fit only for the collegian or the moralist. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stand the tombs of Hector and Achilles, that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. All their glories are now reduced to a few *tumuli*, about thirty feet high. The Scamander is between two hundred and two hundred and fifty feet broad, and very muddy having the appearance of being much flooded. Further up the plain, its course becomes undistinguishable among the marshes. After passing a smaller river, you arrive at an ancient *tumulus*, not far from the shore. What is most striking in this monument is the existence of an arch, which forms an entrance to the centre. Above are the remains of a square basement, on which the column of the tomb may have formerly stood. On your return you see the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and some others.

EGYPT.

Pompey's Pillar.—[Mr. Webster thus describes the present state of this far-famed column:]—

Our first object (at Alexandria) was to visit the far-famed column, commonly known as Pompey's Pillar, standing about two miles from the sea shore, on a slight eminence, composed of the remains of the former city, to which, at one time, it had served as an ornament; but it is now a sepulchral monument, pointing out the site of the ancient town, which lies buried in ruins at its feet. We had understood, before going there, that the date of its erection might be fixed from an inscription discoverable on the pedestal. On approaching this, the first thing we remarked was—"H.M.S. Glasgow, March, 1827," in large black letters, surmounted by the classic name Henry Cram, of the equally classic town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Of less daring or less ambitious Dogberries, who had also written themselves down—beneath, there were Johnsons, Thomsons, and many of that eternal name, Smith—

"A name so spread o'er Sir and Madam,
That one would think the first who bore it, Adam."

So that, what with black paint and red ochre, pitch and sand, the pedestal and the lower part of the shaft may now rival the party-coloured mantle of Jacob's favourite son. It was in vain to look for any of Dioclesian's inscriptions, since the scribbling of those who had ascended

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to the top had obliterated all other traces. It appears that, in March, 1827, the officers of the Glasgow, by means of flying a kite, had passed a string over the top of the column—to this was fastened a cord, and eventually a rope-ladder was affixed. Their example has been followed by the crew of almost every man-of-war which has been stationed in the port. The Turkish flag having been left, by a party visiting, at the top of the column, caused offence to the governor; and it is said that nothing of the kind is now allowed. Breakfasts have been given, and letters written from the top, and even a lady has been known to ascend. It is evident, on inspection, that the shaft does not correspond with the capital, base, and pedestal, which, to say the most of them, are poor, both in execution and taste. The feeble prop-work put up by the Turks is fast mouldering away; and should not a more substantial support be furnished, the column, ere long, will add to the heaps of ruins already scattered around it. About a mile farther to the N.E. in a solitary, dull square, and unpicturesque corner, stands the obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle: it is a fine piece of granite, covered with hieroglyphics. No one having ascended it, it is undisfigured with writing.

Voyage up the Nile.—Nothing can be more unpicturesque than the banks of the Nile. The landscape, in fact, so far as the picturesque is concerned, might be taken by a parallel ruler. A horizontal line for the water, a horizontal line for the bank, and the line for the horizon itself—a few angular lines for palm trees—will give an idea of the monotonous appearance of these banks. Were it not for the mud-built villages, from which the white-washed minarets of the mosque are seen, through a palm grove, which invariably overshadows these dwellings, and in some degree relieves the scene, the country, setting aside its antiquities, would present a continued scene of dulness and monotony. The traveller's attention, however, is agreeably diverted by the novelty of the customs and appearance of the inhabitants. If an agriculturist, he is pleased with the fertile soil, and its varied productions—(although he may regret the low ebb to which the agricultural knowledge of the country is reduced: so true is it, that in all countries where the land is fruitful, the husbandman is indolent);—the ornithologist will find birds, known to him before only by books; the botanist a wide field for his researches, and the sportsman as much amusement as he can desire; the economist could not live in a country where provisions are cheaper; and those who are fond of numerous retinues and splendid attire, may here find them at little cost.

A succession of small villages is seen at every fresh winding in the river. The Arab women, in their blue robes, fetching water from the Nile in urns, which they carried away upon their heads—and, as they wound up the bank, the graceful folding of their drapery, the uplifted arm supporting the vase, which strongly resembled that of the antique—formed a most picturesque spectacle. The half-starved fellah, seated on his donkey, with his long nabout, or stick, and if very fortunate, with his pipe in his mouth, rode lazily along the course of the river. The creaking of the sakkeiah, used for the irrigation of the and, were the only sounds to be hear.

"Grand" Cairo.—Cairo, seen at a distance, is beautiful; but whatever may have been thought in its favour vanishes on entering it. In the East, show is every thing, from the fretted ornamental minaret, down to the silk-covered and tasselled pipes, which the syce, or groom, carries before his master.

The scenes which the traveller here meets are powerfully opposed to the expectations of the admirer of eastern poetry. Half the inhabitants of the town are so filthy and ragged, that in England they would be sent to the treadmill for indecent exposure. Their dirt is absolutely indescribable. Few of the streets are wider than 'Change-alley, and they are unpaved and winding.—Carriages are never seen. With the thermometer at one hundred and ten, among crowds of Caireens squeezing and stewing in the avenues, where horses, camels, dromedaries, and donkeys, and women muffled, and mounted on mules, blocked the place with clouds of small, and almost imperceptible dust, which got into our eyes, and the overpowering glare of the sun-light, we had a ceaseless change of temperature at the turn of every street, and the thoughts of the plague, which never leave the imagination of the European. Happy the man who escapes with only bugs and fleas! These are not the only insects which annoy the traveller; flies fill his plate at meals, and the musquitoes destroy his rest at night.

The houses at Cairo have windows, or shut balconies, projecting into the streets, which latter are often only five

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or six feet wide. The Frank quarter is not much crowded, but the other parts absolutely crammed. The customary riding is on asses. A servant goes by the side, crying out incessantly, "Reglak, chemalak," &c.—that is, "Your right leg! your left leg! take care!" beating the other animals, and clearing the way. The difficulty of passing through the narrow streets is, chiefly, when a camel comes laden with corn or fire-wood, filling the whole way. When two of these animals meet, the pushing, floundering, and disputing, are beyond description.

At the corners of the streets are guards of soldiers stationed, as at Constantinople. No person is allowed to leave his house after sunset without a lamp.

The Virgin's Fig Tree.—Near Cairo is an old sycamore, or wild fig-tree, under which tradition says that the Virgin reposed after the flight into Egypt.—There are a few names and crosses cut on it. It is an old root cut over, with new shoots springing from it. Near it is a well of good water, said to have been sweetened through being used by the Virgin on the occasion alluded to.

Women and Boys crossing the Nile.—Women with rings in their noses, and boys with cord girdles round the middle, swim on logs of wood, carrying their clothes on the head. Four or five women set out together on logs, which is the common way of crossing the river to an island. Women and children are continually asking for backshish. All the younger boys are pot-bellied, with a skin not exactly black, but of a very dark brown.

Cataracts of the Nile.—The reader must not figure to himself the cataracts of the Nile as resembling the falls of Niagara. Those who expect to find a fall of great importance will be much deceived, as there is not a perpendicular descent of ten feet in any part of them. The river is intersected for three or four miles, by an immense number of small islands, formed by granite rocks, and the stream, thus impeded, naturally forms itself into strong currents; and in several places the water descends an inclined plane with great rapidity. This occurring in three or four instances, forms what is called by the sounding title of the cataracts of the Nile.

Eight boys have at once plunged from above the commencement of the cataract, disappeared, and risen. This sufficiently proves how small the cataracts are, when, in the end of March, a time at which the fall is near its highest, boys may thus pass down without danger.

PERU.

(Temple's Travels.)

Natural Boots.—They are without seam or a single stitch—the leg, foot, and sole are all of one piece; and we are told, fit most admirably. The following is the receipt for making them:—

"Take a horse, cut off his hind legs considerably above the hocks; pull the skin down over his hoofs, just as if you were pulling off a stocking; when off, scrape the hair from the skin with a sharp knife, and remove every particle of flesh that may have adhered to the inside; hang the skins to dry, and in the process of drying draw them two or three times on your legs, that they may take their shape, form, and figure. The upper part (about twelve inches above the hock) becomes the mouth of the boot; the round projecting part of the hock the heel; the foot terminates at the fetlock joint, where it is cut to the required length."

These boots are called *botas de potro;* and, we are assured, are very light, and as "easy as a glove."

Peruvian Charity.—Every day in the year, at two o'clock, several poor persons attended at the house of *La buena Cristiana,* and took their seats upon the staircase; some of them aware no doubt of the lenient disposition of their benefactress, encroached even to the door of the dining-room, where a scene rather unusual to a European, certainly to an Englishman, and one of interesting curiosity too, was daily to be seen,—that of a tribe of beggars, assembled *en société,* in a respectable mansion, eating with silver spoons, out of silver plates and dishes, without any watch over the property, or even a suspicion of its being likely to be missing. In mentioning this daily charitable distribution—happy contrast to "the crumbs from the rich man's table!"—it should not be forgotten that portions of sweetmeats were reserved for the children who accompanied their parents; a trifling observation, perhaps, but it has its weight in describing the character of the venerable Lady Bountiful of Potosi.

Chica—the "porter" of Peru, is an intoxicating liquor made from Indian corn, something like the *bouza* of northern Africa. The mode of making it, and the "mumbling" of the paste in the mouths of old women, bear a remarkable similarity to the chewing of *kava* on the Sandwich Islands.

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A quantity of Indian corn is pounded into a fine powder and placed in a heap, round which as many old women as can form a convenient circle sit down upon the ground, and filling their mouths with the powder, chew it into a paste—perhaps "*mumble*" would be the appropriate term; for to "chew," there must be teeth, but in this operation the performers are toothless. When the paste, then, is mumbled to a sufficient consistency, it is taken out of the mouth, and rolled between the palms of the hands into a ball, generally about the size of a grape-shot, but varying, of course, according to the capacity of the mouth from which the substance is taken. The balls are piled in a pyramid, until the flower of the *mais* is finished; they are then placed upon a fire to bake. After this, they are put into a given quantity of water, where they ferment. The fermentation forms the beverage called "chica," which is the nectar of the Indians; and, although inebriating, it is by no means injurious to health. In hot weather, notwithstanding the process, which is a most unsightly scene to witness, a draught of chica is extremely grateful; though the taste can hardly be described nearer than what may be imagined would be obtained by a mixture of small beer and indifferent cider, yet is it considered as nutritious among the labouring classes as porter is in England.

A Silver Establishment.—Rodrigues was proprietor of a famous silver mine in the vicinity of Oruro, in Peru, which was so productive, that he discarded from his house all articles of glass, delf, or crockery-ware, and replaced them by others made from the silver of his mine. Utensils of the most common use, as well as articles of luxury and ornament, such as pier-tables in the principal apartments, frames of pictures and of mirrors, foot-stools, pots, and pans, were all of silver. "And," said the person, when relating the foregoing, "do you see that trough in the court-yard?" pointing to a very large stone trough for the purpose of watering mules and other animals; "I do assure you that Senor Rodrigues had two of much larger size for the same purpose, of pure and solid silver; and before the revolution there were three or four houses in Oruro that could boast of having quite as much.

Peruvian Politeness.—Senor V., doctor of laws and secretary to the government, being invited to a dinner, the learned doctor excused himself in the following note:—

"Doctor V. is extremely grateful to Don Edmondo for his friendly summons to his feast, *(festin,)* but Doctor V., not having shaved for some days, and being so very dirty, *(sucio,)* he begs to be excused from appearing among decent people, *(gente decente).*"

South-American Tit-bit.—The moment a bullock is killed, the flesh on each side the spine, beginning at the rump, is cut out, with enough of the hide to meet or lap over, so as to prevent the juices from escaping; it is then covered with embers, and roasted like a potato.

Chola Girls.—These Cholas are the mixed descendants of Spaniards and Peruvians. Many of them are described as very handsome, with fine figures, and countenances full of animation, and most pleasing feminine expression. Their raven locks are of most luxuriant growth, on which they bestow much pains, and nothing will tempt even those in humble life to part with them. Mr. Temple in vain offered two ounces of gold (between six and seven pounds) for a head of hair, a sum that would have been most acceptable to the humble owner. Their ear-rings of gold are so ponderous as to require being supported by a golden chain, which passes over the head. Their full-plaited petticoats, containing from twelve to fourteen yards of rich velvet or satin, trimmed with ribbons of gaudy colours, or festoons of artificial flowers, far exceed in protuberance and in extent of rotundity, the stuffing out which our modern *élégantes* employ to acquire the desired degree of *embonpoint.*

THE reader will perceive that we have dropped the Critic, and let each work speak for itself—Of *Bishop Heber's Life* it is unnecessary for us to add our meed of praise: every incident of the brief course of that excellent man, is truly valuable; and his light will shine undimmed among the records of human character, when the memory of thousands of the sons of fame shall have passed away like a dream.—The *Song by Dr. Doddridge* is an ingenious eccentricity.—Of the Polish Tale, *Levi and Sarah*, our extract is not too favourable a specimen: it has passages of much greater point and deeper pathos.—Of the satire of the *English at Home*, the Sinecure Portrait is but a snatch.—The Note on *France* speaks out.—The *Naturalist* Notes relate to Curiosities, and very recently observed phenomena.—The Adventures of the "Voyages and Travels" can hardly fail to amuse every reader: the interest of *Egypt* is lasting as its pyramids: and *Peru* is an exhaustless mine of curiosity for ages to come.—Here ends our *carte.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 435.] SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Birthplace of Akenside.

The old buildings before us are part of the Butcher-bank, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and the middle house is entitled to special notice, as the birthplace of Mark Akenside, the poet and physician. Here he was born, Nov. 9, 1721. His father, Mark, was, in the language of his biographer, "a substantial butcher," of the Presbyterian sect; his mother's name was Mary Lumsden. The place is altogether un-*imaginative*, and its associations not very propitious for poetry or physic; yet, at the grammar-school of the town young Akenside received the first part of his education, and was afterwards instructed by Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy. He finished his studies at the universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, in the latter of which he took his Doctor's degree, in 1744.

In the same year appeared his most distinguished poem, *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, which at once raised him to poetical eminence. Johnson says of this poem—"I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for *this was no every-day writer*." *

Akenside was much more distinguished as a poet than as a physician—the latter, Johnson thinks, in a great city, the mere plaything of Fortune. Akenside, however, wrote on medical subjects with considerable ease and elegance; and by court patronage, he became physician to the queen. The Doctor was deemed haughty and ostentatious by his brethren of the faculty; for which Smollet made him smart, by introducing him in his *Peregrine Pickle*, as the giver of a feast after the manner of the ancients. He died of a putrid fever, in June, 1770, in the 49th year of his age.

* "Lives of the Poets, vol. iv. In our time, Murray was equally cautious in consulting Gifford, on Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*. Doubtless every bookseller has his Pope, as every printer has his canon: but they do not always hit. Still Miltons spring up like mushrooms: however their Satans may remind us of Vulcan forging the bolts of Jove.

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FRENCH ATTACK UPON ALGIERS, IN 1683.

(For the Mirror.)

In May, 1683, the French squadron cast anchor before Algiers, as it was determined to bombard the town. Upon this, the whole government of the town sued for peace; but some delay having taken place with regard to the surrender of captives, hostilities were renewed, and the greatest part of the city was reduced to ashes; and the fire burnt with such vehemence, that the sea was enlightened by it to the distance of above two leagues. The Algerine commander, in the midst of this scene, caused all the French who were in the town to be cruelly butchered, and ordered their consul to be fastened alive to the mouth of a mortar, and shot against their navy instead of a bomb. The French admiral, exasperated by this unprecedented instance of inhumanity, did not leave Algiers till he had entirely destroyed all their shipping, fortifications, buildings, and almost all the lower part, and above two-thirds of the upper part, of the city. After this the Algerines sued for peace, and deputed an ambassador to supplicate pardon for the murder of the consul, &c. P. T. W.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Perhaps the following anecdote of brotherly affection will not be uninteresting to your numerous readers:—

"Some Portuguese troops having set sail for the Brazils, during their passage a violent storm arose, and the vessel was thrown on some rocks on the coast of Africa. They found that the only means to save themselves was to construct a boat from out of the wreck of the vessel. They succeeded in making one, and set sail a second time. As the boat was not sufficiently large to hold them all, the pilot was obliged to tell the captain, Edouard de Mello, the danger that they would run. It was then decided that they should draw lots, to find twelve who must be left behind. A Spanish soldier was one amongst those who were to be left to perish. His younger brother had no sooner heard the sentence than he threw himself on his knees, and implored of the captain to allow him to remain instead of his brother, who was the only support of his parents. The captain acceded to his prayer, and he was thrown into the sea. He would not leave go of the boat, and kept swimming after it for several hours, notwithstanding the threats made to him that they would kill him. They were just going to strike at him with a sword, when he immediately grasped hold of it, and by that means succeeded in getting into the boat again. The captain and the crew were so affected by this mark of botherly love that they all embraced him. T. S.

SCRIPTURAL DIRECTION-POST.

(For the Mirror.)

About a month since, between Bicton, the seat of Lord Rolle, and the village of Otterton (in Devonshire), I met with an antique and curious Directing-pillar, erected on an elevation in the centre of a four-cross-road. It is built chiefly of brick, and surmounted by a stone cross. On the four sides are square stones inserted, bearing the following inscriptions (which, at the present day, are singularly descriptive of the nature and state of the respective roads to which they refer):—

"Woodbury, Topsham, Exeter—'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her ways are peace.'

"Budleigh, Littleham, Exmouth—'Make us to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is our desire.'

"Otterton, Sidmouth, Culleton—'O! that our ways were made so direct that we might keep thy statutes.'

"Bicton, Ottery, Honiton—'O! hold our goings in thy paths, that our footsteps slip not.'" W. H.

A POET'S LAST SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

"The fever of death
Is enroll'd in my frame;
And a shade, and a breath,
And a tear, and a name,—
Are all that will tell
To the weeper, ere long,
That I took my farewell
In the spirit of song."

Cottage of my early time,
Round thee ruddy roses blow;
Sweetly smells thy garden thyme,
To thy thatch the lilacs grow—
Banks of verdure, meads of bloom,
Budding trees, and blossom'd flowers,
Woodbine, shedding sweet perfume,
Gold laburnums twining bowers—
River where my childish choice
Led me often to thy flood,
List'ning to thy solemn voice,
Sighing through the sable wood—
Birds that haunt the valley lone,
Early lark and evening dove,
Softest song and saddest moan,
All my latent feelings move.
Weeping o'er the vision'd past,
Ev'ry bright, romantic hue

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Which my fancy o'er it cast,
Melteth as the morning's dew.
Now a better light be mine,
Rising o'er this earthly gloom,
An unsetting sun, to shine
Through the darkness of the tomb.
Now the burning thirst for fame,
Kindled by the ardent soul,
Soon shall quench its fever'd flame
Where the *living* waters roll.
And my ever-plaining lyre
Shall its symphony prolong,
Joining with a countless choir
In a never-ceasing song.

* * H.

CORNISH PIE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOUR correspondent's "Cornish Pie," though extremely well drawn up, is not complete. It always has been a rule, and I think is so at present, to put the "pie" into a "dish" previous to its being baked, to prevent it from falling to pieces, as did the King of S———'s plum-pudding, which he was instructed to make; but, unfortunately, his instructor forgot to name the "bag," and consequently the intended pudding was converted into plum-broth.

Being myself a Cornishman, and not unacquainted with cookery, I beg leave to state my fears, that unless my necessary caution meets with timely attention, a similar, or equally disastrous fate may attend Mr. Olive's Cornish Pie.

Your constant reader,
P. ORE.

FABLE.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK PAIL.

Partly imitated from La Fontaine.

(For the Mirror.)

ATTEND while I relate a tale
Of blooming Nancy and her pail;
So well she pois'd it on her head,
Or bore it in her hand instead;
As tripping to the market town,
Array'd in plaid or russet gown:
And thus upon her way she thought;
"When I've my milk to market brought
And sold the same, I'll then employ
My market-money eggs to buy;
These eggs I'll set, and in three weeks
They'll doubtless bring as many chicks;
And, spite of Reynard, surely I
Shall gain enough a pig to buy;
With little feed this pig will grow,
And soon become a common show:
Then, after that, if all be well,
This fatted porket I will sell;
Of monies I shall have enow
To buy at length a little cow;
She'll certainly a calf produce—
For store, or for the butcher's use:
Delightful thought, how pleas'd I am,
I see it frisk beside its dam.
What heart is proof against the charm?
I'll sell them both, and buy a farm:
Then lovers shall around me press—
(Their object, readers, you will guess)
A hundred pretty toys they'll bring
To tempt me to accept the ring;"
She reckon'd thus—but sad to tell
She slipp'd—and down the milk-pail fell:
Alas, the silly maiden found
Her hopes were scatter'd on the ground:
The cow and calf and pig were gone,
And chickens too—she had not one.
So readers, henceforth, all beware,
Nor build your castles in the air;
Lest *your* foundation prove unstable
Like milkmaid Nancy's in the fable.

Tipton. T. S. A.

CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

(For the Mirror.)

FINDING that your correspondent, *P. T. W.*, notices the description given by Herodotus, of the *Feast of Lamps*, held annually by the Egyptians, I am induced to send you the following brief notice of a similar festival, observed by the Chinese. It is *a Feast of Lanterns*, which takes place on the fifteenth day of the first month of their year. On that day there is such a profusion of lanterns hung out of the houses that to a stranger the whole country has the appearance of a fairy land. These lanterns are made of all sizes, from very small ones, to some whose diameter measures upwards of thirty feet. The generality of them are of an hexagonal form, and the panels or sides about four feet in height, and two in width: they are framed of wood beautifully gilt, and adorned with carving, painting, and japanning. Over these panels, or frames, is stretched a fine transparent silk, on which is painted various fanciful devices, with flowers, shrubs, and trees, &c. The colours are very bright, and when they are lighted up, have a very splendid appearance. The grandees retrench something every day, from the expenses of their table, their equipage, and their dress, in order that they may be able to expend more on their lanterns, some of which are said to cost two thousand crowns. Those of large dimensions represent halls, chambers, and saloons; and in these the Chinese lodge, receive visits, give balls, and act plays. On the whole, the spectacle is so splendidly imposing, that it is impossible to describe the sensation of wonder and delight experienced on the first time of beholding it. Z. Γ.

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Select Biography.

THE LATE MR. SHELLEY.

[The compiler of this Memoir acknowledges himself indebted to Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Leigh Hunt for its chief and best portion.]

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. of Castle-Goring, in Sussex; and was born at Field-place, in that county, on the 4th of August, 1792. After receiving the usual course of previous instruction, he was sent to Eton, at the age of thirteen: he there showed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, and was of a melancholy and reserved disposition.

Mr. Shelley was removed from Eton at an earlier period than usual, and sent to the University of Oxford. This removal was owing to a rigid unconventional tenacity of character, in relation to what he deemed the reason and justice of things, which is always inconvenient to established authority, and possibly incompatible with the submission to it, which is deemed indispensable in public education. At Oxford, his penetrating, sincere, and inquisitive spirit was found yet more inconvenient. Logic was there put into his hands, and he used it in the most uncompromising manner. The more important the proposition, the more he thought himself bound to investigate it: the greater the demand upon his assent, the less, upon their own principle of reasoning, he thought himself bound to grant it. A short period after he had been at the University, he had the imprudence to attack the commonly received notions of the being of God, and to circulate his opinions, in the shape of a pamphlet, among the dignitaries of the Church. The consequence was an obvious one: he was summoned before the heads of the college; and refusing to retract his opinions, but, on the contrary, preparing to argue them with the examining masters, was expelled the University. Family dissatisfaction was, in the usual nature of things, consequent upon this manifestation of a bent of disposition and waywardness of genius so uncompromising; and in addition to academical discountenance, the youthful student had to sustain that of his dearest connexions.

Let those who are so fond of exposing their own natures, by attributing every departure from ordinary conduct to bad motives, ask themselves what conduct could be more extraordinary in their eyes, and at the same time less attributable to a bad motive, than the rejection of an estate for the love of a principle. Yet Mr. Shelley rejected one. He had only to become a yea and nay man in the House of Commons to be one of the richest men in Sussex. He declined it, and lived upon a comparative pittance. Even the fortune that he would ultimately have inherited, as secured to his person, was petty in the comparison.

At the early age of about seventeen or eighteen, Mr. Shelley married a young lady of a similar age; and they separated, by mutual consent, after the birth of two children. This unfortunate, ill-adapted, and ill-chosen union, led to an entire alienation from his family, and was one of the events in his eventful life which perhaps more than all others afflicted his after years with sorrow and dejection. About this period he went abroad, and formed a friendship with Lord Byron, which continued till his death. It was during this his first visit to Italy, that he wrote "Rosalind and Helen," a modern Eclogue, and an Ode to the Euganean Hills, replete with pathos and beauty. His earliest works were two novels, which were probably written about the age of fifteen. Queen Mab, which was his first poetical work, was composed at the age of eighteen, and by Lord Byron considered as a poem of great power and imagination. Mr. Shelley never intended Queen Mab for publication, and exceedingly regretted that a reprint of a private copy should have been made by a bookseller some few years ago, as he conceived the crudeness and injudiciousness of some of the sentiments contained in it might rather retard than assist the melioration of mankind.

Mr. Shelley had returned to England, and was residing at Bath, when news came that his wife had destroyed herself. It was a heavy blow to him, and he never forgot it. For a time it tore his being to pieces; nor is there a doubt, that however deeply he was accustomed to reason on the nature and causes of evil, and on the steps necessary to be taken for opposing it, he was not without remorse, for having no better exercised his judgment with regard to the choice he had made, and for having given rise to a premature independence of conduct in one unequal to the task. The lady was greatly to be pitied, so was the survivor.

On the death of this unfortunate lady, Mr. Shelley married the daughter of Mr. Godwin; and resided at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where he was a blessing to the poor. His cha-

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rity, though liberal, was not weak. He inquired personally into the circumstances of the petitioners, visited the sick in their beds (for he had gone the round of the hospitals on purpose to be able to practise on occasion), and kept a regular list of industrious poor, whom he assisted with small sums to make up their accounts.

At Marlow he wrote the "Revolt of Islam," and published a "Proposal for putting Reform to the vote throughout England;" for which purpose, as an earnest of his sincerity, he offered to contribute a hundred pounds. This hundred pounds (which, owing to his liberal habits, he could very ill spare at the time) he would have done his best to supply by saving and economizing. It was not uncommon with him to give away all his ready money, and be compelled to take a journey on foot, or on the top of a stage, no matter during what weather. As an instance of his extraordinary generosity, an acquaintance of his, a man of letters, enjoyed from him at that period a pension of a hundred a year; and he continued to enjoy it until fortune rendered it superfluous. "But," continues Mr. Leigh Hunt, the "princeliness of his disposition was seen most in his behaviour to myself, who am proud to relate, that Mr. Shelley once made me a present of fourteen hundred pounds, to extricate me from debt. His last sixpence was ever at my service, had I chosen to share it." It is remarkable, that in a poetical epistle written some years ago, Mr. Shelley, in alluding to his friend's circumstances, which for the second time were then straitened, only makes an affectionate lamentation that he himself is poor, never once hinting that he had already drained his purse for his friend. During his residence at Marlow, the enemies of Mr. Shelley spread a report that he was keeping a seraglio, an opinion which was somewhat strengthened by some peculiar notions which he was known to entertain with regard to marriage. This keeper of a seraglio, who was in fact extremely different to what his enemies thought him with regard to these matters, and who had no idea of love unconnected with sentiment, passed his days like a hermit. He rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends, to whom his house was ever open, again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible — in which last he took a great, though peculiar, and often admiring interest. One of his favourite parts was the book of Job. The writings attributed to Solomon he thought too Epicurean, in the modern sense of the word. For his Christianity he went to the Epistle of St. James, and to the sermon on the mount by Christ himself, for whose truly divine spirit he entertained the greatest reverence.

About this time application was made by his family to deprive him of the guardianship of his two children, a boy and a girl, upon the ground of alleged sceptical notions. The application succeeded. The circumstance deeply affected Mr. Shelley: so much so, that he never afterwards dared to trust himself with mentioning his children to the friend who stood at his side throughout the business, and who was the dearest friend that he had. But what additional love it generated in him towards our establishments, and their modes of reasoning, the reader may guess.

From Marlow, Mr. Shelley went, with his wife and a new family, to Italy, where he lived in his usual quiet and retired manner, and from whence he never returned. He there renewed his friendship with Lord Byron, and in concert with his lordship proposed to set up a work, to be entitled the Liberal, in the conducting of which Mr. Leigh Hunt was to take a share. For this purpose Mr. Hunt arrived in Italy, in June, 1822; and Mr. Shelley having once more welcomed his friend and family, and seen them comfortably settled at Pisa, set off with Mr. Williams on the night of the 7th of July, to return to his own family at Lerici. In a day or two the voyagers were missed. The afternoon of the 8th had been stormy, with violent squalls from the south-west. A night succeeded, broken up with that tremendous thunder and lightning which appals the stoutest seaman in the Mediterranean: dropping its bolts in all directions, more like melted brass, or liquid pillars of fire, than any thing we can conceive of lightning in our northern climate. On that night they perished. The suspense and anguish of their friends need not be dwelt on. A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. "The truth was at last

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known—a truth, remarks Mrs. Shelley, that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb—its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament, and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed, and each countenance demonstrated for him we had lost—not, I fondly hope, for ever; his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form." It having been decided by their friends that their remains should be reduced to ashes by fire, as the readiest mode of conveying them to the places where the deceased would have wished to repose, this painful task was performed under the immediate care of Captain Trelawney. At this distressing ceremony, Lord Byron and Mr. Leigh Hunt were both present, and their feelings on this occasion can be better conceived than described.

The ashes of Mr. Shelley were conveyed to Rome, and deposited in the Protestant burial ground in that city, near the remains of a child he had lost, and of Mr. Keats. It is the cemetery he speaks of in the preface to his elegy on the death of his young friend, "as calculated to make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." The generous reader will be glad to hear that the remains of Mr. Shelley were attended to their final abode by some of the most respectable English residents in Rome. He was sure to awaken the sympathy of gallant and accomplished spirits wherever he went, alive or dead. Mr. Shelley, when he died, was in his 30th year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him, when his pangs allowed him to speak. In his organization, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German Poet Schiller. Though well-turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with grey; and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say, that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out; which he would prove between jest and earnest, by some remarks on Time,

"That would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite."

Like the Stagyrite's, his voice was high and weak. His eyes were large, and animated with a dash of wildness in them; his face small but well shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His complexion was naturally fair and delicate, with a colour in the cheeks. He had brown hair, which, though tinged with grey, surmounted his face well, being in considerable quantity, and tending to a curl. His side face upon the whole was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but when fronting and looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character, that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the Angel whom Milton describes as "holding a reed tipped with fire."

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar, and a profound metaphysician. He made his study and reading room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he visited. "Prometheus Unbound" was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed the "Witch of Atlas," "Adonais," and "Hellas." In the wild, but beautiful bay of Spezzia, the winds and waves, which he loved, became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water: the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter, wrote the "Triumph of Life," the last of his productions.

Mr. Shelley's poetry is invested with a dazzling and subtle radiance, which blinds the common observer with excess of light. In all his writings there is a wonderfully sustained sensibility, and a language lofty and fit for it. He has the art of using the stateliest words, and the most learned idioms, without incurring the charge of pedantry: so that passages of more splendid and sonorous writing are not to be selected from any writer since the time of Milton: and

yet when he descends from his ideal worlds, and comes home to us in our humble bowers, and our yearnings after love and affection, he attunes the most natural feelings to a style so proportionate, and withal to a modulation so truly musical, that there is nothing to surpass it in the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher. — *Abridged from the Memoir preceding the "Beauties of Shelley."*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MISSIONARY PRESS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

[THE last No. of the *Quarterly Review* contains a masterly analysis of Mr. Ellis's (the Missionary,) "Polynesian Researches, during a residence of nearly six years in the South Sea Islands," from which we make the following very interesting extract—part review and in part quotation from the Missionary's work.]

The anthor of these volumes had learned the art of printing before he left England upon the mission, and types and a press had been sent out with him, in 1816, before the religious revolution which had taken place could be known in Europe. The printing office was erected in Eimeo; that mighty engine for good and evil was never anywhere more needed, nor more beneficially employed. In many families, where all were scholars, there was but one book; but many hundreds who had learned to read were without one. Many had written out the whole spelling-book; others, who could not procure paper for this purpose, "had prepared pieces of native cloth with great care, and then, with a reed, dipped in red or purple native dye, had written out the alphabet, spelling and reading lessons, on these pieces, which were made of the bark of a tree." Others had written portions of scripture, and texts, which they had heard preached from, on scraps of paper, or fragments of such cloth. Pomare, who, in his desire of promoting the improvement of his people, has not been surpassed by any of those princes who have rendered themselves deservedly illustrious for that merit, was exceedingly delighted, when the press arrived, and furnished every assistance for erecting the printing-house, and requested that he might be sent for when every thing was ready to begin. Accordingly he came, accompanied by a few favourite chiefs, and followed by a large concourse of people. Mr. Ellis took the composing-stick in his hand, and seeing with what curious delight the king was looking at the new and shining types, asked him if he would like to put together the first alphabet. His countenance brightened at the proposal, and he set up the capital and the smaller alphabet, to which the few monosyllables composing the first page of the spelling-book were afterwards added. Pleased at seeing this page in the types, he was yet contented to wait till the whole sheet should be ready, before he saw it struck off. Meantime, he visited the missionaries almost daily; and, when they were ready to print the first sheet, came, with only two chiefs, but followed by a numerous train, who had heard that the work was about to begin. Crowds had already collected round the door; they made way for him, and when he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and a window was darkened, by which he might have been overlooked; for he wished to prevent this. He examined minutely, and with great pleasure, the form as it lay on the press; and, as he prepared to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions, charged his companions, good-naturedly, not to look too closely at him, nor laugh at him if he should not do it well. Mr. Ellis instructed him how to use the ink-ball, then placed the paper, and directed him to pull the handle. The sheet was well printed—for there could be no failure; Pomare took it up, looked first at the paper and then at the types, with evident admiration; then handed it to one of the chiefs; and, while he struck off two more copies, the first was shown to the crowd without, who set up a general shout of astonishment and joy. There were few days in which he did not come to watch the progress of the work. Observant of every thing as he was, he counted several of the letters, and seemed surprised to find that, in sixteen pages of this spelling-book, there were more than five thousand of the letter a. Two thousand six hundred copies of this book were printed; then a Tahitian catechism; a collection of Scripture extracts; and St. Luke's Gospel. Paper for fifteen hundred copies of these was all that remained, when a supply from the Bible Society arrived in time to double the impression; and that society has furnished paper for every portion of the Scriptures that has since been printed in these islands.

"O Britain, land of knowledge!" was the frequent exclamation of those who crowded to the doors and windows of the printing-office. Multitudes arrived from every part of Eimeo, and

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even from other islands, to see the work, and to procure books. The excitement is likened to what the English felt at witnessing, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. The beach was lined with canoes; the houses of the inhabitants were crowded with guests; and small parties pitched their temporary encampments in every direction round about. For several weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district in which the printing-house stood resembled a public fair. In order to preserve the books it was necessary to put them in some substantial binding, before they were delivered: Mr. Ellis had learned how to do this in England; his materials, indeed, were scanty, but supplies, or substitutes, were found. A good pasteboard was manufactured from bark-cloth; old newspapers were stained with a deep purple dye, for covering the sides; and when the few sheep-skins which had been brought out were consumed for backs and corners, leather became in great request, to the cost of cats, dogs, and goats. The march of intellect was a sore evil to these poor animals, which had hitherto lived in undisturbed ease and freedom; they were hunted now for their skins. Sometimes the people brought "the tough skin of a large dog, or of an old goat, with the long shaggy matted hair and beard attached to it; or the thin skin of a wild kitten, taken in the mountains." When they were instructed how to dress them, they did it at their own houses; and no object was then more common than a skin, stretched on a frame, and suspended on the branch of a tree, to dry in the sun. The elementary books had been gratuitously distributed, and continued to be so. But for this, a larger and more important book, it was thought best to require such a payment as might just cover the expense of paper and printing materials, that the people might not undervalue it, as a thing of no cost. A certain small quantity of cocoa-nut oil was the price fixed; this was what they could most easily procure, and it was cheerfully paid. Incessant, and, at times, exceedingly oppressive, as the labour was, of printing and binding these books, in a tropical climate, and at a season when the sun was vertical, Mr. Ellis says that it was one of the happiest parts of his life. He says—

"I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes from distant parts of Eimeo, or from some other island, lying along the beach; in each of which, five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive, with six or ten persons, for books; who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plaintain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters had been written by individuals, who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had, therefore, thus sent, in order to procure a copy."

"One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti, with five men arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and, drawing their canoe on the sand, hastened to my native dwelling. I met them at the door, and asked them their errand. *Luka*, or *Te parau na Luka*, "Luke, or, The word of Luke," was the simultaneous reply, accompanied with the exhibition of the bamboo-canes, filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they held up in their hands, and had brought as payment for the copies required. I told them I had none ready that night, but that if they would come on the morrow, I would give them as many as they needed; recommending them, in the meantime, to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Twilight in the tropics is always short, it soon grew dark; I wished them good night, and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but, on looking out of my window about day-break, I saw these five men lying along on the ground on the outside of my house, their only bed being some platted cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. I hastened out, and asked them if they had been there all night: they said they had: I then inquired why they did not, as I had directed them, go and lodge at some house, and come again. Their answer surprised and delighted me: they said, 'We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore, after you left us last night, we determined not to go away till we had procured the books.' I called them into the printing-office, and, as soon as I could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy; they then requested two copies more, one for a mother, the other for a sister; for which they had brought payment. I gave these also. Each

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wrapped his book in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished me a good morning, and without, I believe, eating or drinking, or calling on any person in the settlement, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered rejoicing to their native island."

A volume of hymns was the next production of the missionary press, and this, being in verse, became very popular, for the people delight in metrical compositions, for which their language seems excellently adapted, by its remarkable euphony. It is to be hoped that the missionaries will collect and preserve their historical and mythological ballads, which are very numerous, and "adapted (they tell us) to every department of society and every period of life." *Ubus*, their poems are called; and children were early taught to recite, and, in some degree, to act them; for they sometimes had a pantomimic or dramatic character. "They had one song for the fisherman, another for the canoe-builder, one for felling the tree, another for launching the canoe. But they were, with few exceptions, either idolatrous or impure, and were, consequently, abandoned, when the people renounced their pagan worship." Let those which are impure perish; and would that whatever we have, of home or of continental growth, in the same kind could perish also!

The Anecdote Gallery.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS,

By the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts. 2 vols. 8vo.

[We thank the Reverend Reminiscent for two stout volumes of characteristic anecdotes—told in the true vein of pleasantry and good humour, and divested of the little conceits which so often disfigure auto-biographical works. We take him to be a man who lives "in charity with all mankind:" he neither over-rates the excellencies of his great contemporaries, nor exaggerates the weakness of others—both which are besetting sins of anecdote-writers. Throughout the volumes are many delightful portraits of British benevolence, and among them the characters of Bernard Gilpin and David Hartley, will not be the least admired. We quote a few pages just to give the reader some idea of the very entertaining matter and manner of the whole:—]

CHRISTCHURCH.

To convey a more accurate notion of the odd and curious cast of this place upwards of half a century ago, it may be necessary to sketch an outline of its *civic* body, or *corporation* (for Christchurch is a borough), as it existed when I had the honour of becoming an unprivileged citizen of the town.

The *mayor*, I well recollect, was a worthy cordwainer of the name of *Mew*; literally, as well as officially, the *greatest* man within the limits of his own temporary jurisdiction; shaped precisely like an enormous turtle; and of such marvellous obesity, that, on his decease (shortly after the term of his mayoralty had expired), a part of the front wall of the house in which he dwelt, was obliged to be taken down, in order to gain an aperture sufficiently large, to admit the removal of the coffin from the bed-chamber into the street below. In the solemn civic processions to the church, on the high anniversary days of the mayor's election; of the reigning monarch's birth; of Guy Faux's attempt to blow up King James, of sagacious memory, and his assembled peers; and of the like yearly commemorations, the honest chief magistrate of *Crischurch*, whether a son of St. Crispin, or a member of any other equally useful calling, was wont to be followed (disposed in nice arrangement, and with a due regard to regular precedence,) first, by the supervisor and custom-house officer; secondly, by a brace of sleek excisemen; thirdly, by the master of an ancient structure, called the *New Inn*, and the parish sexton; and, lastly, by two portly publicans, a father and his son, by the name of *Holloway*, who at their sign of the *Eight Bells*, vended, among other strong drinks, that justly-esteemed concoction of malt and hops, *then* highly celebrated under the name of RINGWOOD BEER, but of which, alas! it can *now* only be said—

Stat nominis umbra.

These "gooddies," with whom the vicar, for the time being, was sometimes associated, together with a few other dwellers in the place, of various callings and conditions, formed the body of those resident burgesses of *Crischurch*, who, in my early time, returned the two representatives of that borough, to the commons house of parliament! Should this picture be regarded as a fanciful composition of the painter, rather than an actual portrait, some confirmation of its truth may be derived from the character of the *first toast*, which was formerly drunk, with grave countenances, at every civic entertainment in the borough:—

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"PROSPERATION to this CORPORATION;"

a toast which (I speak with certainty) continued to be given on like occasions, only a few years ago, and is, I have every reason to believe, out of respect for its origin and antiquity, still *bumpered* with due solemnity, on the recurrence of every public festal day!

CONVIVIALITY.

DR. J. WARNER had the honour of reckoning Sir Richard Colt Hoare among his most intimate friends. The accomplished baronet presented him with the rectory of Stourton; and at his beautiful residence, Stourhead, the doctor passed much of his time. I have learnt from him, that, whilst there, Doctor Warner's powers of social entertainment were not only unrivalled, but inexhaustible: that, after having taken his usual quantity of wine, and charmed the circle in the dining-room, he would descend into the servants' hall, with his *pipe* (to which he was addicted,) and those who could bear its fumes; and pour out with his vigorous puffs, the finest strokes of wit, and brightest scintillations of conceit.

"LUCKY" DR. JEANS.

DURING his residence as an undergraduate at Queen's College, an *ill-bred* tailor, who had, more than once, intruded on Mr. Jeans' studies, with a long slip of paper, ycleped a *bill;* became so troublesome in one of his visits, that the student deemed it politic, to fix a day, in the ensuing week, for the settlement of his demand. He wrote immediately to his father; stated his difficulty and engagement; and received, by return of post, a ten-pound bank note, to relieve the one, and enable him to fulfil the other. Jeans thrust the *Abraham Newland* into his breeches pocket; and, brim full of ire, strutted forth to pay the bill; row the tailor; and, formally, discharge him from his future service. Meeting, however, a fellow-gownsman, in his way to the dun's abode; and being ever easily beguiled into a deviation from his destined purpose; he took a long saunter with him in Christchurch meadow, instead of proceeding to the house of Mr. Snip. Always animated in conversation, and usually accompanying it with a considerable degree of action, Jeans, whilst talking, was busily, but unconsciously, employed in fumbling for the note, in its dark recess, and rolling it up into the size of a pea; which having effected, he shot it from between his finger and thumb, into the long grass at his feet. On separating from his friend, he turned to the tailor's, advanced confidently into the shop, and put his hand into the right hand pocket of his inexpressibles, the usual depot of his cash—when he had any; when *(horribile dictu)* he perceived, that no note was there! Every part of his person underwent a search; but all in vain. He slunk out of Mr. Snip's shop; returned to his rooms; ransacked the escrutoire; table-drawer; and every hole and corner of his apartment; but with like ill success. The thought at length occurred to him, that, immediately before his visit to Mr. Snip;

"And while in Christchurch meadow walking,
Of poetry, and such things talking:"

he had, thoughtlessly, twirled some piece of paper with his fingers, and discharged it into the air. This *might* have been the ten-pound note. It was a forlorn hope indeed, but the only one that remained to him; and he posted to the spot (as nearly as he could recollect it) where he had stood, when he thus wildly threw away his all. The herbage was high, and the area wide; but, he had scarcely reached the middle of the field, when he discovered the object of which he was in search; reduced, however, to so diminutive a size, by twisting and compression, that it would probably have escaped the obvservation of every eye, save the eagle one, that was employed in seeking it.

The other instance alluded to, of Mr. Jeans' "good luck," is not less singular than that just related, and was to him still more important; the sum mislaid, being of much greater value than the ten-pound bill; and the demand for it, at the moment of recovery, far more urgent than the claim of Mr. Snip.

Shortly after he had taken possession of Dipdene Rectory, a letter reached him, containing a bank note of considerable value. A folio volume happened to be spread before him at the time, into which he placed the supply; as a meet depository, where it might remain in safety till wanted, and be readily found when the occasion occurred. The *call* for it soon arrived; but the place of its deposit had entirely escaped the rector's recollection. A general rummage through the house for the lost treasure, was attended with no success; and, after some *natural throes* for the loss, and suffering a little temporary inconvenience in consequence of it, Mr. Jeans thought no more either of the disappointment or its consequences. Two or three years had elapsed from the time

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of this occurrence, when a travelling Jew chanced to call at Dipdene rectory. He proved to be a learned Rabbi, and as Mr. Jeans had been a Hebrew student, a long and interesting philological conversation took place between the parties. In the course of the discussion, it became necessary to consult Romaine's Lexicon. Mr. Jeans reached down the dusty volume, and opened it, *par hazard*, when lo, the first object which met his eye in the expanded page proved to be—not the *triliteral root*, for which he was about to seek—but the sign manual of the cashier of the bank of England, subscribed to the identical note, which he had regarded, for a long time, as lost to him and his heirs for ever.

A PEDESTRIAN.

Few men could boast a larger circle of real friends, than the late James Wathen, Esq. of Hereford. Among the amateurs and professors of the graphic art, to which he was enthusiastically attached, his acquaintance might be said to be all but universal. His qualities, indeed, were a passport to general esteem and regard; for, few were the men, among the crowd with which I have mixed, whom I could compare with Mr. Wathen; in singleness of heart; blamelessness of life; and mildness and benevolence of spirit. His education had been humble; but a good natural understanding, acting upon considerable English reading, and bottomed on sound and just principles, had stored his mind with much useful knowledge; and rendered his conversation not only entertaining but instructive. An ardent admirer of Nature, and all her wild and picturesque scenery; his spirit dwelt with the far-off rocks and woods, and mountains and cataracts: but the enthusiasm of the amateur, was merged in the piety of the son; and never, till his *blind* and aged widowed mother breathed her last, did he omit leading her down from her chamber every morning; and conducting her to it again, at the hour of repose: though, possibly, in the interval he would walk forty miles, (for as a pedestrian he was a phenomenon, and continued so till the age of 70!) to visit a spot congenial to his taste; or add to the immense collection of his own sketches and drawings.

Mr. Wathen had passed middle life when he lost his mother. He then simplified his affairs; and determined to pursue the bent of his inclinations; that of travelling as a pedestrian, not only through England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but over all those parts of Europe, which are usually visited by the British tourist. His baggage was as light and as scanty as Sterne's; but ununlike the sentimentalist, he carried it *about his person*—a couple of shirts stuffed into his pockets; a few necessary articles in a small bundle; under one arm his portfolio; and a stick and umbrella in his vacant hand. The amount of the miles which he had walked thus accoutred, in a few years, almost exceeded belief. His continental tour alone, which led him through France, Switzerland, Italy, and a part of Germany; included a circuit of nearly 3,000 miles.

The longest walk, which (as I have understood from Mr. Wathen) he ever performed, within twenty-four hours, was one of sixty-three miles, on the road from London to Hereford: but he was *fresh* enough after it, to attend a musical party on the same evening.—"I taught the boy to read," said old Quin, of our excellent late king, when he heard of his admirable recitation of his accession speech in the House of Lords; and my friend Wathen might have said of me, "I taught him first to be a pedestrian;" for I had no idea of "getting over the country," by any modes of locomotion save those of a horse or a carriage, till he took me into training; and broke me in, by degrees, to a walk of sixty miles, along the margin of the beautiful river Wye, from Hereford to Chepstow. We were three days on our *route;* but novel as the scenery and our mode of progress were to me, they appeared, in my estimation, to be the three *shortest* days I ever spent in my life. How then can *time* be merely a succession of ideas?

But, the survey he had thus taken of most of the civilized parts of Europe only excited a desire of visiting more distant regions. He longed to *make some sketches* in Asia: and an opportunity fortunately occurred, for the gratification of this anxious wish. Captain Prendergast, his old school-fellow, who commanded an East-Indiaman, (about to make a voyage to Madras and China,) aware of Mr. Wathen's desire, offered him a free passage in his vessel, provided he could obtain the consent of the Directors to make the trip. This was easily procured; and Wathen shipped himself on board the East-Indiaman. To him, however, the expedition might be said, rather to have been a *walk* than a *voyage:* for, every day during the passage, when the weather permitted,

he paced the quarter-deck, for two watches, or the space of eight hours; thus securing to himself constant pedestrian exercise, to the amount of at least twenty miles a day. His age at this time, was between sixty and seventy years. The vessel touched at Madras; Pulo Penang; Malacca; Macao; and Canton: at all which places, my friend made copious notes, and numerous sketches. His bland and courteous manners; kind and benevolent feelings; and honest, simple intentions; were recognised and esteemed wherever he went; and, singular to say, conciliated alike the savage Malay, and the suspicious Chinese. From the former he received rude, but warm hospitality; and by the latter, was admitted (a very rare case, I apprehend) to familiar domestic intercourse.

Notes of a Reader.

THE LATE SIR LUCAS PEPYS, BART.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following biographical particulars of Sir Lucas Pepys, who died a few days since, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, may not be unacceptable to our readers. They are principally from a note in the second edition of the *Picturesque Promenade round Dorking*.

Sir Lucas was a native of Cheshire, and finished his classical education at Oxford. On quitting the University, he went to Edinburgh, where he attended lectures on medicine, and the practice of the infirmary. He afterwards returned to Oxford, where he obtained the degree of M. D.; and, on commencing his medical career in London, was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College. His uncle, Dr. Russell, of Brighton, having acquired a high reputation by a treatise on, and by introducing the use of, sea-air and bathing, Dr. Pepys was induced to spend the summer season in that town. There, with the assistance of his uncle, he formed a connexion which greatly contributed to his progress in the metropolis. Soon after this he settled in London, and was elected physician to the Middlesex Hospital. In 1772, he married the Countess of Rothes, by which high connexion he was introduced to the first families in the kingdom. In 1810, the Countess died, and in 1813, he married a Miss Askew, daughter of the physician of that name. About this time he obtained a baronetcy, and the appointment of physician extraordinary to George III. During his majesty's indisposition in 1788 and 1789, Sir Lucas was appointed physician in ordinary, and, the king's malady terminating favourably, he was appointed physician-general to the army, an office of considerable emolument and patronage.

Sir Lucas Pepys was for some years President of the College of Physicians, which office he resigned in 1811. During his presidency the College published an edition of their Pharmacopœia, the preface to which was written by Sir Lucas. This composition, as a specimen of Latinity, is highly creditable to his talents.

Sir Lucas had for some years past a fashionable rather than an extensive practice. He usually passed the summer at Juniper Hall, a delightful seat in the immediate neighbourhood of Box Hill, Surrey, appropriating certain days in the week to visit his patients in town. Sir Lucas, in personal habits, was a physician of the last century. We have heard of his displaying his polished Latinity at the bed-side of a patient. Once, too, we heard him inquire of a country druggist the uses of the hundred-fold contents of his shop, adding that he had never used but a dozen articles in the whole of his practice. PHILO.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*.

BALLAD.

[The three subsequent sterling extracts are from the *Life of Bishop Heber*, edited by his Widow, and already noticed in our *Supplement*, No. 434.]

"OH, captain of the Moorish hold
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold,
To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
"Thy suit is soon denied,
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounc'd is every Christian rite,
The turban he hath ta'en,
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned
A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
And anger in his eye,
(From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down of golden grain,)
"Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!

"Go, look on Lugo's gory field
Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

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"By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire
The lordly paynim said,
"Granada's sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade:
And tho' thy gold were forty fold
The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

"Ah, Moor, the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay,
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud;
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,
A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?
He may depart,—that captive knight,
The conquer'd knight of Spain."

"Ah, speak not so!" with voice of woe,
The shuddering stranger cried;
"Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honour stain,
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

"And know'st thou, then, how hard a doom
Thy husband yet may bear?
The fetter'd limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain."

"Oh that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,
With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain."

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire?"
She drew a poniard small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain,
"*He* taught me how, my Christian knight,
To guard the faith of Spain."

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly;
She bar'd her breast, she rais'd her arms,
And knelt, in act to die;
But ah, the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein;
He stood before her,—Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.

LETTER TO A PARISHIONER, OF IRREGULAR HABITS.

Lincoln's Inn, May 26, 1823.

"My Worthy Friend,

"I AM about to address you on a subject which has long weighed much on my mind, and which I have often wished to mention. Nobody is more convinced than I am of your good heart, your kindness to your family, your labourers and the poor, your strict honesty and the other good qualities for which you are known and respected in the neighbourhood. Yet there is one point which I would fain see altered in you, and which I cannot help noticing as, perhaps, the last mark of my good wishes for you which I shall ever have in my power to show, now that I am leaving England for a far distant land, and have ceased to be rector of Hodnet. You must be aware I mean your fondness for liquor. Why should you let this one sin get the better of you, and rob your good qualities and your good principles of their reward? You as yet are young and healthy, and therefore cannot say you need drink to keep you in good spirits,—but you yourself well know that neither health nor cheerfulness can long continue to be the portion of a drunkard. Even so far as this world is concerned, how necessary is it that a man should be sober in order that he may prosper. But when we think on the other world, can we help recollecting that the drunkard is wasting not only his body and his goods, but his immortal soul? I need hardly remind you how often and how earnestly God has forbidden the practice in Scripture. Of all strong drink we find it observed by Solomon, Prov. xxiii. 32. that 'at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' 'Woe unto them,' saith Isaiah, chap. v. verse 22, 'that are men of strength to mingle strong drink.' 'Woe,' he says again, chap. xxviii. verse 1. 'woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim.' All the other prophets are full of the same declarations, and the texts in the New Testament are still more awful. 'If that servant,' saith our Lord, 'begin to say in his heart, my Lord delayeth his coming, and begins to beat the men servants and maids and to eat and *drink* and be *drunken*, the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.' 'Take heed,' he says, in another place, 'lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and *drunkenness*, and so that day take you unawares.' In the same manner St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, bids us 'walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and *drunkenness*, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying,' where you see he puts *drunkenness* down in the same list of crimes with whoredom and quarrelling, and puts it first of the three because, indeed, it generally leads to the other two. Thus also we find in Gal. chap. v. verse 19, 20, 21, drunkenness classed

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on the same footing with the very first sins, and those most hateful to God, such as idolatry and witchcraft and murder. These things will prove to you that a fondness for strong drink is no trifling matter; that it is a crime marked with the Almighty's heaviest displeasure, and for which, no doubt, a very grievous punishment is in store in another world. Do not suppose, my good friend, that I name these things to you out of disrespect or a desire to give you pain; we have long been neighbours, and you have been a kind and friendly neighbour to me. I sincerely esteem you and wish you well. But it is because I esteem you and wish you well that I send you this long letter; and I now earnestly desire to call upon you as with a voice from the dead, to the number of whom, in my long and perilous voyage, I may perhaps be added, to desire you to lay these things to heart, to fly from temptation, and to remember that your health and prosperity, your life and immortal soul are in danger if you do not fly from the sin which does most easily beset you! God bless you and guide you; May He turn your heart to see the things which belong to your peace, and give you, in this world, grace and happiness, and in the world to come, everlasting glory!

"My best wishes are with you! Believe me ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

'ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF OUDE.

THE following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern superstition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of the Bishop's journal. Some circumstances induced the editor to omit its publication, the principal of which was, that, as the King of Oude was then living, and was in the habit of making his *aides de camp* translate English books into Hindoostanee for his information, she apprehended that the engineer, whose history it relates, might again fall under the power of the favourite. That fear having been removed by the king's death, and the immediate dismissal from power of Hukeem Mendee, the prime minister, she no longer hesitates to relate it:—

"Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow, respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned. In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood; he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said the king, bursting into a fury, 'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of 'God be merciful!' 'Satan is strong!' 'In the name of God keep the devil from me!' he said, 'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?' 'Touch him!' said the king, 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Istufirullah!' said the favourite, 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?' The king still stormed, but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain (refuge of the world,) resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it

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that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning,—if he ever trode the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed.' This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

"This weakness of character is probably increased in the king by his habits of life. Like his father he has already taken to drink spirits. We passed one evening the royal suwarree of a coach, several elephants, and some horse-guards, waiting to convey him back from one of his summer palaces where he had been dining. On returning from our drive we found them going away without him, and learned that he had resolved to sleep there. I thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, but on mentioning it to one of the persons best acquainted with his habits, he said, 'Ay, that means that his majesty was not in a fit state to offer himself to the eyes of his subjects.'"

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

(From Warner's "Recollections.")

DR. MACLAINE'S portraiture of friendship (the *cordial drop* which Heaven has thrown into the cup of life to render it palatable) I have always considered as one of the most philosophical and beautiful definitions in the English language:

"*Friendship* is a *sincere, fervent,* and *permanent* union of minds; *formed* by *mutual* affection and esteem—*founded* on real *worth,* and *cemented* by intimate *acquaintance;* frequent intercourse; exchange of good offices; and similitude of tastes, temper and manners—it is inseparably *attended* with perfect *candour,* and unreserved openness of heart—interests itself with quick feeling and strong sensibility in the pleasures and pains of its object—is raised above all suspicion and jealousy, above every mean and selfish view—sheds indulgence upon infirmities and imperfections—and with the greatest tenderness and delicacy of affection, unites the interests of those whom it connects, and makes their joys and sorrows common."

A WHIMSICAL circumstance occurred to the old Marquess of Lansdowne and Mr. Townshend, during one of their tours in Wales. They had spent a day and night at Colonel Johns' beautiful seat in Cardiganshire, Havôd. The succeeding day chanced to be very hot. "Proceeding at a rapid pace, and earnest in conversation," said Mr. T. "we were suddenly surprised by a report from the seat beneath us, loud as the discharge of a pistol! We looked at each other with astonishment! In the twinkling of an eye the sound was repeated; and firings to the number of twelve followed each other in rapid succession. We stopped and examined the box of combustibles on which we had been sitting, when the mystery was explained. The Marquess had, on the preceding day, spoke highly of Colonel Johns' *champagne;* and our hospitable host who (like Aboulcasim, in the Persian Tales), always presented to his guests what they admired, had ordered a dozen bottles of this nectar to be placed in the seat of the carriage. The *excitable* liquor fermented with the heat of the weather, and the rapidity of our motion, expelled the corks from the bottles, and produced the very unaccountable reports with which our nerves had been shocked."

THE Bishop of Catania derives a large revenue from the snow of Ætna, which is sent to Naples, and used for ices.

THE mayor of an English city put forth an advertisement previous to the Races, that no gentleman would be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that were to run.

CANDLES.

IT appears from a parliamentary paper, that the net revenue from the duty on candles in England and Scotland last year was 489,059*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*

CARVING.

IN 1714, Grinling Gibbons was appointed Master-Carver in wood to George the First, with a salary of eighteen pence per day: he enjoyed that moderate bounty for seven years—and died at his own house, in Bow-street, Covent Garden, August 3, 1721.

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SERVANTS.

THE extraordinary command which this class of people can, on the most irritating occasions, exercise over their temper and language, discovers how much self-control is within the power of everybody, *if they choose to exert it.*

WOMEN.

WOMEN are treated by good men as friends, by libertines as playthings, and by cowards as slaves. Women who desert the vindication of their own sex, are like soldiers who forsake their own cause on the field of battle, and standing between two armies, are exposed to the fire of both. Beauty and spirit are women's weapons of defence; without them they have nothing to shield them from being ill-treated.

A YOUNG lady mentioning to a friend of hers that her papa had been in a bath which exceeded the proper heat, the friend replied, "Then they boiled your papa?"—"No," said she, sharply, "he was only *par-boiled!*"

HEROINE
of "the English at Home."

LOUISA CRESSWELL, a creature soft as her soft name, was fair lustrously fair, and delicate, as exquisitely formed hands, arms, and features, rendered her, amidst an *embonpoint*, that would have fascinated an Asiatic. A hazel eye, a pencilled brow, an ear that the most perfect modeller would in vain attempt to copy—and let no one smile at the mention of such feature till he has regarded his mistress's, relieved upon her glossy hair, and marked what expression it can give to profile—a liquid, or rather a fluid voice, for it struck and coursed through one with electric subtilty: these were the most prominent charms of Miss Cresswell. Her beauty certainly, as is the case with all such exquisite perfection, was not constant; and there were hours and days, when, like the face of heaven's brightest luminaries, hers might be said to be eclipsed; but in return, there were moments when she shone forth so fair, so subduingly beautiful,

"That the sense ached at her."

In repose, her expression was languor, and her appearance caused the beholder to revert to the taste of the second Charles and of his court. When vivacious, her eye could sparkle, and the fulness of her cheek broke into rich dimples, that rendered it doubtful whether her mirth or her placidity was the most fascinating.

FOPPERY.

From the age of eighteen to that of five-and-twenty, I would wish to see any one, in whom I am interested, a fop. It is the fermentation, the froth, the scum, that youth casts off during these years, when pure gentility alone remains. There's for you a metaphor from vulgar malt in enhancement of fashionable puppyism! Besides the inanity of dandyism is such a convenient cloak, such a mask for any character of design that one may wish to develope of complete: the *soutane* of Richelieu of De Retz was never half so commodious.

RACING.

Newmarket is the only spot where racing and its concomitant, betting, are carried on, not as sport or pastime, but as serious business. Equally different is it from the vulgar bustle of Epsom, the regal brilliancy of Ascot, or the provincial gaiety of so many other first-rate courses. Equipages, indeed, throng; but they are knowing, tidy, churlish, bachelor-bearing things. None, or few, come fraught with the fair: lady-kind would be out of its sphere in such a place, and would in vain demand the attentions that quadrupeds absorb. Even a ball during the intervals of dulness would not be tolerated there, except, perhaps, the mazes of quadrille were to be considered a course, dandies blood-colts, and heiresses the prize. And yet, even so, the thing would be stupid; for Newmarket is not the stage for the follies and gaiety of youth: age, gravity, and even prudential opulence throng upon its sod. It is to other courses what, in the clubs, whist is to *écarte*, the more dull and venerable means of time-killing and bamboozlement. The ancients and pigtails are numerous around its posts, little removed, as it is, from the focus of civilization; and altogether, nothing can be more unlike its throng, than that which composes the Derby or the Doncaster.

COMPLETION OF VOL. XV.

A SUPPLEMENT, containing Title-Page, Preface, Index, &c. with a fine steel-plate PORTRAIT of His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and a copious Memoir of his important life, will be published on Saturday, July 3.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF VOL. XVI. to be published also on July 3, will contain an ENGRAVING of the CITY and BAY of ALGIERS.

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